THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 200, Number 47

May 19, '28

5c. the Copy 10c. in Canada

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Franklin

Benito Mussolini—Donald E. Keyhoe Will Rogers—Booth Tarkington
Thomas Beer—James Warner Bellah—Isaac F. Marcosson—Captain Dingle

They keep the promise the label makes

After all, that's what the label *is*—a promise of quality inside the can! And DEL MONTE keeps its promise—on vegetables as well as fruits!

The five popular varieties on this page are only five of many equally dependable DEL MONTE Products. Different in flavor, different in appeal—but each the finest of its kind!

SPINACH

The favorite health vegetable in millions of homes—the best all 'round health vegetable you can serve! Helps to keep the digestive system active and free of impurities—supplies iron for rich, red blood—vitamins for growth and body strength.

And what a convenience! No washing—no cleaning—yet absolutely free from grit. DEL MONTE Spinach is always ready for healthful enjoyment at a moment's notice. Just heat and serve.

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With their unusually high vitamin content and their natural alkaline reaction in the body, tomatoes, too, are one of the most healthful of all vegetable foods.

Under the DEL MONTE label you are always sure of them at their best—firm, clean, perfect fruit—vine-ripened for flavor — hand-selected for quality—all meat and juice without a bit of waste.

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Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE

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That granular surface means greater safety—cuts down the skid hazard in any weather.

That's just one of the reasons why the mileage of Tarvia roads has increased each year for the past 23 years.

And the "customers" who are responsible for this annual jump? Highway officials—men who know every phase of road construction and maintenance!

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Keep them lovely to say *pleasant* things

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

George H. Lorimer, First Vice-President

William Boyd, John B. Williams and Walter D. Fuller, Second Vice-Presidents

Philip S. Collins, Treasurer

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 15, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass.

Volume 200 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., MAY 19, 1928 | $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) | Number 47

War and its Effect Upon a Man

By BENITO MUSSOLINI

I WRITE of war and my experience in and with war. I write of popular misconceptions as to war. I write of my convictions as to war. And I write of war from two points of view—the politics of the world and the reality of the trenches, where I have been and have learned the torture of pain.

It is impossible for me to show my development and feelings from war without showing how my nation entered war, felt war and accepted war. My psychology was the Italian psychology. I lived it and I cannot suppress it.

It was nonsense to believe that war came unheralded and as a new experience.

The European war which suddenly burst out in 1914 during a period of apparent economic and moral peacefulness was not a sudden return to barbarism, as many optimistic socialists and believers in democracy wished—and still to this day wish—people to believe. One must not forget that in 1904 and 1905 Russia fought with Japan a long, disastrous and exhausting war. In 1911 there was the Libyan war. In 1912 and 1913 two Balkan wars had kept the awakened attention of Europe on the destinies of these nations. These wars had in them the characteristic of an extraordinary drama, as in the incident of Lüle-Burgas and in the siege of Adrianople.

The real truth of the matter was that an intense spirit of war was all over Europe—in the air—and everybody breathed it. It was the imponderable; we were at the dawn of a new tragic period of the history of mankind. The beginning of that hard historic event, the World War, was at hand. The gigantic development drew peoples and continents. It compelled tens of millions of men to live in the trenches, to fight inch by inch for years over the bloody theater of tragic conflict. Millions of dead and wounded, victories and defeats, complex interests, moral or immoral, spirit of resentment and hate, bonds of friendship and disillusions—all that chaotic and passionate world which lived and made the Great War was part of a Cyclopic ensemble which is difficult to grasp, to define, to circumscribe in mere autobiographic memoirs like these.

When one thinks that Germany alone has already published on the war sixty official books, and considers many that the other nations have published or will publish, one may lose himself in the labyrinth of speculative thoughts. This tremendous chaos gave birth among the defeated nations to the dissolving intellectual skepticism from which sprang the philosophy of realities.

Therefore I proceed by impression, by remembrances. I force my memory to build up, in a logical line running parallel to my thoughts and actions, the rich picture and the innumerable interlocking events which took place in the most tortured period that humanity ever knew. I was intimately entwined with it.

The tragedy of Serajevo, the murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and his wife, created a panic in the public opinion of the whole of Europe. Remember that I was then editor of an internationalist socialist daily. That which wounded the sensitiveness of the various nations was the lightning rapidity of the tragedy. I could see the mathematical efficiency of the organizations which made possible the plans and success of the murder in spite of all the exceptional precautions taken by the police of Austria-Hungary. I realized that Europe was in sympathy with the restlessness of Serbia against the old Hapsburg monarchy. After the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina by Austria, that region never had a minute's peace. The Serbian mentality, which worked—and still does—itself along the subterranean tunnels of secret societies, gave from time to time unpleasant surprises to Austria-Hungary, and the large empire was suffering from it. But no more than a thoroughbred is disturbed by flies.

The tragedy of Serajevo, however, appeared to me to be the last straw. Everyone understood that Austria would act. Strong measures! All the embassies, all the different political parties of Europe, realized the gravity of the case and its terrible consequences. They went feverishly to work to find a possible solution. And we looked on!

In Italy the echo of the murder of Serajevo aroused only curiosity and a thirst for more news. Even when the corpses of the archduke and his wife were taken into the Gulf of Triest, which was lighted up the whole night with tremendous torches, the impression of Italians, even those still under Austrian rule, was no deeper than it would have been in the presence of a spectacular epilogue of a theatrical tragedy.

Francis Ferdinand was an enemy of Italy. I thought that he always underestimated our race. He was not able to sense the heart throbs of the people of Italian blood still under his flag. He could not weigh the power of race consciousness. He was cherishing the dream of a monarchy melting three races together. Races, I knew, are difficult to melt. Francis Ferdinand enjoyed the display of his antipathy toward Italy. He took interest in the affairs of Italy only to seek a possible solution of the temporal power of the Pope. It was said that in the secrecy of his court and of his religious advisers he contemplated the creation of a papal city in Rome with an outlet on the sea.

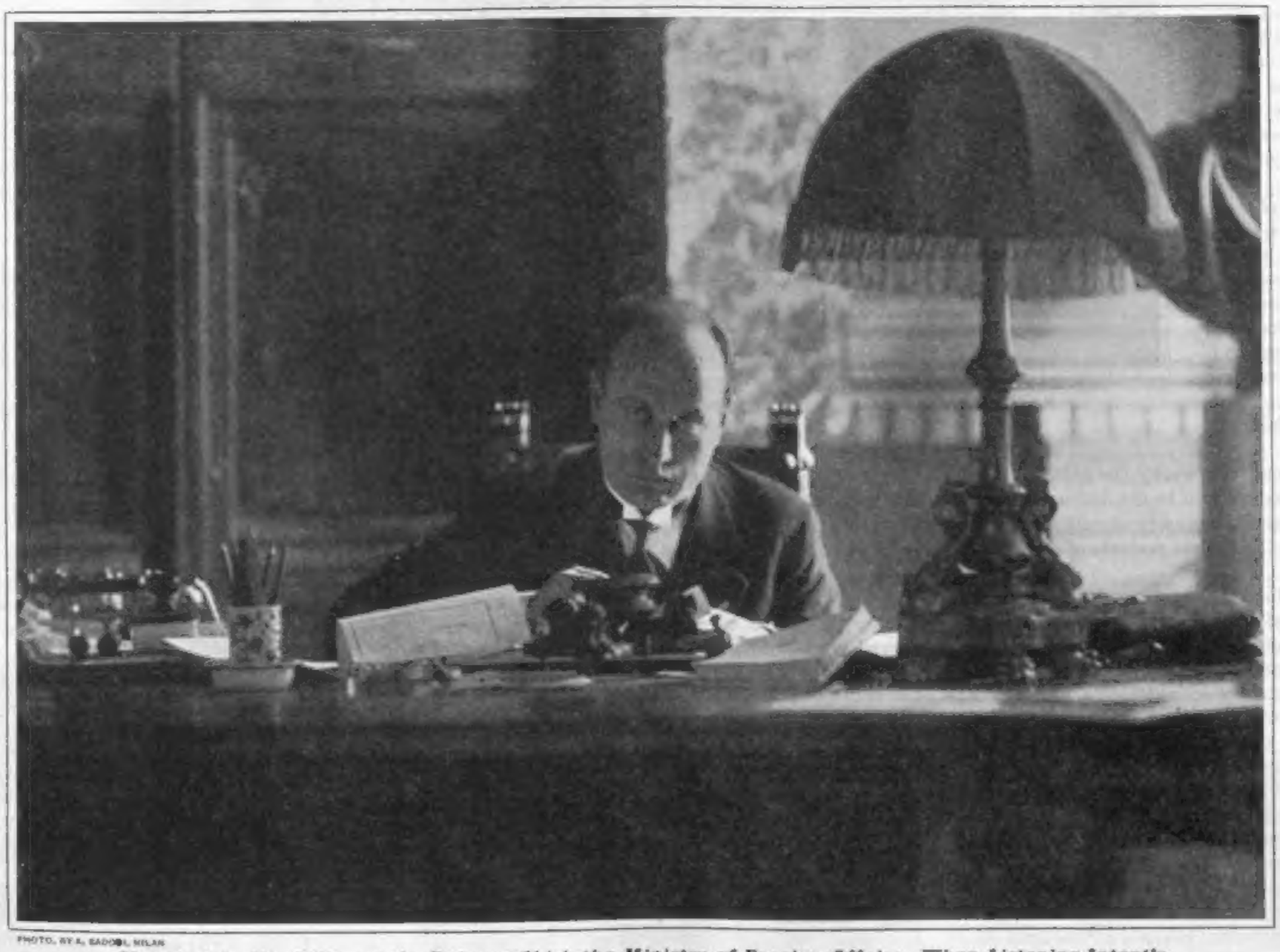

PHOTO. BY A. SACCHI, MILAN

Mussolini in His Office at the Palazzo Chigi, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. When Listening Intently This is His Attitude and Expression

Though deeply a Catholic, like myself, he accepted of Christianity only the hard familiar autocratic ideals which were the base of the old despotism forming the platform of autocratic government, but incapable of speaking to souls. In psychological make-up, this small, snarling archduke believed himself to be specially anointed by God to rule over subjects. He put fear in the hearts of smaller nations bordering his domain. His death gave surprise; it gave no sadness to us. For obvious reasons the pathetic end of the archduchess created feelings of a more sympathetic nature. We Italians are responsive, sympathetic.

The telegram of the Kaiser to the bereaved children fed the already dramatic tune and time of our impressions. I saw that Germany intended steadfastly to stand back of Austria for whatever action this nation was going to take toward Serbia. It was thought that Vienna would make a formal protest to Belgrade, but no one anticipated an ultimatum of such deadliness as fatally to wound the sensibility and the honor, as well as the very freedom, of that nation. All these currents I had to watch as the young editor of the Avanti.

The dictatorial form of the ultimatum, the style in which it was written, brought home to the world the shocking realization that war hung in the sky. We, in Italy, had to ask whether internationalism was having a success or whether it was an unreality. I wondered and reached a conclusion.

Amaldo Mussolini, Brother of Benito, Editor of the Popolo d'Italia, the So-Called Superjournalist of Italy

Embassies went feverishly to work; the political parties added the pressure of their weight to the diplomatic activities. The call to arms and the clamor of gathering armies put into second line the theoretical protests of socialist and international forces.

All of us in Italy who faced hard facts rather than mouthy theories heard the call of our country—a call of loneliness. Illusions burst like bubbles. Even the convention of French and German Socialists and the murder of Jaurès in Paris were but secondary episodes. To me they appeared as fringes of the mighty and dramatic conflict toward which day by day the various nations were drawn by destiny.

I must not forget that a few months previous to the Great War I had heard and noted a voice raised in the French parliament painting with pessimistic colors the inefficiency of the French Army, both from the viewpoint of economic war and the lack of modern means of defense and offense. Clemenceau, foaming at the mouth, was present at this discussion. He said afterward that never in his career as a politician since 1871 had he witnessed a more dramatic séance than this one in which the French nation was compelled fully to realize the insufficiency of its army, lacking the very means needed for a great conflict. That was a lesson. We do not forget it.

War was ripe. The tardy and weak intervention, both known and secret, of the Pope and of the benevolent nations outside the circle of the Allies had no weight. They could not stop the procession of events. War began at the end of July, 1914. It was the full bloom of summer. Under the deep shadow of the cloud the people of old Europe stood in awe, but fascinated as one is fascinated by a snake.

Free From the Alliance

ITALY a few years previously had renewed the Triple Alliance Treaty. It had been a marriage without respect and without trust, brought about more in order to counterbalance military power than by political necessity. There is small difference between security and military alliance.

The alliance with Austria and Germany gave, however, to Italy a certain latitude and a certain freedom of movement. The Marchese of San Giuliano, who was at the head of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, faced by the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia and by the scheming to bring about war at all costs, had to play fast to keep Italy neutral. As a matter of fact, the treaty called only for action if one or more of the nations of the Triple Alliance was assaulted by a nation outside that alliance. We were kept in the dark, as I well knew. That was enough to break the pact—to free us from further obligations to that alliance.

One of the first courageous actions in which Italy showed the measure of her independence and strength was recognition of this. Meanwhile the intervention of Russia in behalf of Serbia called also France against Germany.

I watched England. She was pondering deeply upon the step to take; and then, in order to keep her supremacy, and also for the sake of her pride and the sake of humanity, she moved her formidable war machinery and quickened the organization of new armies to snatch from Germany's grip the control of the old Continent.

PHOTO. BY A. BADODI

The Duce in the Trenches

Public opinion in Italy was deeply moved, facing war, with its German invasion of East France. There was the description, with horrid details, of German methods, and above all the invasion of Belgium in spite of every sense of right and humanity. The French Army was helplessly forced back. The future, not of one nation but of many nations, was in the scale. Of this, in my editorial office, I was always conscious. There was also the feeling of a common culture which was compelling us to forget past and present quarrels. I could not bear the idea that my country might abandon those who were crushed under the weight of war and unwarranted misfortune.

Germany began to influence Italian public opinion with methods of propaganda that irritated the sensitiveness of our race. That enraged me. To direct this propaganda, a great diplomat, Prince von Bülow, who knew the Italian and Roman world intimately, was sent. His aim in Italy was to assure its neutrality for good and all.

But our nation was turning toward war. I was helping. The Socialist Party, which at that time had a certain weight in Italian life, due more to weakness of other political parties than to its own strength, was uncertain what attitude to take. There it wabbled. The majority in that party stood for an absolute neutrality—a neutrality without limit of time, pledge or dignity. In that party there were many who stood openly in sympathy with Germany. I did not. A handful of intelligent and strong-willed men began to ask themselves if it was really right for Italians to lend themselves to the political aims of the King of Prussia, and if that was good for the future of Italy and of the world. I, myself, asked that question in the newspaper Avanti. For obvious reasons it was read avidly by every class of citizens. The putting of that question was my most distinguished effort at journalism.

It was sufficient to cause a part of public opinion to turn toward the possibility of our standing side by side with France and England in the war. We could not, and should not, forget that there were certain sentimental reasons, besides the practical reasons, advising us to review in this general conflict the old decision concerning our eastern border, which had remained open since our war with Austria in 1866.

The Borders of Italy

I WALKED home to my family, to my home, at night with pregnant questions in my mind, with deepening determinations, with hardening resolutions. Above all, there was my own country. I saw that internationalism was crumbling. The unit of loyalty was too large. I wrote an editorial in which I said also how utterly foolish was the idea that even if a socialist state were created, the old barriers of race and historical contentions would not go on causing wars.

Italy's borders on the eastern side reach the Judrio, but the region of Trentino illegally held by Austria entered as a wedge between Lombardy and the Venetian provinces. Our deal with the empire of Austria-Hungary was still to be closed, because the borders prophesied by Dante were dear to every Italian heart. They were still and always would be along the line of the Brennero and of the Giulian and Illyric Alps, including Fiume and Dalmatia.

Facing this new situation, every political man, including myself, began to examine his conscience. The mere mention of this problem was sufficient to make clear and evident the hidden travail of national consciousness. I was transformed in my thought.

"Now or never!" was the war cry of Cesare Battisti, whose noble spirit and final martyrdom by Austrian execution has made him immortal in Italian hearts. Then there was the prophetic vision of that fiery revolutionary spirit, Filippo Corridoni. With their inspiration I began to drag with me a fraction of the socialists

in favor of war. I had with me rebels of many schools, who through the dregs of their struggles would in the end now stand once more upon the indestructible vitality of our race.

The Socialist Council, seeing where I was going, took the Avanti out of my control. I could no longer preach, by that means, intervention of Italy in the war. I faced the socialists in our conventions. I was expelled. I held public gatherings.

I created the Fascisti—a group of daring youths who believed that intervention could be forced. Do not doubt that their actions shook deeply our political framework, existing from the time of the independence of Italy up till 1914. I was their leader.

It is interesting today when democracy is challenged to recall that the Liberal Democratic pacifist group, headed by Giovanni Giolitti, a man of great influence in parliament and also a shrewd organizer of political schemes, was busy in the attempt to find a formula which would solve the problem of righting the borders of Italy, but which would save our country from the burden, the sacrifice and the loss of life that every war imposes. Giolitti promised that even without war, Italy could obtain a great deal. This "great deal" awakened a feeling of sarcasm in the generous hearts of Italians. Naturally they are realists and the enemies of all forms of political bargaining.

Living on an Idea

ITALIANS were looking beyond those peaceful concessions and those petty betterings of the borders. They did not believe in the sincerity of this scheming. I considered it weak statesmanship—the statesmanship of compromise. There were seers who saw in the European conflict not only national advantages but the possibility of a supremacy of race. In the cycle of time, again a dramatic period had come which was making it possible for Italy by the weight of its army to deal as an equal with the leading nations of the world.

That was our chance. I wanted to seize it. It became my one thought of intensity.

The World War began on July 28, 1914. Within sixty days I severed my official connection with the Socialist Party. I had already ceased to be editor of the Avanti.

I felt lighter, fresher. I was free! I was better prepared to fight my battles than when I was bound by the dogmas of any political organization. But I understood that I could not use with efficient strength my convictions if I was without that modern weapon, capable of all possibilities, ready to arm and to help, good for offense and defense—the newspaper.

I needed a daily paper. I hungered for one. I gathered together a few of my political friends who had followed me in the last hard struggle and we held a war council. When money alone is concerned, I am anything but a wizard. When it is a question of means or of capital to start a project, or how to finance a newspaper, I grasp only the abstract side, the political value, the spiritual essence of the thing. To me, money is detestable; what it may do is sometimes beautiful and sometimes noble.

A few friends, bristling with ideas and ardent with faith, found almost immediately small rooms, garret-like, in the narrow street of Paolo da Cannobio, near the Piazza del Duomo in Milan. Near by there was a printing establishment. Its owner agreed to publish our newspaper at a small cost. I was mad to tell Italy and Italians the truth—their opportunity!

We had no need for great means. We wanted a newspaper that would hold the city of Milan like a fortress, with editorial articles of such value as would be reprinted or quoted by every Italian newspaper.

Thus—and how dramatically!—the number of our readers would be multiplied. That was my passion. Our offices were quickly furnished with a desk and a few chairs. I can never cease to have affection for that intellectual dugout, the journalistic trenches from which I began to fight. A contract was signed with the printing establishment—a contract that every week was in danger of smashing for the lack of the few thousand lire needed to pay our expenses. But we were living on an idea.

PHOTOS. BY A. RADOCK, MILAN

The Present Office Building of the Popolo d'Italia

On November 15, 1914, the first number of the Popolo d'Italia appeared. Even now I call this new paper my most cherished child. It was only through it, small as was its beginning, that I was able to win all the battles of my political life. I am still its director.

I could write and I may write a thousand memories of this newspaper which was born in 1914 and remained my platform up to 1922. It was an instrument for the making of me. The name of the Popolo d'Italia will occur over and over again. Its story in any case may be told through my personality as a political man, as a newspaper man, as a believer in this war, as a soldier, as an Italian and as a Fascista.

My first article in the Popolo d'Italia turned a large part of public opinion toward the intervention of Italy in the war, side by side with France and England.

Standing by me and helping my work as newspaper man were the Fascisti. They were composed of revolutionary spirits who believed in intervention. They were youths—the students of the universities, the socialist syndicalists—destroying faith in Karl Marx by their ideals. There were professional men too—and the workingmen who could still hear the real voice of the country.

And now, while Italy remained out of the war, our first legions of volunteers were organized and went to France to fight. In the Argonne fell the two sons of Ricciotti Garibaldi, Bruno and Costante, nephews of the great Garibaldi, who conquered for United Italy, North Sicily and Naples. The funeral of the two heroes took place in Rome and had solemn echoes all over Italy. Again the red shirts, once distinguished as the saviors of Italy, now in the land of France, testified to the indestructibility of Latinity.

Vittorio and Bruno Mussolini, the Two Elder Sons of the Duce

From Garibaldi's Starting Point

THE past quarrels—not long past—of Mediterranean interests were wiped out. The hostilities of the French during the time of our war in Libya were put aside. No one remembered the episode of the French ships Manouba and Carthage, which brought help to the Turks, who were fighting against us, in January, 1912. Everything was off. France was in danger, assaulted and invaded after the tragic rape of Belgium. This I preached and set forth. France was in danger!

Gabriele d'Annunzio, on the fifth of May, made his speech at Quarto dei Mille, near Genoa. Quarto dei Mille was the starting point of Garibaldi and his thousand

(Continued on Page 76)

As it is Today. The Duce's Office at the Popolo d'Italia Up to October 28, 1922. Here Mussolini Prepared and Constructed the March on Rome

FLYING WITH LINDBERGH

By Donald E. Keyhoe

Aide to Colonel Lindbergh on the United States Tour

I HAVE had the great fortune to fly across the United States with Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, to act as his aide for three months, to see him on and off parade, and to live within the same walls with him—a memorable experience through which I have come to know something of him.

Although I had met him at a dinner given for Floyd Bennett in St. Louis in 1926, he was so self-effacing and so little known then that, when he suddenly blazed into glory, I could not, to my chagrin, remember even having met him.

And I was as curious and as far removed from him as one hundred million other Americans when, in late June of 1927, Assistant Secretary MacCracken, head of the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce, sent for me.

"I want you to leave Washington tonight on a confidential mission," Secretary MacCracken said, and paused. "Take the midnight train to New York and go to Port Washington, Long Island, to the home of Mr. Harry Guggenheim, who will be expecting you."

Another pause. In common with everyone else, I knew that Lindbergh was at the Guggenheim home, and as my job is that of assistant to the Chief of the Air Information Division, I partly guessed what was to follow. When the secretary had finished enjoying the expression on my face, he continued:

"You will confer with Colonel Lindbergh and Mr. Guggenheim in regard to an air tour of the United States. It is not decided yet, but you probably will go with him as his aide."

And as I gasped a little, he added, "I thought you might be interested. Tell them I'll arrange to have a Department of Commerce plane and pilot go along with you, if that suits their plans."

The feeling of unreality with which I left the office persisted as I approached Mitchel Field, to which I had been directed at the last moment. But it did not last long after my first glimpse of Lindbergh, for almost instantly I was looking into two keen blue eyes that appraised me swiftly, even as I felt the warmth of his spontaneous, flashing smile. His firm grasp was quickly convincing.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AUTHOR

Colonel Lindbergh Punting at Turkey Point on Lake Erie, Canada

Two Things to Remember

"THE colonel hasn't much time," suggested Mr. Guggenheim, who had introduced me. "Let's go into the operations office and find a map."

In ten minutes the tour had been roughly planned, as the colonel offered crisp advice, nodded in agreement, or courteously, but without waste of words, expressed his difference of opinion.

"One other thing," he remarked, as he picked up his helmet and goggles: "If a Department of Commerce pilot makes the trip I'd like to have Phil Love be the one. There isn't any better cross-country pilot, and besides, he's a good fellow."

Another of those friendly smiles and he was gone, dodging around the crowd outside, toward his waiting ship.

There was but one other conference. At this one Colonel Lindbergh expressed his ideas in regard to handling the tour.

"We must remember two things all the time," he told us seriously: "First, we must always be on time—if we have to get up in the middle of the night to do it. We'll have to stick to our standard program, no matter what happens. That way we won't be favoring any city or organization and we won't have extra details to make us late. It means saying no to some things that, at first, it will seem we ought to do, such as meeting a lot of people, giving extra interviews, and so forth. But if we did that the tour wouldn't last a week. And what we want to do is to show people that aviation can come through on time."

He looked quickly from one to another of us, to see the effect of his words. We nodded in complete agreement, and the colonel went on in that grave impersonal manner which somehow belied his boyish face.

"Of course we must be careful not to hurt people's feelings, and we'll have to explain just why we can't do all they ask. Now, the second thing I mentioned is about landing at airports. Sometimes the crowds forget and rush out onto the field—and that's dangerous. If someone were to be killed by a propeller, it would be terrible. I'd rather skip a city entirely than take a chance by landing into a crowd."

"The colonel is right," said Mr. Guggenheim to Kusterer, the advance representative, and me. "Kusterer, remember all these details in making arrangements. And, Keyhoe, as the colonel's aide you will have to be a sort of buffer and take all the knocks possible."

Mentally contrasting my height with Lindbergh's six feet, two and a half inches, I glanced sidewise at him, to find him looking surreptitiously at me. He grinned suddenly, perhaps to hide his misgivings.

I remembered that grin one week later, when I stole a glance at him as he sat bareheaded atop the rear seat of an open car. It was the first parade. In the rapid sequence of greetings, photographs and ceremonies at his landing, there had been no time to note his reaction to an all but violent public admiration.

Now, amid the deafening shouts and cheers, the tooting of horns and whistles, and the general mad uproar of a city gone wild, there was a chance to watch him unobserved.

He seemed almost not to hear the cheers, to be somewhat preoccupied, as he faced straight to the front. But after a second I saw that his eyes were never still, that they roved from side to side, now resting for a moment on a group of clamoring school children, now shifting to a fireman clanging the bell of his engine, up to a window from which a dozen laughing stenographers poured an endless stream of confetti, and then back to a second parade of boys on bicycles, who ducked in and out between exasperated policemen.

Lindbergh, the Man

ONCE the corners of his mouth twitched suddenly as a string of colored tape, thrown out from the crowd, missed its goal and drifted against the forehead of a motorcycle policeman, from which it streamed back like the ribbon on a Roman chariot driver.

A second later, the humorous gleam was replaced by a kindly, direct look that passed with his indescribable smile across the intervening throng to a little crippled girl, standing wistfully in the yard of what seemed to be an orphanage. As he raised his hand in a sort of salute, the bystanders turned curiously toward the child. He glanced away hastily, but already a reporter in a hovering press car had caught the incident and was scribbling busily.

It was humanly impossible for him to shake hands with one-thousandth of those that sought to do so, and yet he stopped during a mad scramble through a crowded hotel lobby to take the hand of a frightened little old lady whose timidly outstretched arm had been roughly pushed aside. Nor could the highest lady of any land have asked for a more gracious bow than the one that went with this act.

In the press interview that followed the parade he answered queries on aviation readily and to the point. After a few minutes a young woman reporter broke in on the rapid fire of questions and asked mischievously: "Is it true, colonel, that girls don't interest you at all?" I thought this would embarrass him greatly, but he only smiled.

"If you can show me what that has to do with aviation, I'll be glad to answer you," he replied agreeably.

"Then aviation is your only interest?" she persisted.

"That is the purpose of the tour—to promote aviation," he answered easily.

"Are you always so evasive?" she inquired, pouting.

"I shall be glad to tell you anything I know—on aviation," he said politely.

She threw up her hands and surrendered.

When the reporters had gone, Lindbergh tiptoed to the door, snapped the lock and closed the transom. Then he came back to where Phil Love and I were opening a stack of telegrams and letters for his inspection.

Free From the Crowds. In a Private Swimming Pool in Chicago

"What happened to you?" he demanded amusedly, with a look at Phil's disarranged collar and tie, and his battered hat near by.

Phil shook his red head emphatically. "That's my last parade," he declared. "Two cops jumped on me in that jam downstairs. I'm going to wear a big sign from now on—One of Lindbergh Party. But that wasn't the worst. Somebody hit me on the head with a box of candy during the parade."

Lindbergh glanced around the reception room.

"Where is it?" he inquired. "Don't tell me you threw it away. I'm hungry." At that he looked thoughtful, turning suddenly to stare at me almost accusingly. "Say, where did we put luncheon on our schedule?"

I stared back at him. The daily program called for taking off soon after breakfast and arriving at two o'clock at each city. Ceremonies and parades were scheduled to take nearly all the rest of the afternoon.

"It looks as though we don't eat," I answered at last.

"We might each carry a couple of ham sandwiches," Phil said to me in a stage whisper, at the same time putting the table between himself and the colonel.

Lindbergh seemed to ignore this thrust.

"We're not going clear around the United States without any lunch," he stated positively. "After this, let's order something as soon as we get to the hotel. Phil, that'll be your job. You don't have anything to do but fly, anyway."

A knock prevented Phil's indignant retort. As I admitted the committeeman who had been appointed to help us with routine matters, I witnessed a lightninglike transformation. Slim Lindbergh had gone, and in his place was the serious-eyed youth who had ridden before cheering thousands that afternoon. He greeted the newcomer courteously, talked a few minutes and then started for his room to dress. I stopped him with a question.

"What shall we do with all these gifts?"

What Anyone Would Do

HE WENT over to look at the candy and fruit piled on one table and then glanced around at the gorgeous flowers that adorned the reception room.

"I'd like to have the people who sent these know I appreciate them," he said quietly. "Of course, there isn't time to thank them personally, but if the committee can help us, I'd like to have them know it. But I don't see why someone else shouldn't get some pleasure from them. We can't take anything with us, you know. Suppose you send them out to the hospitals. There's a children's hospital, isn't there?"

"Where you saw the little crippled girl?" I asked. "I think that was an orphanage."

"Well, send something out there, too," he directed. "Divide them up."

"I'll help distribute them, colonel," volunteered the committeeman. "And when you leave tomorrow I'll send out the flowers too."

"Don't you think tonight would be better?" asked Lindbergh pleasantly. "I'm afraid they'll be faded by then."

He disappeared as though to forestall any comment. The committeeman looked at us inquiringly.

"If he's going to get dressed now, maybe I'd better send for a valet," he suggested.

Phil glanced at him sharply and then laughed. "Not unless you want to start something," he responded. "He hates to be waited on."

There was no indication of that other side of the colonel until after we had returned from the banquet. Sorenson, the engine man detailed to take care of both ships, had already gone to sleep, as he had to rise early. Phil was taking a warm shower, singing lustily to himself. Lindbergh listened for a few seconds and then shook his head.

"We ought to do something about that," he said to me, with a peculiar gleam in his eyes which I soon learned was indicative of trouble. "You stand here and be ready to close the door."

Camping at Elbow Lake, Montana

Flying Over Yellowstone Lake in the Spirit of St. Louis

He picked up a large pitcher of ice water and noiselessly made his way toward the unsuspecting Love. The song ceased abruptly and a shrill yell rose in its place, followed by the sound of running feet. Lindbergh appeared, moving rapidly, with Phil close behind, murder in his eye.

I slammed the door just in time. Lindbergh turned the key and then nonchalantly prepared to go to bed. With the disgruntled enemy waiting on the outside, this seemed the only wise thing to do, so I followed his example, not without a thrill at sleeping in the same room with the man who had conquered the Atlantic single-handed.

Saving Minutes

THE next morning several waiters appeared with our breakfast. We overheard a mention of autographs and of rotating so that each one would be able to serve the colonel. Lindbergh looked dubious and finally beckoned me into another room. "I don't want to hurt their feelings," he told me, "but we're going to lose a lot of time if we start that. The quickest way will be to wait on ourselves, if you'll ask them to leave everything on the table. Besides, this is our only chance to talk over things for the day."

The waiters were visibly disappointed, so Lindbergh autographed the cards they had brought before they departed.

"I don't mind the signing itself," he explained as we ate, "but if we aren't careful we'll lose a minute here and there, and end up an hour late at some city."

"What shall we do with all the requests that we get?" asked Phil. "People stopped me yesterday in the hall and insisted on giving me things for you to sign. And every time I poke my head out of the door, some girl asks me if I'll introduce her to you."

Lindbergh reddened and for an instant I thought hostilities would be resumed. Then his expression changed swiftly and he became quite serious.

"Forgetting that last part—if it's a request that either of you think needs handling right away, let me have it. But I think that the local committees should decide on requests, except those that come in the mail. And when we can't handle those we'll send them back to the Guggenheim Fund."

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The Tour Party—Donald B. Keyhoe, Philip Love, Colonel Lindbergh, C. C. Maidment and Milburn Kusterer—Stopping Off for a Picnic

SEAWEED

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Grim Work, Thrashing a Foul-Hulled Square-Rigger Against a Westerly Gale, Even Without Other Encumbrance

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he.
—The Yarn of the Nancy Bell.

SOMEWHERE on the southerly edge of the northeast trades the iron bark Teviot wallowed over the glassy swells of the doldrums. Two hundred days out from Callao with nitrates she was, and looked like it. Parsimony in her owners, born of falling freights for sailing ships, had kept her two years out of dry dock. As she rolled among the big smooth hillocks of shimmering water she lifted an underbody so thick with barnacles, so matted with weeds, that there was little semblance left to the clean graceful hull that really was hers. With every lurch and recovery she raised a commotion in the sea very like the disturbance caused by a new island thrown up by some submarine spasm. None of the faint airs that came in vagrant fashion during day and night had weight to move her. In some of the harder rain squalls she got moving, swashing noisily along with terrific groaning of gear until the squall passed; then again she took up the dreary burden of rolling. Some day, Lord knew when, she would creep out of the doldrums into the trades and trample down the seas toward home.

On the sun-bleached decks of the Teviot were signs as vivid as those outside. The bulwarks, stanchions, angle irons and boat gallows were flaked with rust. The masts were pitted and the sun shone through the planking of the boats. Rigging service was bleached and old. The gear coiled up on the pins looked as if all the life had been cooked from the fibers. About the few desultory jobs that could be done in such deadly heat half a dozen men dawdled, and they looked as if they had been born with the ship, had grown up with her—might very well die with her. Old, every one of them. All bearded, bowed and lacking the spark of enthusiasm. When a whisper of air fanned across the blistered rail, they slouched instinctively to sheets and braces, boxing the yards to catch the zephyr, knowing it was useless, that the ship would never move a fathom, that soon they must haul the yards around again for another whisper from another quarter.

On the poop two other old men stood. They were older than the seamen. Captain Tarbert was six feet tall and his beard hung to his chest. Lean, starved-looking, his piercing eyes glittered out upon the sea from sunken sockets behind a mat of grizzled hair. Second Mate Pusey was older than the captain. He had commanded clipper ships in his day. The passing of sail robbed many a sailorman of his living. It would have robbed Mr. Pusey of a livelihood had he not swallowed his pride and accepted the subordinate berth of second mate in the Teviot. He would never have command again. Despising steam, he had no steam license. There were not enough square-riggers to go around as it was. When the Teviot passed away there would be one less. And if a breeze did not come soon, the Teviot would use up almost a year getting her cargo home, and her owners would never risk losing any more money on her.

Mr. Pusey did not sigh. Old sea dogs are not given to sighing. But he swore softly every time the ship rolled that deadly weight of weed and barnacles above the surface with the roar of a small cataract, and he saw to it that the bearded ancients hauled those yards. Mr. Pusey's whiskers were very like the seaweed—ragged, of uneven length, pretty much of a weedy color. They had long ago turned gray—and he chewed tobacco.

The cabin clock struck seven bells and the helmsman struck the poop bell, which hung near the wheel for convenience. In her heyday the Teviot had carried boys, and then her bell hung in a beautiful little belfry at the break of the poop, with a clean little boy to see that it was struck on time.

In five minutes after the bell was struck the chief mate appeared on deck with an old quadrant. Mr. Bunce out-aged all the old men in the ship. He too had commanded. He was in like case with Mr. Pusey. He was hanging onto his berth in the Teviot as a drowning man hangs onto a spar. He carried a certain dignity, too, which sometimes irked Mr. Pusey, but on the whole found favor with Captain Tarbert, who had ideas concerning dignity which reflected very well on sailing-ship men, but not so well on men who went in steam.

When the mate appeared, the second mate disappeared. It was not time to change watches; it was time for the watch below to get their dinner and time for the navigator to prepare for his noon observation. And in the Teviot that noon sight was a rite in which all three officers took part. It was performed with portentous gravity and form. Whichever mate had the watch, the other relieved at seven bells without being sent for; and as soon as the relieving officer appeared, the other would go below, get his instrument and return on deck after picking up the skipper's sextant as he came through the companionway chart room.

"You have seven minutes, gentlemen," remarked Captain Tarbert, gravely boggling at the sun with his sextant at zero to get the instrument error before the observation.

The other old men did the same thing with equal gravity. And when the meridian altitude was obtained and the word was passed to the wheel to make eight bells, the mate formally took over charge of the deck while the captain and the second mate went inside to work up the sight. Mr. Bunce would work out his observation when relieved for dinner and then compare it with the two others as a check.

When that comparison was made, Captain Tarbert received the result at table, while the mate slipped into his seat and waited for the steward to bring out the dishes he had been keeping warm. That table bore signs of parsimony, too; there were sad signs that the voyage had been overlong. A piece of hard salt beef, a platter of broken hard tack, a dish of boiled white beans and a small saucer of preserved apples was the extent of the feast. There was water to drink. The water was red with rust and musty with age.

"A poor day's run, Mr. Bunce. Nineteen miles," Tarbert remarked. "Mr. Pusey disagrees with me by half a mile. He makes it nineteen and a half."

"Aye, he's young, sir," returned the mate, slowly grinding away at the beef. "I have the water catches spread, sir. The tanks are getting a little bad."

"Make the most of the rain squalls, Mr. Bunce. Get all the fresh water you can. We'll be getting the trades soon and water won't be so easy to get."

That night the trades whistled down and the Teviot surged forward with a royal uproar. Under all sail she advanced, pushing what seemed to be acres of ocean before her, leaving a weedy wake of three times her own width, the long growth on her underbody streaming out astern and lighting up the sea with luminous foam. Any well-found ship in clear water, with that breeze, should have made ten knots without fuss. The Teviot made a twenty-knot commotion and a four-knot speed. And since, when she got the trade wind, it was blowing from near

east, she shouldered her noisy way sturdily north with every backstay twanging.

On the day when, at noon, a full twenty-four hours of such sailing had been enjoyed, Captain Tarbert announced to his waiting officers: "You have seven minutes, gentlemen." And he mowed at the sun for his index error with precisely the same formality as had attended similar observations for all the two hundred days that the sun had shone at meridian.

And when results were compared in the saloon and the day's run was found to total a full hundred miles, there was no more outward enthusiasm than there had been when nineteen miles was the total. But three old men felt warmer about the heart for it; and in the mysterious fashion of the sea, an ancient bos'n, a senile carpenter and twelve mossy seamen shared in the news and the elation.

"Twenty-four days home from here, boys!" chortled one.

"Aye, when she was clean," grumbled the inevitable Jonah.

"What do it matter? More days, more dollars," rejoined the hardest growler of them all, now that the ship moved forward and progress could be reckoned.

Soon the blue ocean was dotted with weed. It floated past the sluggish ship like patches of spongy gold. Fish fought among the masses for the tiny shrimp and fry that infested it. The mates regarded it resentfully. When the mass of weed which the ship trailed with her caught in the floating tangles and bore them along as well, the added weight made no difference to her, but tantalized simply because it was a visible drag. The patent log became foul. It was taken in. The old-time hand log was then used to ascertain the ship's speed.

Captain Tarbert scanned the sea for hours. He disliked to take his ship through the weed, but with the first favorable wind he had encountered in many weeks, he hated to gamble with it. To avoid the weed he must stand west and skirt the weed limits, or tack to the southeast to reach beyond the other edges of the vast field. Both alternatives meant sailing directly away from home—and the ship was overlong on the passage.

"This is all the stores left, sir," the steward reported one morning, presenting a list. Tarbert looked it over and his lips drew down at the corners. He gazed long across the weed, fast growing denser, and at the sky, which held promise of continued wind.

"All right, steward. Cut down the whack a trifle," he said. "There seems to be plenty o' biscuit. Give the men more cracker hash."

The next day the breeze lightened.

"One voyage I found the wind stronger a bit to the westward, sir," hinted Mr. Bunce respectfully.

"Were ye seven months out, Mr. Bunce?" the skipper inquired with icy dignity.

But when a week had gone by and the breeze seemed about to die, the skipper changed his course to the westward, squaring his yards. Every mile sailed was a mile away from home, and the sea-weary old men grew hollow-eyed and wan. Flakes of paint fell from the ironwork; the ship moved scarcely at all in the center of a limitless field of weed, all gold and transparent berries. A whale, covered with barnacles, rose with a vast commotion through the litter, draped with festoons of Sargasso weed like an old hag at a belated nuptials. It sounded again, after filling its lungs, and never reappeared. That same day the breeze died and the Teviot lay motionless, like a fantastic model set in the midst of a field.

"You have seven minutes, gentlemen," announced Captain Tarbert the next noon.

The reckoning showed that the ship was very slowly drifting, without visible motion, north and east, deeper into the Sargasso Sea. Twenty days she drifted. The steward and the cook shared the extra work of serving hash three times daily. Old men helped to beat up flinty biscuit. There was nothing to do about the ship. Her gear was past repair. What she had must carry her home. And hash was easy on shaky old teeth.

"More days, more dollars, boys," the optimist grinned.

"They gets the same hash aft as we gets. I see the stooard dishin' it out," mumbled a hoary, haggard old man who had long passed the day when the length of a voyage mattered to him.

With her sails hanging listlessly, bone-white and threadbare, the Teviot moved with the weed that floated densely about her. By daily observations her movements were checked. Three miles in one day, twelve in another, at times no change at all, but always making an average progress about equal to the circulating movement of the great ocean streams that formed the Sargasso Sea. Until at nightfall on the day of the new moon there struck up a stiff breeze which drove her quivering forward with every spar and thread of tackle cracking to the strain of forcing along the incubus of growth in which she seemed planted.

It was a fierce spell of blowing weather, and it made old men mutter and shiver through the black hours succeeding the setting of the thin sliver of new moon. With such a breeze there should have been a sea. But the weed held the sea down to a gently undulating level which had no vice; and the creepy sensation was experienced of seeing a lofty ship reeling under full canvas that threatened to crack with wind, with never a spray, never a plunge, never a rolling of water from her bows; but only a swishing, hissing, sickle-on-corn sibilance to tell of her motion.

Old men leaned far over the side, peering into the ghostly flashes at the water line, whispering to one another that the ship was stuck fast. When the log was heaved, the log chip lay uselessly on weed which moved with the vessel. It indicated no speed. Yet Captain Tarbert and his two old mates knew that the ship sailed forward. They took observations of the Pole Star for latitude at midnight, at the change of the watch, and compared the reckoning with that of the previous noon. The weed-bound bark was pushing several hundred tons of golden hamper northward at the rate of three miles an hour. With the same breeze in the clear ocean, even the barnacled and foul Teviot would have made eleven knots.

Soon after the Pole Star sights were obtained, a light twinkled on the darkness ahead.

"Can ye make it out, mister?" Tarbert asked, when the mate reported it.

"I took it to be a star, sir, but it stays in one place."

The mate, returning to the deck, was at the captain's door again at once.

"It's gone now, sir. A star setting, likely," he said.

At dawn the breeze fell light. The ship barely moved. Where had been seen the light that was declared a star a

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"Just Take Me Over to See Yonder Yacht Owner, if You Please," He Hailed the Officer in Charge, and Dropped Into the Boat

More Letters From a Self-Made Diplomat to His President

By WILL ROGERS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

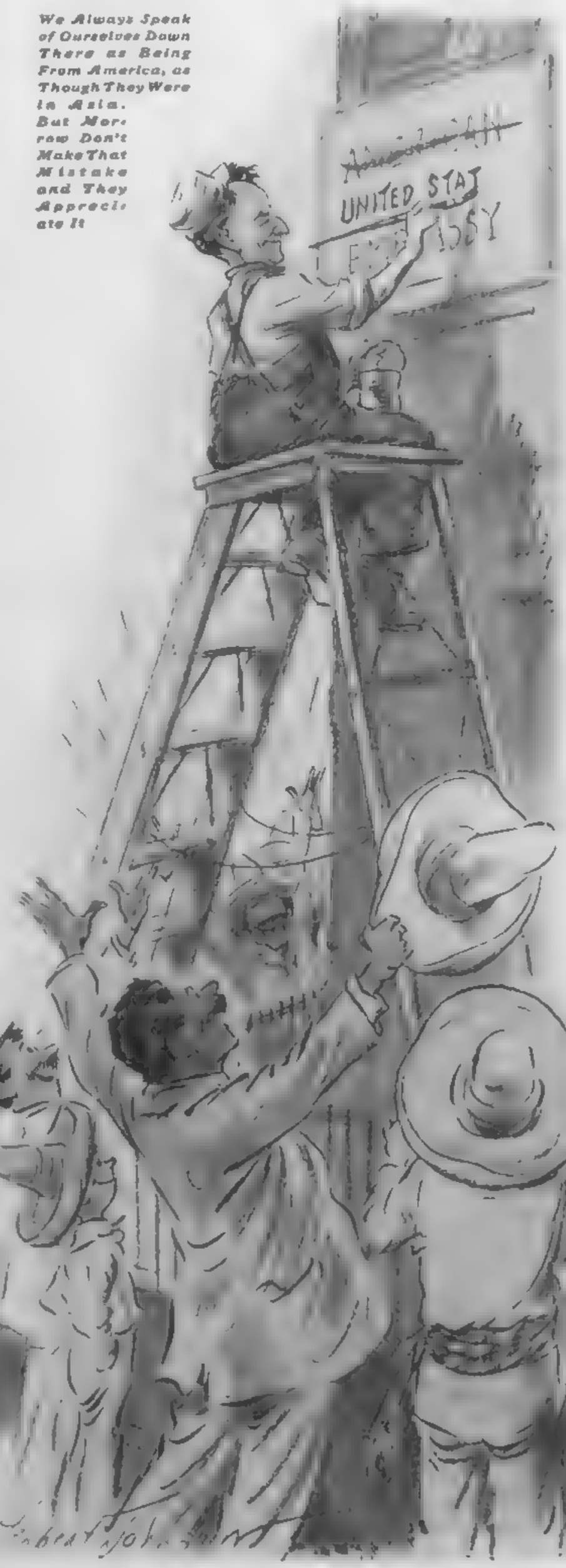
SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO ON THE PRESIDENTIAL TRAIN

MY DEAR ÇALVIN: I havent had time to write you for several days. I dont know whether you have heard from Morrow or not. I told him when it looked like I dident have time to write for him to do it, and then when it looked to me like he was too busy with something else, why, I would do the writing.

First I will tell you about the train and how we started out. I got in there the other night and was met at the train by Mr. Robinson and his wife, the President's daughter. They took me bag and baggage right over onto the adjoining track, where stood the Presidential train. It was to go out in about an hour or so. There was bands playing and soldiers' bugles blowing and swell-dressed Presidential guards. I never saw so much excitement in my life as was going on around the depot.

Now I don't want to discourage you, but you talk about a train, this Mexico has a Presidential train. It is brand-new, only delivered by the Pullman Company to them a short time ago. If you ever was in this you would actually be ashamed to get into one of those things the B. & O. and the Pennsylvania haul you around in. Now you know Dwight Morrow has seen some pretty good trains in his time. Being with Morgan, he naturally mixed up with about the best we got. But I wish you could have seen his eyes when he got on this one. I really felt ashamed of his embarrassment. He was just rubbering around and couldent speak. It was humiliating to me. I had let on like the Iron Mountain had had one running through Claremore, Oklahoma, like this all my life. But Morrow's rubiness made it look like I was the only American that had ever been used to things.

We Always Speak of Ourselves Down There as Being From America, as Though They Were in Asia. But Morrow Don't Make That Mistake and They Appreciate It



Just Like Home

OF COURSE the President's car is last, and it has a great big sitting or living room in the back end, or what I would call a parlor. There's where we would all meet and swap Diplomacy when we wasent eating. Then the President's own room adjoins this. Then the diner is a great big room in the next car, with a big long table running through the center, just like a regular home dining room. It's all very finely paneled wood of some kind; I guess mahogany—as that's the only fine wood I know the name of. The chairs and couches were great big comfortable affairs. There was draperies and cords and tassels; and, oh, I must tell you, some of these tassels and cords were missing. When the train was shipped from the Pullman factory to Mexico, it stopped in several American towns and the people were allowed to go through and see it. Well, that's when they lost the fancy knickknacks. They had to quit showing it in the states or the people would have taken the wheels and the running gears off it. That is a trait that I don't believe any other people in the world have developed it to the extent that our folks have. It's almost impossible to show the American folks something that if you turn your head they won't try to carry it home. The new train never lost a thing after it got into Mexico, as that Progress and Go-Get-'Em Spirit had not penetrated that far south.

There is about eight cars in the train, all made to go together. All compartment cars except the two or three baggage and automobile cars. The President's Autos were all carried and unloaded almost as quick as we stopped and were going some place. They were unloaded just like circus wagons down a runway. The cooks were right from his Palace at Chapultepec, and the eats sure were good.

There was four Presidential guards stationed on each vestibule between the cars. I never could find out when they eat or drank or was changed, for I spied on 'em and I never could catch 'em doing any of these. But they stuck the trip out and finished in good shape.

As I say, I got in at eight o'clock, and we were to leave out again at ten. We were having a great time around the station. The Mayor of Mexico City come down to welcome me. He dident know that I was President of the Ex-Mayors Association. You know there is an organization that will grow. The only thing I am afraid Jimmy Walker will supplant me as head of it some day.

The Ambassadors Meet

MORROW was the first to show up. I had never met him. But he sure did win me right from the jump. I thought mebbe on account of being such a friend of yours that he would be kinder like you. What I mean by that, he would be kinder stingy with his chatter. But, say, he is the most pleasant fellow I ever saw. He is little, but five foot six of solid personality. We talked about you and he asked me how you was doing, and I made out that you was doing all right.

There wasent any use letting him know that certain little things wasent breaking just right. I just kinder let on like you had relieved the Farmers and fixed the Dikes on the Mississippi and Had Mussel Shoals going and Boulder Dam started, and had taxes cut down, and had done all those little annoying things that have been coming up. He seemed tickled to death; said he always had had confidence in you; even when you was elected Vice President, he never lost faith.

We was to have several Americans on the trip with us, men from a construction company of New York City. They are doing some tremendous big public works for Mexico in the way of Dams and irrigation works, and those are the things principally that the President was going out on this trip to inspect, and Mr. Morrow was to go with him—incidentally the first time that an American Ambassador had ever accompanied a Mexican President on a tour of the Country.

You know, this Morrow does a lot of things that I imagine are not in the book that tells what Diplomats should do. You know, he kinder figures out that if Calles is the man that he was sent there to deal with, that Calles is the man that he should know and understand. Diplomats, when they get to a Country, they figure they must first meet the rich people of their own Country who are living there, and then the rich ones who belong in the Country. But as far as the Government officials are concerned, why, they will perhaps know them at some time through the exchange of official visits.

You know yourself, Calvin, that there is lots of men high in official life in every country that socially couldent make a swell drawing-room with a letter of recommendation from an archbishop. Take our own country. We got men that have drawn every Government Salary that is in the gift of the Common people, yet a policeman wouldent let them on Park Avenue. Why, there is homes in New York that a Congressman would have to disguise as a waiter to get into. It's nothing agin you-all. You are just a branch of people that havent been housebroke to their ways. A Politician couldent

pour a cup of tea into a washtub without wasting half of it on some Hostess' bare knees. If an Official in public life does happen to crash the gate of a swell dinner party, he is there in about the same capacity as an Actor, a Prize Fighter or a Channel Swimmer—just to be looked at at close range and not through any degree of equality.

But these regular Diplomats, they kinder run in that Social class. They are the buffers between Officeholders and Society. They come from the Social set, but have to cultivate friendship with Politicians in order to get the appointment. When they have to go to Washington to kinder stir around with the Home State Senators and Congressmen, why, they feel like they are slumming. So, naturally, when they get their appointment to represent us at some other country, why, they know the class of men who are running that country won't be of any higher social standing than the ones at home. So they naturally hunt up and flock with people who are Butler-broke and Footman-wise.

You know, there is one thing that an outsider can't do, I don't care how much money he may have suddenly made. He can't get used to doing anything in a house without knowing in his own heart that the Servants know he is doing it wrong. Culture, after all, is nothing but studied indifference. A high-toned Diplomat has about the same disdain for a Politician that a young College graduate has for the people who never went to grammar school, but who he has to go and ask for a job.

A Fair Share for Everyone

BUT this Bird Morrow dident pull that. In fact, I doubt if he ever was much on Drawing-room stuff even at home. He could get into that set, but he was too smart to do it. In fact, I think running with you had kinder kept him pretty common. He wasent in Mexico to follow suit of our other Diplomats and try and bat three hundred in the Dinner-Table League. He had no daughters that he wanted to palm off on some unsuspecting young Don, and what his charming wife lacked in the usual Diplomatic social ambitions she made up in real down-to-earth common sense. He just figured the men running this Government may not know a Demmi-tasse from a Hors D'œuvre. Their Dress suits might be made by Sears Roebuck and they might wear scabbards on their table knives to keep from cutting their mouth. But they were the ones that his Government had sent him here to deal with.

He was down here to do business with Mexico and not lead a Cotillion in a charity fête, got up by some of the oldest families in aid of the starving Golf Players of Scotland. It dident matter to him if some of the Mexicans officials could show more bullet holes than Diplomas. He just forgot his Emily Post and wiped out the memories of nights spent on the Corsair and he commenced to hunting out the men whose names were not on the Social register, but whose names had to be signed on the perforated line before you could walk away with a Government appointment.

He just figured: "I don't know how they got in office, or where they got in office from, or what their previous condition of servitude was. They are the ones that are on bases now. I don't know if they got on with a base hit, a walk, a Revolution or one of those Coupe-De-Tays. I only know they are in, and they are the Babies Cal sent me down here to play marbles with."

So that is one of the main things I base his success on in Mexico. If he gets away with this, it's liable to change the whole business of Embassying. He is just liable to change it into a human job. You see, heretofore an Ambassador liked to judge his results by how successful his dinners turned out. Well, Morrow would rather have the oil situation turn out successful even if his guests showed up with their dinner Jackets on backward.

He is trying to get down to earth and say to the Mexican authorities: "Let's see if we can't split this oil thing so we can both make a little money out of it. You got the oil and we got the market, so the quicker we get together, the quicker we will all be making some Jack."

The Latin races are proud and temperamental, but at that they are not different from the neighbors on the north. They are business men. They feel that they own the resources, no matter what they might be, and if we come in and develop them, that's all right, but that we shouldent want to get away with all of it. After all, the fellow that furnished the resources ought to have a fair divvy of the loot, and Morrow feels they should have it.

You know, sometimes the fellow who is putting in his money feels that he ought to have the big end. But, after all, when he gets through he has got his profit and his Investment out. But the one with nothing but the resources, when they are gone, his original investment is blowed up. Nature only put so many resources in the ground, and when you happen to own some of 'em, why, you got to nurse your investment along.

Well, just before the train was supposed to pull out, along come President Calles—pronounced Ki-us. Had all his family with him. It looked like the Roosevelts rolling out for Oyster Bay in the early day, only Calles' children run more to daughters. There was daughters of pretty near any age you wanted, all pretty, as most Mexican Girls are. But these were exceptionally so. They had all come down to bid him good-by. This was to be an all-male trip we were making.

Calles is a big pleasant fellow, a regular big two-fisted He Man, big, square-built, broad-shouldered, hair slightly graying; must be a man in his early fifties. Got a corking sense of humor. In fact, all the Mexicans have. They are not near as serious as people think. They get a laugh out of everything. In fact, I couldent find anything they did take serious but a Bum Bull. You let a cowardly Bull come into the ring, and they certainly were serious and meant it when they would demand of the Judges or Referees to take him out. That's the only time I saw Mexicans serious. Why, the Latin-American Cartoonists and Characturists are the greatest in the World. They have some marvelous humor just in a few strokes of the pen.

Secondhand Conversation

CALLES don't speak English, but I think he understands a whole lot more of it than he lets on. Now ordinarily when you can't talk to a man or him to you, why, the whole thing is spoiled. You can't do anything through an Interpreter. Neither party's personality or meaning gets over. It's kinder like talking over the radio—by the time it gets to the other party it's not you saying it.

But let me tell you about the break I got in Mexico. There is a lot of Ex-American brothers there named Smithers. They are in business there and are old friends of the President. Well, this one that was with us is the best Interpreter IN THE WORLD. He is the only man that can interpret humor from one language to the

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It's Almost Impossible to Show the American Folks Something That if You Turn Your Head They Won't Try to Carry it Home

SEVEN IN A ROW

By Frank Mann Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

LISTEN, fellow, it don't make a bit of difference to me whether you are a special writer from the News-Gazette or the Old Testament; all you newspaper roaches look the same to me, and I am off the whole lot of you this past two years and more. Why should I bother to talk to you when the best any of you ever do for me is put me in the hot grease? You better go and find somebody else for to compose your lies about and leave me get the balance of my sleep, which I am needing bad.

Charlie Phillips sends you to me, does he? Well, now, that makes you pretty near regular, because Charlie is one grand gent and any friend of his is aces with me. So you can come on in, mister, but your little side kick with the camera there might 's well blow. I'm cert'nly not going to have no pictures of me took until these scars has had time for to cool out a bit.

See can you find a chair somewheres that isn't broke. Seems like this hotel furniture they make nowadays is awful frail and curls up like a dog under any kind of punishment. Fling Red Martin's boots on the floor there and set down. Red must of thought he was going in swimming and went home barefoot. Him and his gang throw a party here last night, and while I don't remember real good any of what comes off after about two o'clock, from the looks of the joint I guess they all enjoyed theirself plenty. The last I mind was me laying in bed and about eight of them shooting dice all over the top of me, but I was too tired to care. No, I wasn't lit myself. I don't ever touch the stuff personal. I always been able to find all the trouble I need without looking for it down the neck of no bottle.

Don't it beat all how many friends you got which will always gather round to help celebration your good luck, and how scarce and hard to find they are when things is breaking tough? But you newspaper eggs are just about as bad, when you come to think about it. Any time a boy is finding the going heavy and a little free notoriety in the papers would do him a heap of good, the only way you will even print his name is if he gets pinched or set down or something. But just let him get out in front oncet and not need advertising no more than this Lindbergh, why, you want to plaster him all over your front pages.

I'll put up the blind and then we can see better. Gee, don't this face of mine look like something a cat dragged in? These here two welts on my left cheek are where Buddy Nolan whangs me with his bat coming down the stretch in the Cup race yesterday afternoon, and this shanty over my eye is where he parks his fist during the little argument I and him have in back of McGlone's barn last evening. And if you think for a second that same Buddy didn't get a full-paid receipt for all he handed me, just you go over to St. Luke's Hospital and take a peek at him. After they pry me off of the top of him, there wasn't a thing to do but cart him away and tell the doc he'd got hurted in a automobile wreck. A view of Buddy now, the way I fixed his clock for him, would be something which would give your readers a big laugh if you printed it.

Yes, sir, I had a real busy day yesterday, busting things. First of all I start off by busting a world's record, riding seven straight winners; and then I finish up by busting Buddy Nolan's nose and his two front teeth—and his miserable little heart, too, I guess.

You can make book Buddy isn't going to have the nerve to be swelling hisself around quite so important for a while, not after the mauling I give him.

And if somebody was to come right up and ask me if I am sorry, I would have to answer that I am. For five years Buddy Nolan's been just plain poison to me. Everywheres I went, everything I tried to do, he's been my Jonah. But from now on henceforth he's the very leastest of my worries. I got all washed up with him for keeps yesterday. And when I think back on all the trouble he made me, what I am sorry for is that I didn't give him double what I done.

But of course I know that what you want to hear about is me riding them seven straight winners so you can cook up a flossy story for your paper. You're not interested in no Buddy Nolans, and why should you be, for that matter? He's nothing more nor less than a swell-headed little no-count, and always was; so why would I waste your time and mine talking about the likes of him? The very first night I ever slept with him he plants a toad in my boot. I ask you, mister, did you ever wake up before daylight and set your foot on a live hop toad?. . . . Well, you missed something. Even now, if I'm walking along and see something rustling in the grass, it's all I can do to keep from taking a flying leap over the nearest fence.

But them kind of lousy tricks was always Buddy's idea of acting real funny. Toads in your boots or cattypillars in your sheets or setting a pail of slops where you were bound to tumble over it. Always trying to hurt people's feelings. He was a real swell-educated kid, too, right through eighth grade and all, and could write any kind of handwriting there is. And he use to mail me mush notes, signed with some jane's name, making dates to meet me somewheres. Then, after I been waiting a hour or so, him and some of the gang would come along and hand me the razz. 'Course I'm not no fool, and after the first two or three times I get wise; but still, a boy can't get made a sucker of that way and not remember it.

I suppose it was mostly on account he was so terrible jealous of me that Buddy always picked on me more than anybody else. Right from the beginning there wasn't a thing I couldn't do slicker'n him, and he knew it. I had a better seat in a saddle and a better pair of hands and could rate a horse better. Old Man MacMurray said so, and if anybody should ought to know, it is him. He runs a small string of platers, but his really business has always been making riders. Picks them up young and then sells their contract for plenty of jack after he has learned them their trade. Old Mac has developed some of the very best in his time—Jimmy Bakewell and Johnny Allerson and Vince Ahearn and me, just to mention a few.

I and Buddy start working for MacMurray the very same month, but I was always the star pupil. Often and often Mac would say to me, "Morris, with all you got, if you would only get that dead brain of yours working faster and not act so dam dumb, you would be the very best of the lot of them." And I can tell you there weren't very many he ever talked that nice to, being the kind which was far more liabler to hand a kid a fanning with the old bale stick than a bunch of compliments.

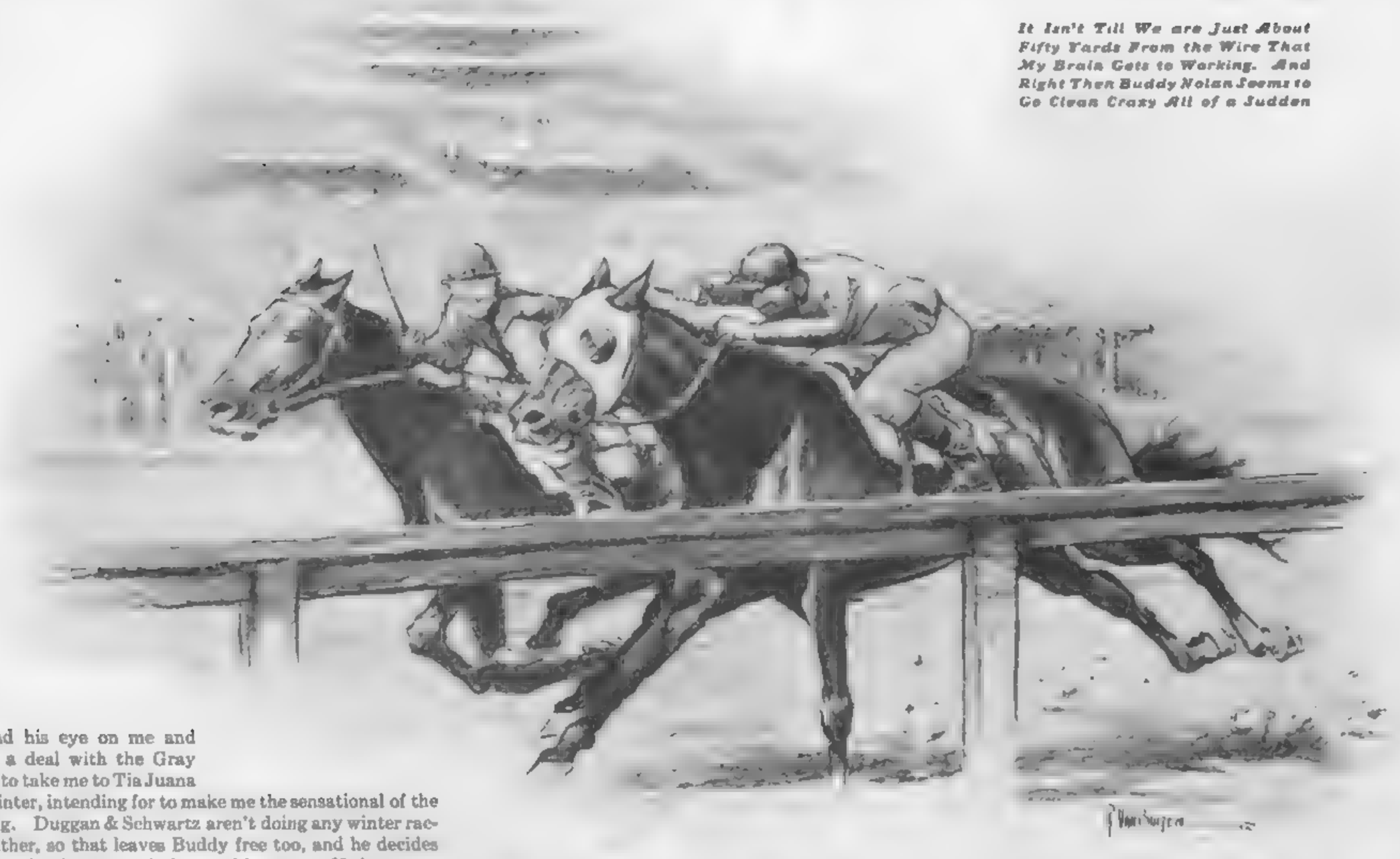
Anyways, in my first season riding I kick in over forty winners, and MacMurray sells me for ten grand to the Gray Stable. All he gets for Buddy, who hasn't did near so good, is less than half that. And it looks as if I am setting real pretty, because this Gray Stable has sent more winners the previous season than any outfit on the circuit, Duggan & Schwartz, the people that buy Buddy, have only had a ord'nary lot, besides already owning a pair of real good boys. Buddy is near frantic when he hears about it. He even goes to one of these fortune tellers and for five bucks she sells him a charm which is going to make him more successfuller than me.

I think then it is nothing but a lot of crazy talk, but what do you think happens? Early that spring the coughing sickness has to get into our barn and what stock don't die is as good as useless. It is late in August before we have a single one get down in front.

And Duggan & Schwartz—all they do is uncover the champion two-year-old, the champion three-year-old and a couple of the best handicap performers of the year. On the top of that, McElroy, their first-string rider, is tooken with this appendicitis. Bob Otter, their other boy, gets in a jam and is put on the ground for sixty days, and Buddy Nolan don't do a thing but get to be the leading rider of the season. It's the honest truth that a good three-quarters of his wins are on horses that could of packed Tunney or Strangler Lewis and still galloped, but that don't prevent them from going down in the records just the same to Buddy's credit, the lucky little stiff.

What stuff I have from our own stable is something terrible, but I do real good with a lot of outside mounts, and you can't hide real high-class debility from these genuine experts. Bill Porter, who knows a rider when he sees one,

As About a Hour of Him Was All I Could Ever Stand, I Would Have to Blow and Leave Them Together, Just to Keep From Tangling With the Little Lizard, Which I Don't Believe in Doing in Front of Ladies



It Isn't Till We are Just About Fifty Yards From the Wire That My Brain Gets to Working. And Right Then Buddy Nolan Seems to Go Clean Crazy All of a Sudden

has had his eye on me and makes a deal with the Gray Stable to take me to Tia Juana that winter, intending for to make me the sensational of the meeting. Duggan & Schwartz aren't doing any winter racing neither, so that leaves Buddy free too, and he decides he will make the same trip just on his nerve. He has spent all his dough on noisy clothes and so forth and has to borrow a hundred bucks to help buy his railroad fare, and I am fish enough to loan it to him.

It don't take long till I wisht I had of let him walk or ride the rods instead. The morning after we arrive out there, a bunch of us get to skylocking around the infield and start a fool game of this leapfrog. As I am sailing over Buddy's back, he straightens up sudden—accidental, he claims, the liar—and I take a rough toss and come up with a broke collar bone. The first doctor they bring me to must of learned his trade by mail order, and she has to be set all over again and is just three months getting right. I don't have one mount the whole meet, and Buddy is aboard just plain ninety-four that win, every last one of which I would prob'ly had if I don't get hurt. Of course Buddy acts very kind and sympathetical with me. Sure thing he does. He pays me back the hundred, five bucks at a time, and then spreads it all around that he is keeping me out of charity.

But now I must cert'nly quit talking about such common trash as him and tell you about how I rode them seven in a row yesterday, which is what you are here for to hear about. I sure was kicking them handsome, if I do say so, and that crowd at the track went near crazy over me after I boot the last one home. Some jocks would get all puffed up like three pouter pigeons for doing half so good, but not me. I haven't never been anyways conceitful, like some I know. It's all just a matter of business with me and I am out there trying my very best every heat, and you can print in your paper that my success is due to hard work and perseverance. Four in one afternoon is the best Buddy Nolan ever done in all his life with all his dirty stuff; and believe me, mister, he knows all the mean tricks there are on a race track. Why he hasn't been ruled off for good long before this is over my head like a wig.

That summer, now, when we come back from Tia Juana, the stuff he gets away with is nothing short from murder—just plain murder. He piles up fields, he grabs saddle cloths, he clamps leg locks on other boys, he rides so rough that often you would imagine you were in one of them Wild West rodeos and not no horse race.

And, naturally, it generally always has to be me that is elected for the goat. Near every heat we both have mounts in he hangs something on me and gets by with it. I hate for to even think back on that summer. Buddy has the jinx on me proper. I can't even remember how often I run second behind him. If we are in a finish that is anyways close at all, the judges get cataracts in all their eyes and always place him first. If he sloughs me into a fence or tries to leg me off, the stewards are bound to be getting a eyeful of the skirts on the lawn and don't see nothing; but leave me so much as give him a dirty look or slip him a elbow in the ribs, they prounce on me like hawks and fine me plenty or either set me down for a week. No fooling, it's something fierce.

The result of it all is that Buddy makes such a nice record for hisself that this big Morgan Stable hears about him and sends up and hires him for the next summer. And if swell-head Buddy is hard to stand before signing up to perform on the Big Apple, after he does so he's pure arsenic. We both spend the winter here in town and I have to see a lot of him, not because I want to but on account we both get sort of sweet on the same jane.

Marge Riley is her name, the daughter to Steve Riley, which owns the Green Cross Stable. Somebody introduces us together and I am brainless enough to give Buddy a knock-down to her too. Pretty as a picture book, she is, even if a little bit tall and skinny for shape, to be real honest about it. But she has one swell pair of eyes and knows how to use them, and she looks awful good to me. I can see that I make a big hit with her too. I haven't never had much use for girls, but Marge is kind of different from any I have knew.

What a jane like her would see in a pup like Nolan is a mystery to me but women are queer, I often think. All winter long he keeps on butting in on us even when I do my best to leave him see he isn't welcome. But Marge would listen to him raving about all he was going to do down on old Broadway till you would thought she'd get sick and tired of it. Girls have got about as many intellects as a assistant starter, which is less than none whatever. All Buddy knew about Broadway then is that it has electric lights onto it, but he went on like he was already owner of the half of it and was going to put a claim in for the balance.

Marge knew darn well I hated the very sight of him, having heard me say so frequent; but she wouldn't never tell him to go on about his business and quit pestering us. Often I would ask her for my sake to leave me have my dates with her alone and she would promise to; but just so sure as he phones her up or rings the front-door bell, she starts in making that much fuss over him, he might of been Tom Mix or the Prince of Wales or somebody great like that. And as about a hour of him was all I could ever stand, I would have to blow and leave them together, just to keep from tangling with the little lizard, which I don't believe in doing in front of ladies.

It prob'ly would of served her right if I'd stayed away altogether, and I had just about made up my mind to do so; only just as soon as Buddy leaves in the spring to give New York a treat, she seems to get a whole lot more fonder to me. It is right about then I buy me the diamonds. I have always saved my money pretty good, and when Al Johnson, the gambler, goes broke and offers to sell me his big ring and pin for two grand, I buy them for a investment-like, knowing they are worth easy twice that.

And when Marge gets a peek at them they knock her near cockeyed; and no wonder, either, as they are sure elegant stones. Nothing will do her but I must leave her wear them, and I do so, which makes us steady company, or anyways so I think. She even kisses me when I give them to her, which is the first time she ever does so, and darn near the last too, being too refinery a jane to act sociable very much.

Racing starts in again and with my Jonah gone away I start hitting my really stride. Old P. D. Gray, owner of the string I been riding for, gets mixed up with this fool stock market thing and naturally gets the cleaners put on him and has to sell off his horses. There is some kind of a fuss about my contract and the association finally declares me a free lance, which suits me fine. I sell first call on my services to the Herberts Brothers and hire me a agent to hustle other mounts, and he gets me all I can handle.

So all through this season I knock them dizzy, as everybody knows, copping three big handicaps and a couple of important stakes and the Fort Erie Derby, besides leading all the other boys for total number of wins. Everything is just jake with me, my only trouble being a little difficulty I have making my weight. I have grew to be a natural 112-pounder and as I accept mounts at anything down to 109, them extra pounds mean doing four or five miles on the road in a heavy sweater every morning, besides watching every mouthful I eat. I am starving hungry most all the time, but as I am having such grand success and feeling good physical, I don't mind so much.

I see Marge near every evening when we are racing around here, and when we are away I manage so as to get back every week-end. She wears my ring and pin right along, but I might's well be her second cousin or something for all the affections she ever shows me. I don't even get a chance to talk to her alone hardly ever, as every time I am with her she drags in her kid sister Peggy, who has been away at some filly college up to then, and who I haven't met previous.

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The Crime of Professor Bonar

It Was Maria's Knock, He Felt, That Kept Him From Losing His Mind. She Had Heard Him Come in and Prepared Luncheon for Him, After All

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

FOR three years two months and fifteen days he had been leading a double life, and day by day the burden of his deceit weighed more heavily upon his slightly bowed shoulders. In the mornings, when he faced himself in his bathroom mirror and scraped his lean chin with the old straight-edge that had been his father's—when, with the door partly open, he could smell the crisp bacon and pancakes that Maria was preparing for his breakfast—he would cast the burden off for a moment with an impatient shrug.

His position was secure. He was Godfrey Chandler Bonar, A.M., Ph.D. The razor in his hand had been the late Ralph Winthrop Bonar's, of Harvard. The years that had gone before would overbalance the last three of his own life. He would gather his old crash bath robe about him, and drying his face carefully with a neat blue-bordered hand towel, walk briskly back to his own room across the hall, fortified to meet another day.

He had a position in life—and a strong one. On the shelves in his library below were the ten volumes of Comparative Studies in Philosophy from Solon to Henry James, the major opus of his late father, whose L.H.D., Cantab., hung framed in ebony veneer on the wall above the shelves between his grandfather's ancient yellowed D.D. from Middlebrook Methodist College, Massachusetts, and his own emblazoned citation for the Order of the Crown of Belgium, which had come quite unexpectedly to him following his slight committee services anent the rebuilding of the Louvain Library.

Almost every morning, as he drew his salt-and-peppery trousers onto his thin legs, he would renew his vow to go to Belgium some summer and wear the ribbon of his order in his lapel. He had read that it was courtesy to do so, and he believed in courtesy and dignity.

Of course his primary reasons for going would be for study. Still, it was a beautiful thing, glittering there in its leather-and-satin case beside his stud box in the top dresser drawer—a beautiful thing of enamel and gold and watered ribbon. It comforted him in his guilt—it comforted him more than his own diplomas or his Classical Obligations of the True Student, which had sold to eight hundred copies in four years, from the proceeds of which he had realized eighty dollars and twenty cents and an election to a fellowship in the American Society of Classical Education.

Classical Obligations and his three other books consolidated his academic position, to be sure, but they were over and done with—monuments of an honest past; whereas his order, as he called it privately, gilded the future in a subtle, mysterious fashion.

It seemed to beckon to him with rose-tipped fingers, to call him from afar, to offer him haven from the desperate duplicity of his present life.

He saw himself sitting at an iron-topped table above which an awning, striped broadly in orange and red, sheltered him from the direct heat of the sun. In the picture he wore spats and gray striped worsteds and a cutaway, the lapel of which carried his ribbon. His chest under his white waistcoat was deeper and fuller than it was under his tightly buttoned salt-and-peppery sack coat. He wore a neat imperial and his hair over the ears was slightly grayer than it was now. Before him, on the table top, a spindly glass winked blood-red with vermuth laced with an infinitesimal hint of lemon peel. Or perhaps he sat in state at the head of a long white pathway of linen above which soft lights glinted upon crystal and rich silver and the shoulders of beautiful ladies. In that picture, he wore evening clothes of rich broadcloth cut exquisitely by the finest shears in Savile Row. His own had cost thirty-five dollars twenty years before.

But the pictures would fade as he drew on his coat, put two folded handkerchiefs in the side pockets, clipped his fountain pen and pencil to the edge of the breast pocket and started downstairs to breakfast.

"Good morning, my dear."

"Good morning, Godfrey. It is twenty minutes to eight. Singles have started."

"Yes, I heard them."

He sat down to his plate of stewed figs and ate them slowly while the chapel bell tolled out its fifteen singles. With the first double note, he started upon his bacon and cakes, chewing slowly and carefully and finishing exactly as the quick nervous triple clanked in the frosty air and the doors closed ruthlessly on a handful of tardy undergraduates who, roll in hand and mouths full, sprinted headlong from fraternity-house doorways to save a cut that was already being chalked up against them by the gallery spotters—pimply youths with no scruples who bartered the freedom of their fellows for a handful of gold.

Professor Bonar now had ten minutes to drink his coffee, glance over the Argus which had been left on his porch by the freshman scut, and gather his papers together for his eight o'clock in contemporary literature. This was the most trying lecture he had to face. Next year he would persuade Fairchild to discontinue the subject, or perhaps he would unload it on Calkins. Calkins wanted an advance course. . . . He got up from the table.

"I'm going in to Hartford today," said Mrs. Bonar. "There is a sale and we need some new napkins; and cretonne for the study curtains. They are very shabby. What in the world do you do with them?"

"I don't know, my dear." He gathered up his papers from the settle and stuffed them into his brief case.

"Well, anyway, Mrs. Fairchild is going with me. She wants some muslin for Dorothy and we shan't be back for luncheon. Shall you go to the Faculty Club, or do you want Maria ——"

"I'll go to the club," said Godfrey. He kissed her upon the brow. "Have a nice luncheon." It was good, being able to say that. It was almost a justification. He grasped it eagerly and enlarged upon it: "And you might see what is coming to the theater, and if it is promising, get tickets for next week. I should rather like to see something. We haven't been to the theater, you know, since last winter in New York."

"But, Godfrey, do you think we ought to spend the money, with Junior costing so much at school and all?"

He smiled. "We have ourselves to think of, too, my dear, you must remember. We go through life only once." He pulled on his overcoat.

"Well, if you think ——"

"Of course. . . . Good-by."

He went out and closed the door firmly behind him. That was a justification. A man had a duty to his family to discharge—a duty that couldn't be shirked. He walked briskly down Elm Street to the campus, comforted and fortified by the thought that, after all, his motives were good. God knows, the pitiful salaries they paid were hopelessly inadequate for a man to live on. His father and mother had scrimped all their early lives to put him and his brothers through school and college, and his father had been one of the top cream of the intellectuals of the country. For ten years he himself had scraped and saved to make ends meet.

That was justification enough! Expect a man to prepare himself by years of study, years of shiny elbows, odd jobs tending furnaces and tutoring, eked out perhaps by a paltry sum from some fellowship or other that one had labored and sweated and struggled for during the wee small hours, and then after he had qualified himself meticulously for his profession, served in it religiously for thirteen years, gained advancement and consolidated his position by contributing original research for public consumption, then—then to pay him less than the town paid the chief of police who four years before had been fired by the traction company for incompetency as a street-car conductor: Ugh. Justification? If that were not justification enough, what was?

"You Know It's Funny—a Guy Like That—All These English Profs. They Keep Shootin' Off Their Faces About Writing and There Isn't One of Them Can Write"

But the strange part about the whole ghastly business seemed to be that nothing was justification. More and

more, as time went on, that fact was borne in on the consciousness of Godfrey Bonar. In the peace and security of his own little household, he felt safe enough from the consequences of the duplicity of the life he was leading. All around him at home there were evidences of the purity of his motives—evidences that comforted him and lulled the still voice of his New England conscience.

There was Mrs. Bonar. She had really been the cause of his downfall. For years after Junior was born, she had not been well. The doctors had disagreed violently, emphatically and continually. Eventually two of them had come to a tentative mutual understanding of each other's diagnoses and focused their attention on her teeth. Almost immediately after they came to this agreement, her teeth had commenced to ulcerate one after another, necessitating treatments and porcelain inlays. For a year and a half Godfrey had had only one suit during that siege, and two summers on end he had sweltered under a four-year-old felt hat; meanwhile he toiled at the thankless task of summer teaching in Boston. The dentist had been very good about the payments, but Godfrey had writhed under the burden of debt, and groping for surcease from its griping weight, he had been led to his downfall.

At first there were no qualms. He had, by chance, stumbled into a way out of his difficulties. The inlays were paid for and Mrs. Bonar had not had the slightest illness since. Was that justification? Well, perhaps. Having found the way once and used it, it was quite natural that Junior's broken arm and his own appendicitis two years ago should have been paid for in the same way. That also was justified, as was the increase of ten thousand dollars insurance on his life.

If he had stopped there, everything, he felt, would have been all right; but as it is with crime—especially undiscovered and unatoned-for crime—the ease with which it can apparently be committed is its chief fascination. Certainly, as time went on, it had mounted to Godfrey Bonar's brain like drug-laced nerve impulses. There was the small car and the portable garage behind his house—not really necessary, but nice to have—the sheer ease of getting them had lured him on. There was Maria, clumsy and awkward, but nevertheless a maid. The proceeds of his duplicity paid for her. There was Junior away at school and there was the distant oasis of this trip to Europe. He felt that if he could once get that thought out of his head, he could retrace his steps and stand once more before the world an honest man. But somehow he couldn't, for it was like a mirage luring him on through the years of routine. Damnable—the whole thing!

He shook his head as he crossed behind Judd and cut through in front of the chapel on his way to Fisk. He was safe—he knew he was safe. No one would ever find out. If only it weren't for the necessity of assuring himself repeatedly on that point—if it weren't for these conscience twinges—the visions of his father speechless with horror at his son's transgressions!

The chapel doors opened behind him and undergraduates began to pour out in a widening, mumbling pool from which streams commenced to trickle toward Fisk, the laboratory and Fraternity Row. Boys touched their hats to him: "'Morning, sir."

"Good morning, Hartshorn."

He crossed the street and went in the entrance of Fisk. He walked up to his office, where he left his hat and coat. He searched through the shelves—Two in a Tower and Tess of the D'Urbervilles—it was Hardy this morning—and went down to his classroom as the bell rang.

He gave one of those rare lectures that morning that never fail to warm the cockles of the lecturer's heart with a suffused glow of righteousness and of duty well discharged toward humanity. Untrammeled by academic form, by stereotyped quotations or orthodox classroom decorum, he had, prompted by a doubting question, struck deeply into the soul of the literary muse and, he felt, laid it bare with the scalpels of his original thought, until its magnificent source and substance were within the grasp of his students' understanding as fully and completely as if they had been the respiratory system of a cat dissected by Goodman on the stone-topped tables at Judd Laboratory. The eyes of the men who were deeply interested in the course glowed and burned with the sweet elixir of boundless ecstasy. The faces of men who would merely pass the course beamed and scintillated with positive enthusiasm. Even—triumph of triumphs—four athletes in the back row stayed awake for the entire hour.

Jordan, '31, followed him out into the corridor after it was over, eagerly grasping for more crumbs of wisdom. Jordan, Godfrey Bonar felt, was a brand that could be snatched from the burning—a brand well worth the effort.

"When I Read It in Its Present Form I Positively Wept Over the Marriage of Ralph and Dolly"

"A fellow gets sort of confused when he comes to college," said Jordan. "I mean, we've got books at home and all that, and I've done a lot of reading, but somehow I like a good story more than I like good writing, and I can't seem to get out of the habit."

"You mean then," said Godfrey, "that for you, a writer must tell you everything—must lay events before you with the sequence and clarity of a moving-picture film rather than stimulate your imagination to work for itself? In other words, as a reader, you are a child to whom the writer must play nursemaid, guiding your every step from the moment he writes '"Hell!" said the duchess, as she crossed her legs and lit a cigarette,' to the last bitter line where the villain is handcuffed and taken to Scotland Yard?"

Jordan grinned. "Well, not quite so bad as that, sir. What I mean is that I can't see why, if Thomas Hardy is so good, other writers aren't good too. I'll bet he didn't know he was going to be good when he started. Neither did Shakspere or any of them, did they?"

"No," said Godfrey, "I suppose not."

"Well, then," said Jordan triumphantly, "how do we know that a bunch of these guys—I mean men who are writing today—aren't going to be good, too, in a hundred years?"

"We don't," said Godfrey.

"That's just what I was telling the fellas at the house last night," beamed Jordan. "We had an awful argument. I like to read magazines—just regular magazines."

"You mean popular magazines?"

"Yes, sir, I mean like the ——" He reached under his arm with his free hand and extracted a folded magazine from between his pile of books. "There's a story in here by Bruce Kent, sir, that's a wow—I mean, it's one of the best stories I've ever read. I know it's only a magazine story, but I'll bet it'll exercise anybody's imagination like anything. I'd like you to read it, sir, and tell me if it's any good from your point of view—I mean, if it's good writing and all that. Gee," he added, "if I could write like that I'd do almost anything!"

Godfrey Bonar took the magazine and opened his office door. Jordan touched his forehead in the usual salute.

"Thank you, sir. I've got to run along now for my next period."

He dashed down the stairs and out. On the grass outside, Mr. Shorty Williams was waiting for him impatiently.

"You got a nerve! Give us a butt."

Mr. Jordan reached into his trousers pocket, extracted the rumpled package of joint cigarettes and handed it to his roommate.

"Been tubing old Bonar," he announced. "Bet I get a B in the course. Come on."

Godfrey Bonar entered his office and closed the door behind him. For a long moment he stood with his hand on the knob, staring across the familiar room with unseeing eyes. His fingers were quite cold at the tips and his temples prickled with nerve throbs. He tried to clear his parched throat, but the effort was a choking failure. He crossed to the water cooler and drank nervously; then he sank heavily into his battered morris chair and pressed his fingers to his cheek bones until four little white marks showed on each side of his flushed face. Howard Calkins came breezily in and deposited his books and brief case on the table top.

"Good morning," he said. "Ha! Sacred precincts invaded at last." He picked up the magazine Jordan had given to Godfrey and held it delicately between his thumb and forefinger as if it were physically unclean.

"One of the boys gave it to me—to read a story." Godfrey smiled wanly.

"Oh?" said Calkins. "By the way, Stockbridge has returned my doctorate thesis. They won't publish it unless I advance them seven hundred and fifty dollars to cover the cost. Criminal, I call it. Here I've labored over it and sweated over it, and they have the nerve to tell me that nobody wants to read that sort of thing. I can tell you I wrote them a strong letter. I told them that if the world had no intellectual curiosity for my work, it was up to them as publishers to bludgeon the world into an intellectual curiosity. I told them also that I didn't care to have them publish it, after all, since they had seen fit to sully their escutcheon by publishing that horrible piece of trash called Red Passion they put out last year. What shall I do now? I haven't got seven hundred and fifty dollars and I've got to have my thesis published this year for my degree. Fairchild says absolutely that there can be no advancement in the department for me until I get it."

"Try Northwood," said Godfrey.

"But Northwood publishes all those Dick Deadeye things for pasty-faced adolescents."

"Well, Grahame & Stote then."

(Continued on Page 128)

OUR MARITIME MANDATE

By Isaac F. Marcosson

The American Legion. In Oval—The Roanoke, a Clipper Ship of the Days When New England Ports Sent Their Sailing Ships to the Four Corners of the Earth

WITH two sets of figures I can disclose the essence of a serious situation that touches every American farm, factory and fireside in some way, and likewise affects the national defense. Here they are:

Between 1922 and 1927 Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy and Japan built a total of 1340 merchant ships of 2000 tons or over for transoceanic service, with a gross tonnage of 7,699,927, while the United States constructed only eighteen similar vessels, with a total tonnage of 195,191. Putting it in another way, Great Britain outbuilt us by almost fifty to one, Germany by more than ten to one, France and Italy each by more than five to one, Japan by more than four to one. We have gone back to seventh place in shipbuilding and are credited with less than 3 per cent of the world activity in this field.

In 1920 we carried 42.7 per cent of all our foreign trade in the bottoms of American ships. By 1924 it had declined to 36.2 per cent, while for 1927 it hardly reached 30 per cent, or a bare one-third at the outside.

The irony of this not altogether heartening disclosure is that, unlike the conditions that confronted us when we entered the war, we have a merchant marine. That feverish war effort left us with considerably more than 1500 ships. Though many were not commercially serviceable because they were designed to meet a desperate need that called for anything that would float, there remained a fleet capable of carrying half our foreign trade. Today our merchant flag flies on 527 vessels—equally divided between government and private operation—that sail the seven seas. Every port of importance the globe over is served by a Yankee vessel.

New Ships for Old

WHY, then, the crisis which has again brought the issue of an adequate merchant shipping to the fore in Congress and likewise stimulated a public interest more widespread perhaps than at any time since 1917?

Two factors have contributed to the plight of our shipping. I say plight not because of the present, for we have the ships, but because of the future, which is uncertain. Like a human being, a ship gives out. Unlike a human being, it can be replaced. The problem of replacement must be met or we shall ultimately be driven from the sea, with costly consequences to our trade, prestige and security.

One factor is the excessive cost of construction in the United States and the heavy burden of operation due to our high social and economic standards. This makes it necessary for our lines either to build abroad and thus put our shipbuilding industry practically out of commission, save for coastwise craft, or carry on with ships made more or less obsolete by modern up-to-the-minute Dieselized motor vessels. Naturally the business goes to the ships that can travel the fastest.

Twenty per cent of the foreign vessels that today haul two-thirds of our alien commerce were built since 1921. Our competitors have been actively engaged in rehabilitating their merchant fleets while we are becoming more and more outranked in modern types. Our export has passed from luxury to necessity. Unless we have what has well been called the freight trains of the seas, we shall lag in the world business procession. European reconstruction is being brought about by an expanding oversea-trade drive. Ships are the new weapon of offense.

The evolution in construction, which bears so vitally upon the fate of our shipping, was summed up by Ira A. Campbell, an eminent marine expert, as follows:

"As in many other lines of industry, evolution and development have taken place in shipping. While, however, American ingenuity has been directed to the development of the motor for use in land transportation, the engineering and shipbuilding skill of other maritime nations has been turned to the internal-combustion engine for water transportation. This and the necessity for better instruments of competition have produced larger and faster cargo ships, powered with the more economical Diesel engines.

"The result of it all is that, while at the present time the United States is possessed of a large active fleet in foreign trade, comprised of ships which, save for natural depreciation due to service, are as good as were the commercial fleets of other maritime nations in 1914, as well as in 1919 and 1920, these ships are in many instances becoming obsolete for practical competitive commercial purposes. Just as invention, progress and development in manufacturing have forced the scrapping of old machines for new, so these changes in ships are rapidly making necessary in many services, particularly those operating over long distances, replacement of the present types with the newer motorized vessels."

Uncle Sam's Merchant Fleet

OBVIOUSLY we must have these new motorized vessels which lend themselves both to speed and to economical fuel operation. American shipyards are capable of constructing them. Patriotism, to say nothing of business interest, dictates that they should be built there. This cannot be done without adequate aid, not in the form of subsidy, but along sound financial lines. What American shipping asks from Congress is 75 per cent of capital cost in the shape of long-term loans at not more than the same rate of interest that the Government pays. It is a liberalization of the present system which provides for a loan of 66⅔ per cent of the cost at 4¼ per cent interest. This, plus long-term mail contracts, combined with the irresistible asset of private initiative and enterprise, will not only keep the American merchant flag unfurled but enable us to win back that prestige on the seas which was our triumph in the days of the good old clipper ships.

The other contributory factor to the situation is the fact that Uncle Sam, as a government, persists in the shipping business, contrary to the mandate embodied in the Merchant Marine Act of 1920, framed as the Magna Charta of our merchant power. It not only proclaimed the urgent need of a merchant marine for trade, and as a naval or military auxiliary in time of war, but specifically set forth that these ships must ultimately "be owned and operated privately by citizens of the United States." The United States Shipping Board was essentially a war product so far as big activity is concerned. During the past seven years its losses have been more than $250,000,000. However sincere the desire of a government selling agency—I employ the larger phrase of business—to make good, it runs afoul of an almost universal resentment against a nation entering a field which rightly belongs to private enterprise and becoming involved in an activity which is not a governmental function except in war.

It is true that the Shipping Board has disposed of thirteen so-called essential services—that is, necessary cargo lines to active trading ports. These lines were sold at from $6 to $18.10 a ton. The cost of the ships averaged $190 a ton. Since these ships were disposed of at prices well below world market values, the fixed charges for interest, depreciation and insurance are lower than on the foreign vessels with which they compete. It largely offsets the higher operation cost of American ships. This factor and the greater economies,

Wallace H. White, Jr., Chairman of the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries

as well as larger earnings under private operation, have enabled private interests to buy services which were showing substantial losses during government operation.

In connection with the sale of one of these services is an illuminating instance of the difference between government and private operation. During eleven months of operation for the Government the line lost $847,267.88.

This loss was reduced to $244,585 during the first year of private operation.

The Mary Ellen O'Neil. A 17,000-Ton Oil Tanker Launched by the Sun Shipbuilding and Drydock Company, at Chester, Pennsylvania, January, 1928

Three Shipping Board lines—the Oriole, which runs from the North Atlantic to United Kingdom ports; the American Dixie, which operates from Gulf ports to the United Kingdom; and the Southern States, trading between Gulf and German and Dutch harbors—last year lost $1,503,317.56, $1,379,288.73, and $1,325,329.47 respectively.

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1927, the board operated twenty-four cargo services, which carried 9,387,942 tons of freight, with gross earnings of $62,953,231.05 and total expenses of $76,867,302.92, leaving a deficit of $13,914,071.87. This, however, does not tell the complete story. There is not included in expenses any charge for depreciation, as is the practice in accounting methods used by privately owned companies; nor is insurance assessed on the cost of similar vessels at current prices.

Court and Operator

IT MEANS that mere possession of ships does not make a successful merchant marine. The job requires an organization with a network of docks, piers, fuel depots, banking arrangements, agents—and what is just as vital as all this—freedom from the rigid rule and regulation that congeal and confute any government and therefore bureaucratic organization. The experience of Canada, France and Australia proves that governments cannot adequately compete in world shipping. Service and result are never commensurate with the overhead.

While we are on the subject of the high price of government operation, we may as well dispose of another feature which adds to the overhead. Ever since the Shipping Board commenced its operation it has employed operators who are paid commissions based on gross earnings without regard to net results. No matter how honest and earnest these operators may be, the system is not so economically sound as private ownership, because there is no sense of financial reaponsibility.

An unlimited national bank roll is no incentive to economy or efficiency. The result is that the decline in the foreign-trade business is almost solely with the government-operated vessels. Privately operated lines have prospered and shown large increases in traffic.

If government vessels must be operated by hired agents, shipping interests contend that instead of paying a commission on gross earnings, with the government assuming the losses, there should be a definite compensation for operation, fixed by public bidding, with the operator bearing the loss. This plan is incorporated in one of the four shipping bills offered in the present Congress.

Subsidized loss, with its obvious injustice to private operation, which has no convenient and elastic public treasury to draw upon, is only one count in the indictment against government conduct of a merchant marine. The Shipping Board, in its two-headed capacity as court and operator, can and does cut rates, thus working havoc with what might be termed the regular end of the business. The way of it is this:

The Shipping Act of 1916 vests in the Shipping Board a regulatory power which, if fully and wisely exercised, would give it such control over the carrying of its foreign trade as morally, at least, to persuade alien carriers from engaging in acts prejudicial to American shipping. Experience has taught all shipping companies that it is to their best interest to have freedom of action in the solicitation of business without destructive rate warfare. If stabilization of rates at proper levels can be had in our foreign trade, then the ability to meet foreign competition successfully is enhanced.

The regulatory power to which I have referred tends to make this possible. Every common carrier by water must file with the Shipping Board all agreements relating to the fixing of rates, the pooling or apportionment of earnings, the allocation of ports, the volume or character of freight, and exclusive, preferential or coöperative working compacts. Shipping companies have long since learned that the only way in which trade conditions can be stabilized and adequate rates maintained is through so-called conference agreements.

In ordinary circumstances these conference agreements have been generally held unlawful, because they are in violation of the antitrust statutes. They can and do become lawful, however, when sanctioned by the Shipping Board. It follows therefore that conference agreements for the stabilization of rates and other traffic conditions entered into by the various steamship companies operating out of American ports, whether foreign or American, seek the protection of the board's approval and thus obtain immunity from prosecution under the antitrust laws.

An American Ship Loading Automobiles at Norfolk

At Left—The S. S. President Polk

Above—The Gun Crew on the Leviathan

In Self-Defense

WITH this we reach the meat in the coconut. The Shipping Board not only bestows official approval of rates as an executive body but proceeds to cut these rates as an operating agency. It means that the board, being human, is not always able to dissociate itself from ship operation while exercising at the same time the more or less judicial function of regulation.

I can best illustrate just how this works with an incident that developed while this article was being written.

After four years of negotiation an agreement was made fixing the rate from Colombo to the Atlantic Seaboard at seventy shillings a ton for tea and sixty shillings a ton for rubber. This agreement was entered into by all lines on this trade route, including the Roosevelt Line operated by the Shipping Board. Without warning, the Roosevelt Line cut the rate on tea to thirty shillings and the tariff on rubber to twenty-five. In self-defense, competing companies, privately operated American lines among them, were forced to meet this reduction and make a further cut to twenty-five shillings on tea and twenty shillings on rubber.

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UNALIENABLE

By GERALD MYGATT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

His Face Must Have Set Itself, for as She Reached the Car Rosalie Laughed. She Said, "You'd Make a Perfect Butler, James"

THE telegram came to Jimmy in the manner of an answer to prayer. Through the scientifically opened windows of the roaring machine shop the fragrance of newly mown grass had been wafting itself all day long, disconcertingly displacing the usual acrid smell of steel dust and emery; the slanting shafts of sunlight were so many ladders of shimmering golden tissue offering escape to a blue sky that was being sailed by little white clouds, all scudding merrily before the summer's breeze.

If the other men were restless, Jimmy was particularly so. His hands worked automatically, shoving bar after bar of mild rolled steel into the business end of the jiggling, chattering, grinding devil which was his charge. Ordinarily Jimmy was rather proud of the neatly threaded bolts that came tumbling out, but today the southwest breeze had him. His eyes held to the nearest window. He wanted to be outdoors.

Then the shop foreman came up behind him and yelled his name above the bedlam, and Jimmy turned and found his telegram. He killed the machine with his foot and read the message slowly.

"Bad news?" asked the foreman.

"Well, yes—that is, no." Jimmy blinked, pondering. Then he shouted "Got to see the super!"

"What for?"

"That's all right," Jimmy told him. "I have to report to him."

Now the other recollected and smiled vaguely. "You college short-timers sure have it soft," he grunted. "Gettin' experience! Experience, my ear! As if experience wasn't stickin' to a job because you have to." He raised his voice: "What you doin'—quittin'?"

In the superintendent's office Jimmy produced his telegram for inspection. The superintendent read it slowly and aloud:

FIRED ALL FOUR GARAGEMEN THIS MORNING DRINKING AND IN[illegible] NEED YOU BADLY WEEK OR TWO UNTIL CAN HIRE NEW OUTFIT. AM IN BAD HOLE UNLESS YOU HELP OUT. COME AT ONCE. THREE FIFTY PER DAY AND TRANSPORTATION. WIRE IMMEDIATELY. HENRY TORKSON

"Who's Henry Torkson?" the superintendent wanted to know.

"My father. He's resident manager of the Welleston estate. That is"—Jimmy reddened—"he runs the place—hires and fires. He used to be a chauffeur and he still drives Mr. Welleston's car. He—I guess he needs me."

"Well, can't you quit without bothering me?" the superintendent demanded.

"No, sir. I don't want to lose my credits. I want to come back too. I'll be back as soon as I can."

The superintendent said "What credits?"

"Tech."

A dawning smile, much like that of the shop foreman; then: "Oh, you're one of those. I'd forgotten. Wait a minute till I send for your time card. And incidentally, why should I sign a paper giving you credit for so many weeks' shop work while you're away, if that's what you mean?"

"Yes, sir. I'll be taking care of five family cars and four farm trucks, not counting the flivver the farmer owns. I used to do it for dad. I won't be loafing, Mr. Waters."

"H'm. Oh, yes, here's your card! H'm." The superintendent permitted his features to relax. "You seem to be O. K., Torkson. I guess we can spare a few bolts. But mark you, I don't promise to sign anything. I'll only say my intentions are good. Now don't forget to come back to us."

"No, sir."

"Get your time at the gate. I'll shoot this through."

"Thank you, sir."

"Don't thank me. Incidentally, Torkson, I'm taking your word that this isn't a trick and that you're not sailing off—not that I'd blame you much a day like this—to see some girl."

"No, sir, there's no girl." But even as he said this, Jimmy bit his lip and walked out hurriedly. Because all at once he realized that from the moment of the telegram a figure had been hovering tantalizingly before his eyes—a forbidden figure, an unapproachable figure, but very sweet. Jimmy made a grating noise in his throat. "That's all over," he assured himself warmly.

It is either fortunate or unfortunate that we cannot look into the future. A week later two men sat in the cool shade of a wide garage doorway, screened by a grove of maples from the big Georgian house which perched upon the hill.

The younger man looked oddly like the elder in feature, though he was slim and wiry where the other was stout; but here the resemblance ended. Instead of lounging back in his chair, he sat upon it stiffly, leaning forward a little, slowly pulverizing a partly smoked cigarette with the fingers of his bronzed right hand.

The dark tunic of his chauffeur's uniform was snugly buttoned and looked irksome. Beneath the black visor of his cap his young eyes looked out from a troubled face; a cleanly cut and ruddily tanned boy's face gone very serious.

When he spoke presently it was with the manner of one who takes up a familiar thread of conversation.

He said, "Thank God, the two new men are coming next Thursday. I'd quit today if I could."

The elder of the two opened mild eyes. He lighted a blackened pipe which had been dangling from limp fingers, and remarked, "I wish you'd keep your shirt on."

The eyes of the younger man snapped. He said: "Shirt, nothing! Maybe I could stand it in a shirt. It's these"—he bent his head and eyed his own figure with distaste—"it's these monkey clothes. Misfit too."

"Easy, son. I've worn 'em a good many years. As for being a misfit, I gave you the best we had, which was fair."

The other was on his feet. "Gee, dad, I didn't mean that. It—well, it's different with you. You never had anything like her to worry about." He jerked his head toward the big house on the hill, invisible behind its screen of trees and leaves.

"Meaning Miss Rosalie?" queried his father almost idly.

"Yes, just that. You've said it in two words, dad—Miss Rosalie, with the accent heavy on the Miss. And me, I'm James—James in livery. Do I get credit because I came over here to help you out of a hole? I'll say I don't. Nix, I'm James."

His father waited a moment, then said slowly: "What did you expect, Jim? Didn't you stop to remember that the two of you weren't kids together any more? It was all right when the two of you were running around in rompers—Jimmy and Rosalie was all right then—but now——"

The younger man said incisively, "If I met her at a college dance, dad—I mean, if I'd never met her before—she'd treat me as an equal, wouldn't she?"

The father smiled rather indefinitely.

"Jim," he said softly, "last night, talkin' about the same thing, you called it un-American. You're wrong. It's American as hell. You are accepting three-fifty a day, good American money, and keep, and in exchange you are doing a job. You don't happen to like the job, but still you're taking the money. You don't like wearing what you call livery and you don't like saluting, but as long as you're taking three-fifty a day you're accepting the conditions. And one of the conditions of being a private chauffeur—even for two weeks—is that you acknowledge a social wall between yourself and your employer."

"I won't acknowledge it. Not with her."

"Jim, you've acknowledged it by kicking. So best forget it. Meantime the two new men will be here by Thursday and you can go back to your factory and then to college. You can stand it a few days more, I guess."

The boy regarded his father with eyes that were momentarily haggard. "What kind of a yegg have you hired to drive her?" he inquired huskily.

"No yegg, Jim. The man's all right."

The boy laughed hollowly. "She needs more than a man who's just all right while that little shrimp of a prince is around," he announced. "He's a dirty little swine, that prince. After all, maybe it's lucky I'm here."

The father tilted forward in his chair. "Jim," he inquired casually, "it doesn't happen that you think you're in love with Miss Rosalie, does it?"

"Me?"

"It was you I asked, son."

"What, in love with her!" The boy's face went beet red. "If I ever was, dad, it was a long time ago. Oh, I used to be, all right! I used to go to sleep thinking about her and wake up thinking about her. But that's out. It's all off now. Why, she's fierce! All sewed up in swank. Teas, bridge parties—high hat! Anyway, she—she's said she's going to marry that"—he hesitated, fumbling for words, and finished weakly with—"that prince. That prince, mind you! Well, if he's her taste, she can have him. No, dad, I can promise you I'm not in love with her now."

"It's certainly good to hear a man talk that knows his own mind," said Jimmy's father philosophically.

Jimmy shook his head dismally, seated himself listlessly and began fumbling for a cigarette. His father, meditative, leaned back once more in his chair. When at length a

bell shrilled, however, it was the older man who was first upon his feet. Standing at the wall telephone he shot one word over his shoulder at his son:

"Roadster."

"For her?"

"How do I know?" retorted the elder with a trace of irritation. "It was Miss Rosalie's maid that called. Snap out of yourself, Jim. Here, wait a second! Somebody's laid his hand on that left front fender. That's right, polish it off. Now step on it."

The long fawn-colored car with its black and vermilion pipings slid smoothly up the winding driveway, from which vista after vista showed green lawns and rolling meadows ringed distantly with a vague circle of woods. Even these woods, Jimmy knew, belonged to the Wellestons. It was a show place—Welleston Hall—one of the show places of a countryside.

As he swung the car into the forecourt he glowered again and muttered "Fat chance."

The great front door swung open slowly and Jimmy, his car waiting, jumped out and stood stiffly at attention. From the cool dimness of the inner hall a girl stepped into the afternoon sunlight. She wore a dress of organdie—sea-green organdie—topped with a broad floppy hat of softly woven straw. The dress, which was long and full, swayed and billowed about her as she came forward, though the lower part of the skirt was sheer and translucent, revealing a shimmer of slim white silken legs. The heels of her white kid slippers were outrageously high.

Her mouth smiled at Jimmy. He could not see her eyes because of the floppy hat, but he knew that they were smiling, too, and mocking him. They always mocked him nowadays—those brown eyes framed by chestnut curls.

Something seemed to catch at Jimmy's chest—something very much like a sharp little pain. After all, there was no denying her loveliness. But on the instant he hardened himself. He thought: "She knows she's pretty. That's the hell of it. And look at the way she's dressed. Dressed to kill!"

His face must have set itself, for as she reached the car Rosalie laughed. She said, "You'd make a perfect butler, James."

Jimmy bowed stiffly. He held the door open for her and she fluffed and tucked herself into the right-hand seat.

"You wish me to drive?" he asked.

"If you haven't forgotten how, I do."

He climbed in sullenly and plumped down beside her. Looking straight ahead of him he kicked the motor into life and let it purr.

"Where'll we go?" asked Rosalie.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said, where'll we go?"

"You mean you just want to go for a drive?"

"Yes, James." The voice was slightly ironic. "I just want to go for a drive." Then she added: "With you. So if you will be good enough to choose a road ——"

He threw the car into gear and grunted something without turning his head.

Rosalie said: "You are decorative, James, but you're not very civil. And I think employes should always be civil, don't you—or do you?"

He said, "I'm sorry."

"That's not an answer, James. But after all, you're not paid to talk—or are you?"

He scowled and bit out, "I'm not."

"You are paid to be good-looking, though," she chattered on—"good-looking and neat. I'll concede you success on that. As a matter of fact, James"—and she let the name slur across her tongue—"as a matter of fact, you're rather handsome. Straight nose, nice eyes, good chin ——"

Jimmy whipped his head sidewise.

"Quit," he snapped.

"Why, James!" She smiled at him in simulated horror.

"I don't have to stand this," he informed her hotly.

She asked coolly, "Why do you, then?"

He said nothing. The car was out of the Welleston place now and sliding along a concrete highway. It hummed down a long twisting hill, passed a crossroad with a whisk of gravel, slowed down slightly upon a steep upgrade.

The girl said, "You could have taken the road to the right."

"I didn't."

"No, I see you didn't. Have you any objections to that road?"

"It's a dirt road. Rough. Rough driving."

"Is that the only reason?" she inquired.

"Yes" curtly.

"Then I think we'll turn around and take that road," said Rosalie evenly. "And then we'll take the fork that leads to Sunset Hill. I've just thought of a reason for going to Sunset Hill, James."

"Very well."

Now Sunset Hill was a place Rosalie and Jimmy had discovered one day, three summers before, while taking a forbidden cruise together in the gardener's old flivver. They had been punished, both of them, not for going out together but for taking the car and for driving without authority. Yet even after that they went there again and again; perhaps a half-dozen times in all.

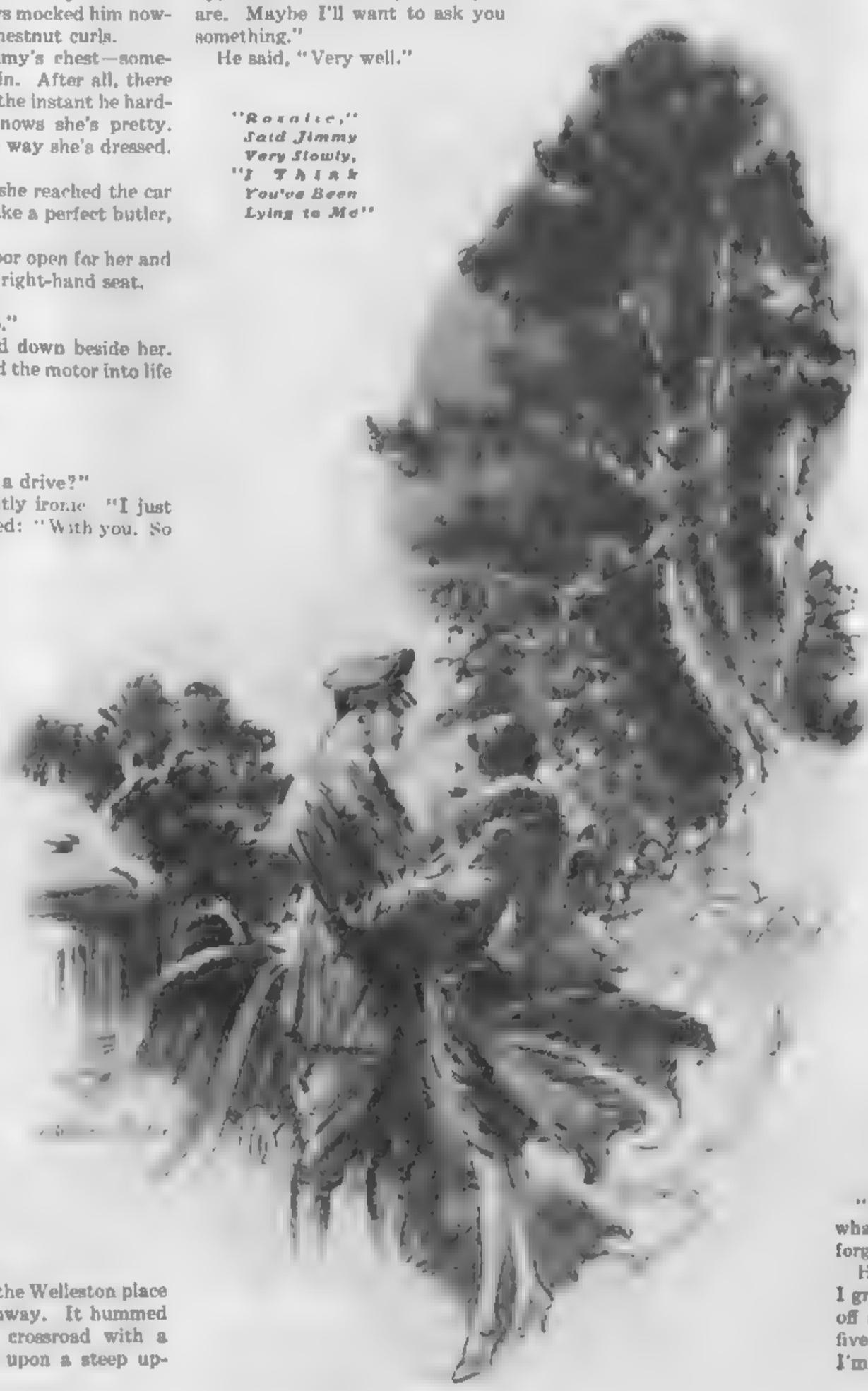
It was part of their pretense that no other human beings knew about the place, and perhaps not many did. It was a hilltop, far off on a disused tumbling road, and there was an oak tree there, and some cedars, and nothing much else except about twenty miles of outspread rolling country at one's feet—lush fields and dark woods and little white houses, with a church spire and a glinting blue stream to make it finally perfect.

The car slowed and came to a halt at the summit.

"I want to sit here," said Rosalie briefly. "No, don't get up, James. Please stay where you are. Maybe I'll want to ask you something."

He said, "Very well."

"Rosalie," Said Jimmy Very Slowly, "I Think You've Been Lying to Me"



Suddenly she wheeled upon him—wheeled so quickly that the broad brim of her hat flicked his cheek.

"Jimmy," she said vehemently, "you make me sick! What's the matter with you anyway?"

He drew back, blinking. Then his eyes narrowed.

"I've tried to give good service, miss," he mocked.

"Stop that," she commanded. "Can't more than one idea at a time filter into your head? I happen to want to talk to you." She laid her fingers lightly, tentatively, upon his right sleeve.

He drew the arm away. Then he said: "Listen! You've been deviling me enough these last few days. You're not playing the game, Rosalie."

"What of it?" she queried haughtily.

He said: "I'm no chameleon. I can't be James one day, Jimmy the next, and James the day after again. I can't be James at ten in the morning, Jimmy at eleven and James again at three in the afternoon when you and a lot of your highhat friends pile in behind me and chase off to a tea dance. That isn't square. It isn't square to me. Even in the army a private isn't asked to salute and take orders in the morning and then call his captain 'Buddy' for lunch."

"Are you a private?" she inquired, a little too casually.

"Yes." It struck him abruptly that he was parroting his father's earlier pronouncement, and it drove home to him that, after all, his father had been right. He proceeded to elaborate: "As long as I have on this uniform, you and I are in separate classes."

She said, "So it seems."

"God knows, you've taken advantage of it," he blurted out. "You've rubbed it in enough. And to think that you and I grew up together. To think ——" He broke off.

She spoke very gently, laying her finger tips once more upon his arm.

"Were you going to remind me, Jimmy, that the last time you and I were here you kissed me?"

"I was not," he proclaimed.

"But you did kiss me"

He faced her. "Rubbing that in, too, are you?" he suggested. "Yes, I kissed you. I kissed you because we were friends—kid friends—and you were going off to school and I was going to college."

"Was that the only reason, Jimmy?"

He laughed. "What other reason could there be—you a debutante and an heiress, and me—me a chauffeur's son?"

"I've never been a debutante."

"What of it?" he grunted. "Same idea."

She gave a faint little sigh. Then she said "Isn't it too bad we have to grow up?"

Now, for the first time, he relaxed. "I'll agree with you on that one," he conceded. "Yes, it's a darn shame."

"We were happier then, Jimmy."

"Naturally"

She seemed to sway toward him, although actually she did not move. She turned and eyed him. "We did have such good times," she whispered—"just you and I. Not a care in the world. It didn't matter who your father was, or mine." Her voice drifted away, then she added: "I suppose it has to be different now"

"Seems so," said Jimmy curtly. "I have a living to earn from the ground up, and you ——"

"Let's forget about me," she interrupted. "Tell me about being a mechanical engineer, Jimmy—because that's what you're going to be, isn't it? Do mechanical engineers make much money?"

"A few do, eventually."

"But I mean right off. You see, no matter what's happened, Jimmy, I—I never want to forget you."

He laughed with a trace of bitterness. "When I graduate," he explained, "I'll probably start off at wages. For two or three years—maybe five—I doubt if I'll make as much money as I'm making right now."

(Continued on Page 156)

CAT ACT

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

DAWN fairly crashed across his desk and into Harmon John Shillito's eyes. Yellow light bubbled up beyond the Hudson River and arranged a flat glow behind the trees. He dropped his pen and sat looking at the effect with some approval and some sheepishness, because his doctor had told him to keep on going to bed early for a while and not to overdo anything—and Kate Eustis had told him so too—and now he felt frazzled. His back ached, his legs were cold, and the only comfortable spot on him was the region whence his appendix had been taken. But the rest of him was tired out, and Saturday had come, and there was that picnic at noon.

"Hang her!" he said to his cigarette. "Another!"

The worst of being a guardian was that you weren't a father or a brother. When Shilly Watson invaded his room in the hospital with seven hundred or a thousand youths attached to her, it had not been possible to say that she could take her infantry to hell out of there. A real brother could have said that, and often. Harmon was just a first cousin and not old enough to be revered. He got kissed instead, and had his fair loose hair brushed off his brow when he wanted to bite the girl in the worst way, and roses were tucked in his coat, and now this picnic at Round Lake was all for him, of course, and in honor of his recovery. You couldn't stop her! She was awful!

He locked his arms back of his head and stretched, pleased by the feeling of his hips, released from bandages. Anyhow, he could swim again, and the pool would be warm until the first of October, Casimir Smith said; and most of Shilly's noisier swains would be gone back to colleges or schools and there would be room enough in the pool for a decent bathe. And certainly there would be room enough, right now. A corner of the long concrete basin was already shimmering, set in the lawn. Harmon John huddled his manuscript together and got stiffly up from the chair. Then he froze wholly and stood with his mouth open, because something said "Yow?" or a like noise, in an inquiring way. It was just Murgatroyd Anstruther, rousing from a nap on the rug beside Harmon's bed.

"How under the canopy of heaven did you get up here, you pest?"

Murgatroyd joyously flopped his tail and purred. His grayish mottling showed as he stood up and began bouncing on all four feet, and he beamed at his host. All anybody knew about him was that he could not be very much more than seven weeks old and that he would grow to be a panther, a tiger, a puma, a bobcat or a lion. The last was not probable, since he was distinctly gray and not in the least dignified. He bounced and purred, and was shamelessly inquisitive about Harmon John's pajamas as they were shed on the floor.

"Casimir! Understand Me, I Won't be Called Hay Head! Not Even You Can Call Me That, and ——"

"Shilly said she left you in the cellar, Murg. Her heart gave out on her and she wouldn't treat you that way, I suppose. Well, she's only seventeen years older than you, kid, but I'm twenty-six an' tough. When your circus comes and gets you, boy," said Harmon John, shrouding himself in a white bath robe, "I shan't shed a tear. . . . Want your belly rubbed, old hoss? Come to Uncle Harmon."

Murgatroyd always wanted his stomach kneaded, and anybody's toes would do the trick. He gurgled and spread his legs and flirted his paws in front of his nose and finally contrived a kind of ecstatic little roar of joy. Then he came along down the solemn stairs, past windows green with dawn, holding the tail of his host's robe in his mouth. The clasp of his collar rattled a bit in the vast hallway, but his feet and Harmon's feet made no other noise on the cool oak flooring; and he sneezed in the fresh air with quite a stunning sound, and rolled gracelessly on the fine gravel of the driveway, cajoling Harmon John to knead him some more.

"You've no figure, guy. Go and chase a bird. Too much milk's been the ruin of many a good cat before this. Remember, you'll grow up a puma or somethin' vulgar. But Casimir says you're a lion and you can be one until they come from the circus for you."

Murgatroyd writhed on the gravel and adored Harmon John's toes. He trotted alongside his benefactor to the rim of the pool and then recoiled, scandalized and mute, when Harmon dropped his robe. His ears flapped like a fan. He suggested by a wriggle of his tail that this was not quite decent.

"You're an early riser, Murg. Nobody else is up yet; and, anyhow, Shilly's maid and the cook sleep on the other side of the third floor. Does your set have appendixes? I never thought about mine until the eighth of August, Murg, an' then I only had two hours to think about it. But those were nice hours. And now it's September." Murgatroyd turned his back. Harmon John said, "Oh, very well, if you're as particular as all that."

He dropped into the pool. Murgatroyd was waiting for him to come up and delightedly invited him to do it again, bouncing and purring violently. His collar, with the silver tag, marked M.A., twinkled prettily and he made it plain that the long pale animal in the water amused him. It was like being sent for to play the piano in front of a whole admiral in 1918. Harmon John tried to be hypocritical, grazing his toes on the bottom of the pool and bobbing up. He pretended that he was fooling to entertain just himself. But he liked Murgatroyd. You couldn't help it. So he braced his feet on the hidden blue tiles of the tank and shot up halfway out of the water, and then dropped from sight in a bombshell of bubbles, because a motor stole down the driveway.

"Oh, Harmon John!" said his ward. "Are you sure the doctor would let you?"

Harmon flattened himself against the wall of the pool and looked coldly at Shilly Watson, with his chin on the edge of the concrete lip. "I don't think he'd object. I suppose you know that it's about five o'clock, Shilly."

"We made beautiful time down from Albany, Harmon John," the awful girl said. "C. J. S. does drive so well. And there's precious! Oh, Murgie, did you get walked on yesterday? How's your tail, angel whiskers?"

She got down from her poisonous green motor and fell upon Murgatroyd with outcries and caresses and kissed his right ear. Harmon John wondered whether he should say—always with dignity—that he hadn't a stitch on and invite her to go to bed, or whether he ought to signal his distress to Casimir John Sobieski Smith, who had draped his white legs on the driving wheel of the machine and was eating some chocolate reflectively, with the new sun making his black eyes yellow. On the whole, he had better signal. Shilly was romping with the cub, letting it bite a corner of her wrap, and her back was turned. He made motions with his mouth to Casimir Smith and shoved a naked shoulder into view. Casimir at once understood this, and swallowed his chocolate.

"G'on in, girl!"

"Don't be so dictatorial, Casimir! I'm talking to Murgatroyd."

"Hay head," the dark young man said, "y' gonna make me sore. I told y't'g'on in. 'N'y'gonna!"

"Casimir! Understand me, I won't be called hay head! Not even you can call me that, and ——."

"Y'all dumb, woman! Go to bed," Casimir said, with care, "b'cause Harmon John's nekkid 'n' he wants t' get out of the flood. Yeh, g'on in! Y' ain't any sense. Mamma was a Polack 'n' she couldn't read nothin', but she knew when a guy was embarrassed. G'on in, or I'll bawl y' out!"

His drowsy voice produced all this with a slightly accelerated murmur, as if he might be excited in a few more minutes, and he licked some chocolate from a thumb quite rapidly. Shilly Watson put her bright head sideways and examined Casimir, brilliantly blinking her eyes.

"I think you can be taught to talk like a human being, C. J. S. You're only twenty-two. And you are improving!

Harmon Shillito Said Briskly, "One Minute! Are—are Mrs. Smith and I S-Supposed to Stand Here and Let You Try Blackmail on Casimir?"

And men are such awful prudes! If Harmon John wants to get out of the water, why doesn't he just say so? . . . Come on, Murgie. We'll have some milk and take a nap."

Murgatroyd followed her green skirts and white wrap up three granite steps into the vast hall. Harmon John ascended out of the water and shut his bath robe around himself, hoping she wouldn't get much prettier before someone married her. She was getting incredibly pretty.

"Thanks, Casimir."

"'S all right. F' g'lookin' guy useda beat th' piano 'n vaud'ville, y' m' sc'd women 'n y' oughta be." This meant: "For a good-looking guy who used to beat the piano in vaudeville, you're more scared of women than you ought to be."

Harmon blushed, after translating the comment, and said, "I'm scared of Shilly, kid, because I inherited her. For an Englishman, grandfather had an acute sense of humor. I think leavin' me Shilly to guardian was his idea of a joke. It's a damn sight more subtle than most jokes. He knew I lose my temper easily an' that anybody can boss me who's got as much sense as that kid panther."

"'S a lion, Harmon John. Little lions are spotty. Been on same bill with lotsa cat acts. Little lions have spots. . . . Yeh. . . . 'S nothin' to be scared of about Shilly, guy. She's harmless," Casimir argued, lighting a cigarette.

"Oh, utterly!" said Harmon John. "She wanted to be a dancer in July, an' then she wanted to marry Curt Weeper, an' then it was Denny Hobart, an' now she wants to have a private menagerie! She's utterly harmless! She folded all my socks some way last Sunday so an eel couldn't wriggle into them, an' she puts roses under my pillow an' I scratch my arms to hell on 'em. She's harmless as a cyclone! Of course, your father used to throw bottles at you. I remember that out in San Francisco, kid, in 1919. And you're naturally calm. I'm not!"

"A she," said the dark philosopher, "is a she, guy. 'N' she thinks fellas oughta be dec'rated. . . . Yeh, she's dumb. She means good, though."

"I say," Harmon John said, "you are getting to talk plainly, kid!"

"Yeh. 'M gonna be all civ'lized, fella. Gonna be refined," Casimir promised, "like'n advertisement. . . . 'How beautiful the autumn days are, Mrs. Jones, are they not? You should ha' been with us yesterday in our Cahokus Roadster.' Yeh. 'N' all that kinda junk. Gimme a lot of books, guy. Gotta be refined—awful refined."

He stretched backward in one of his oily motions, as if he had no bones at all, and straightened up after rubbing his soft black hair on the green paint of the car's stern behind him.

"I don't see why you're ambitious for culture, kid. You've got the best garage in Carmelsville and nothing to worry about."

Casimir put two fingers in his mouth, indicating thought, and then said without taking them out, "Yeh, gotta be refined. 'M married."

"Huh?"

Casimir took out his fingers. His mouth now was a red ribbon on his flat bronze face and some emotion drew it to and fro. He presently mumbled: "A married guy's got to be kinda civ'lized. M'uncle and m'brother's all civ'lized. 'N' they never went to school, 'n' if they can, I gotta. . . . Yeh, 'n' 's n' good bein' sore on me, fella."

"Why should I be sore at you?"

"I'll take awful good care of her," said Casimir J. S. Smith, shoving his narrow hips back and forth on the cushions of the green car. "'N' don't y'be sore on me! Y' good guy, Harmon John! 'N' she won't bother y'as much."

Harmon John Shillito brushed his wet hair away from his eyes and examined Casimir John Sobieski Smith, formerly the Diving Kid, second son of Helena, the Human Seal. It struck him that he had never seen Casimir embarrassed before, although he had seen Casimir, naked as a sponge, dodging things thrown at him by his appalling father while the women of five vaudeville acts protestingly screamed among the dressing rooms in San Francisco. Even the training of vaudeville and long tours among country fairs and old-home reunion weeks now abandoned Casimir. He wriggled and kept most of one hand in his face.

"Do you happen to mean, kid, that you've been f— I mean, do you happen to mean that you've had the temerity to go and marry Shilly?"

"Yeh," said Casimir humbly, "I've been fool enough. You were goin' to say that, Harmon? Yeh. . . . 'S kinda reckless. But I like the woman. 'N' you were in hospital 'n' we were eatin' ice cream in a drug store 'n' she said, 'Y' got beautiful eyes.' 'N' I said, 'Yeh.' 'N' she said, 'Y' need somebody t'take care y'.' 'N' I said, 'Y'all dumb.' 'N' she cried. 'N' the soda jerker said, 'Y'oughta treat the little lady right, guy.' 'N' I slammed his snoot on him. 'N' we went outa there. 'N' she cried on me in th' car. 'N' we got engaged. 'N' then she got excited Tuesday 'cause a dame gimme an elbow comin' outa the movies, 'n' we drove over to Gossettville 'n' got married. 'N' it's in the Albany papers 's mornin'. . . . Here!"

Harmon John gathered his bath robe tighter around him and looked furtively over a shoulder at the Glendale Road. This long street masked in elms contained the whole aristocracy of Carmelsville-on-Hudson, and by noon there would be just one topic in the Glendale Road.

He accepted the folded newspaper from Casimir and read a thumbed paragraph.

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"Couldn't You—Let the Engagement Stand, Kate? I Mean—for a While"

THE WORLD DOES MOVE

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATED BY
RICHARD VINCENT CULTER

Uhlans Were All About Us, Expressionless Men on Splendid Horses

XVI

THE chauffeur and I, seated in the superb Lux, left the garage thunderously at three o'clock of a bright May afternoon and covered a dozen blocks before we had our first breakdown. Fortunately we were near a repair shop and were delayed only an hour. The subsequent breakdowns were more serious and the last one happened long after dark in a deserted portion of the Bois de Vincennes. There were sounds of breakage, of things hurtling through the air, and the machine stopped violently. This abruptness no longer disconcerted me, as already I had learned that the superb Lux knew no other manner of stopping; but the chauffeur's mutterings had what young people sometimes like to speak of as an air of finality. He went forward, groped laboriously in the dust of the road and returned with what seemed to me, as he held them up for inspection, some fragments of a heavy chain.

He confirmed my impression—a chain, apparently needful for locomotion, had been broken and dispersed; now it lay sprinkled upon the surrounding terrain in the darkness.

"But even if I could find it all," Victor said, "how could I reunite it?"

Victor was an Alsatian; he spoke French in a manner all his own; and in this he was no more individual than I. We had need of a great deal of conversation between us to arrive at small communication, but we finally came to an understanding. It would not be sensible to remain throughout the night as we were, Victor said; the locality was favored by *les apaches*.

He proposed to sit in a clump of bushes near the road and watch the car. If *apaches* arrived and stole it he would remain quietly in the underbrush, and I agreed that the superb Lux would be what the scoundrels deserved. If they did not appear, Victor would await a relief expedition, and I went forward to arrange it. After walking two miles, I found a pair of horses and a truckman willing to accept the commission; but I did not return with them; I drove the rest of the way in a hired carriage. The superb Lux, Victor, the truckman and the two horses reached home at two in the morning. They had passed wine shops in several villages, but the two horses were still sober.

XVII

PEDESTRIANS had not developed then a precautionary sense that they possess now almost as if it were an instinct; they had not learned to time the approach of an automobile. People walking along country roads and crowds on the crossings of city streets were alike in this respect; they were accustomed to vehicles moving at speeds of from three or four to seven or eight miles an hour; and even if a fast horse came tearing down on them at nine or ten miles an hour, the sound of his hoof beats was the well-known signal to hurry a little, but not unduly.

It was difficult to understand, when we were on foot, that we must begin to calculate upon less time to get out of the way, since throughout the centuries a fast horse had been the fastest thing upon any highway; and we would need years of indignant experience to teach us that the combination of old human nature with the new power for speed made inevitable a basic change in the mental attitude and bodily action of all pedestrians. When automobiles formed a slight proportion of the traffic and there were hundreds of horse vehicles where there was one automobile, the one automobile often appeared from among them like a charging demon, horrifying and unexpected. The demon was noisy; but the noise was so unfamiliar and so startling that foot passengers lost their heads in the crisis of his approach.

When the superb Lux was not in a repair shop, we drove either about the countryside or into Paris; and at night, after these excursions, when I went to bed, that half-awake interval preceding sleep would be crowded with pictures reproduced out of the events of the day just passed—pictures of terrified peasants escaping dimly into clouds of dust beside the road and crossing themselves; pictures of open-mouthed children screaming as they ran from our path at the last possible moment; pictures of enraged people who cursed us as they became unwillingly active on city crossings; pictures of scared women with baby carriages trying to go both ways at once; pictures of aged people in every attitude of sudden undesired haste and futile defense; pictures of pompous fat men outraged by the necessity to leap backward; pictures of faces in every distortion of fear and fear's close companion, hatred.

Often I remonstrated with Victor, and when I did he looked at me pityingly.

"You think this Lux knows how to move sweetly?" he inquired. "It is impossible to its nature. Either this Lux is in complete repose or in complete action; there is no middle ground. By supposition only there are two speeds; but after he is cranked—on such days as he consents to be cranked at all—and I have mounted to my seat and thrown in his clutch to the lower speed, there is always a period when I must wait to ascertain if it is one of the days when he consents to allow his clutch to operate. If he consents, it will always be at a moment when I have concluded that it is not to be one of the days. He decides abruptly, gives a great leap and within the instant he is forcing himself through a pile of stones half a kilometer down the road. If people do not get out of our way the Lux must stop, and when he stops you are well aware there arises always a great question: Will he ever move again? If he will, then when will he? Tomorrow, perhaps."

When I engaged Victor he did not appear to be a drinking man; but his close companionship with the superb Lux had an evil influence upon him, and they formed the habit of becoming incapacitated together; though it must be said to the chauffeur's credit that the Lux always set the example. Victor was a handsome, tall, soldierly person of commanding presence. When we were traveling and stopped for luncheon or for the night, the innkeepers always first addressed themselves deferentially to him, bowing before him; and he would have to explain that I was his patron, not an attendant. However, when he was slightly in wine he sometimes seemed to forget this relation.

"I have discovered a thing," I shouted to him as I sat beside him one day in hilly country. "I have discovered that although it is difficult to make the Lux move slowly, there are nevertheless some moderations of speed that can be accomplished with care, when you choose. Why do you descend this hill on gas?"

"In order to get up the next one," he replied. "Great speed is necessary to surmount this next hill."

"But rather than go so fast I would prefer not to surmount it. This speed has made me so nervous that my feet are cramped from pushing an imaginary brake and my fingers from clutching an imaginary wheel. Now I have bitten a filling out of a tooth and we shall have to find a town that contains a dentist. He will be the second to repair me on this one excursion."

"Disregard all that," Victor said airily. "You are acquiring new sensations."

"I have no desire for them," I shouted, and with as much severity as I could command in the French language I gave him the positive order to slacken speed. "Sweetly! I wish to travel more sweetly! Compel this Lux to a sweeter movement. The wind does not permit me to breathe and I wish to remain alive."

Through his goggles he gave me a benevolent glance. "The ozone will do you good," he said calmly. "The most distinguished scientists recommend it."

That was one virtue of the superb Lux, certainly—it copiously provided ozone to its occupants; for this was long before the day of windshields. Goggles and automobile costumes were almost necessities, but many of the automobilists wore the costumes with a little of the consciousness that sometimes attaches to a yachtsman dressed expressively for the deck. Ear muffs and pneumatic clothes would have added to the pleasure of travel in the Lux, it may be said; for the roar of the engine, the machine-gun explosion of the exhaust and the vibration of the whole fabric of the car were such as would be intolerable and incredible today.

But the superb Lux was not immortal; its own imperfections and the destined progress of mankind were in operation to supplant it. That mischievously inspired machine, which had destroyed all the temperate inclinations of one human being and brought upon other human beings so many tedious and unexpected miles of walking and so many mortifying tardinesses, had at last one inspiration too many.

In a valley of Touraine, at the foot of a long hill down which it had charged, swaying, bounding, crashing, roaring gloriously and deafening the very birds of the air with the artillery of its exhaust, it uttered a peculiar shriek and a moment later sullenly came to rest, oblique in the road.

This was familiar—all except the peculiar shriek—and we descended as usual.

"The town of Chinon is only about six kilometers from here," I said. "I will walk to Chinon and send back mechanics and horses."

But Victor, examining the engine, shook his head. "This time it is serious," he said. "Send only horses."

The next morning I left Chinon by rail, Victor and the Lux remaining there in a repair shop. Then, having returned home, I waited, sending remittances at intervals; but after two months I had a letter from a friend who had gone to Chinon:

"I have seen your chauffeur, but he did not seem to comprehend what I said to him. The innkeeper here explained that the unfortunate man has been intoxicated continuously for the last six weeks, and after talking to the mechanics who are working on your automobile, I cannot say that I blame him very much."

I decided that neither should I blame Victor; there was no cinema in Chinon in those days and the pleasures of that interesting town were for the archæologist and historian rather than for the chauffeur. I sent him another remittance; but by the time he did finally arrive with the restored and still vociferous Lux, I had a new machine and a new chauffeur.

The new chauffeur was a teetotaler and meek; and the new machine was a glittering, smooth-spoken French thing of the very moment, just from the factory and unbelievably obedient.

The new day had begun; people could travel all over Europe by motor without stopping at a single dentist's.

I sold the superb Lux to a training school for chauffeurs and when the pupils could drive it, they were graduated.

XVIII

THE motoring craze had spread over the civilized parts of the world by this time. Everywhere there was what might have been called—if we had known the word—"stunt" motoring; there were races on oval tracks and country roads; races from one capital to another, races across Europe, races across Asia, races round the world. Everybody talked of speed, horse power, cylinders and models; and the names most upon the tongue of the populace were those, not of statesmen, but of manufacturers. Ardent debate upon the comparative speed, power and durability of the automobiles that bore these names was heard at the little open-air tables of Paris; it was heard in Neapolitan restaurants, in Bavarian beer gardens, in London clubs, in Vienna cafés, and in the lobby of the Garfield Hotel at Kamchatka, Michigan. Most of the talkers did not own automobiles, and their talk was only a by-product of the craze; motoring was still a sport for those prosperous—or reckless—enough to afford it. But more and more people did somehow afford it every day; and even then there were scandalized rumors of houses mortgaged for money to buy cars.

People were stimulated by the mere talk of high speeds to which they had not become accustomed; and to all this exhilaration and excitement over the automobile, there was coming to be added a general divination that a greater marvel was at hand. The thoughts of many men were longingly in the air; and out in the open country, east of Paris, every summer afternoon we could see what appeared to be great pale bubbles rising slowly, one at a time, from the distant profile of the city outlined by the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame and the hill of Montmartre with its cathedral coronet. The bubbles floated dreamily toward us and passed overhead, silent and peaceful in the evening sky; we envied those people up there, so high and cool and quiet in their drifting balloons.

Balloons not so placid had been constructed and were discussed at the sidewalk tables of the boulevards; balloons shaped like fat cigars and driven by engines and propellers—things that could be steered, though clumsily. Men had actually navigated the air a little in one or two of these absurdities. This was wonderful, but it was not flying, and now, at last, after all the ages of skeptical ridicule, the automobile had brought with its own coming a portent; the ancient wild prophecies were to be fulfilled. Mother Shipton had not been so crazy, after all; Langley and Lilienthal had not lived in vain; for somehow everybody knew—it was in the air—that men were about to fly.

Then, one evening, the Parisian papers hurried excited extras to the streets and the cables sped to the four quarters of the earth. Santos-Dumont had lifted himself from the ground that afternoon in a machine that was heavier than air. It was a kite with an engine and a propeller; it had lifted him for only a moment, in a little skip of a few feet; nevertheless the thing was done and he had been in the air, the first man of all the earthborn to rise from the ground in a flying machine—unless that fantastic American rumor of men in the air near Dayton, Ohio, could be true. But, of course, no serious person believed that story: The Americans were great projectors of the fantastic; they were given to that boastful sort of practical joking. It was said that the men up in the air of Ohio were brothers named Wright; probably their machine was lifted by wires, or, what seemed more likely to be the fact, by their imaginations.

Little more was heard of the Wrights just then; Santos-Dumont got himself off the ground again before long, in what the papers began to call a hop; other air adventurers hopped, too; and one exultant day there came a hop of an eighth of a mile. Meanwhile that humorous story about Dayton, Ohio, was generally forgotten; and probably the most curious manifestation concerned with the first flight of men was the apathy of the first flyers' neighbors. For, before Santos-Dumont hopped, the Wrights had done more than hop—they had flown—and the last place in the world where you would find anybody in a state of excitement over that miracle was precisely Dayton, Ohio.

As it happened, in the autumn of 1907, the necessities of a comedy in rehearsal in New York brought me back from Paris for a while, and the subsequent nursing of this play, during its earlier presentations on the road, took me to Dayton for a night. I had little time to spare from the theater, but found opportunity to ask a number of people what they knew about the Wrights and the rumor that had reached Europe about them, and then had been discredited there. Everyone answered my inquiries in the same way, with a laugh first, and then: "Oh, yes; there've been a lot of wild stories going around town." No one that I saw believed the stories; but what surprised me was that no one seemed to have taken the trouble to investigate them. Every heart in Paris had leaped with the hop of Santos-Dumont.

A lady who lived in Dayton at that time explained to me, long afterward, why the city that was the home of the Wrights showed this curious flaccidity when a stupendous event had taken place in its environs.

"The feeling wasn't peculiar to Dayton," she said. "It would have been just the same in other American cities, especially in other Middle and Western cities. You know the strange mixture of championship and self-doubtful humility we all felt about our own part of the country; we reverenced our great dead, like Lincoln, but we couldn't easily believe that anything really epochal could come from living people among us. With all the world

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After Walking Two Miles, I Found a Pair of Horses and a Truckman Willing to Accept the Commission

A TOOT FOR A TOOT

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

EPIC PETERS' instinct was at work. "I got a hunch," he murmured apprehensively, "that this ain't gwine be the swellest run I ever took." Two factors contributed to the hunch of the elongated Pullman porter. For one thing, there had been a ghastly dearth of tips from passengers boarding the midnight train at Birmingham. For another, the buzzer of his call board had been sounding incessantly since the "all aboard."

Somewhat peeved with the world in general, and his job in particular, Mr. Peters took his own sweet time about closing his vestibule as the Limited nosed out into the chilly, murky night. He poked unenthusiastically at an occasional bit of dust, arranged his car step meticulously in the vestibule corner and then lurched unhappily into the car.

Just as he suspected, the board indicated that Lower Six required service. The training of many years came to the assistance of Epic Peters. As a sterling porter who was popular with Pullman and railroad conductors and whose name appeared frequently on the honor roll, Epic had learned to gauge the quality of those who traveled with him between the Alabama metropolis and New York.

"An' that feller in Lower Six," reflected Mr. Peters, "is the mos' kind I detest."

The person in question had waddled down the platform a half hour since in the wake of a redcap who was loaded down with many heavy bags. He was a large man with a florid complexion and an officious manner. His voice was shrill and penetrating. He wore a blue suit, gayly cut, and it was quite evident that he fancied himself considerable of a sheik.

The trousers were full, the socks fancy, the shoes of two-tone leather. His vest was piped with white braid and he sported a scarlet necktie in which reposed a huge pearl. He carried a silver-headed cane, a gaudy topcoat and wore a gray felt hat at a rakish angle. And Epic Peters saw him tip the staggering redcap a nickel.

Mr. Peters groaned.

"Tips nickels!" he grated. "I bet if he buys a ice-cream soda he wants a rebate when he returns the glass an' spoon."

The newcomer talked loudly and frequently as Epic escorted him to his berth and sought to satisfy the gentleman in the arrangement of his bags. Once Epic dared designate the sign hanging at the end of the aisle: Quiet. The traveler glared at Mr. Peters and announced that he was paying full fare and reckoned he'd talk if he wanted to—besides, the service was rotten

Now, as Mr. Peters reluctantly answered the summons from the fat gentleman's berth, it was to find the big head poked out between the curtains. The passenger glared at Epic and anathematized the service. It seemed that some cinders were creeping in through the screen, that there was a wrinkle in the sheet and that his spare blanket was not properly folded.

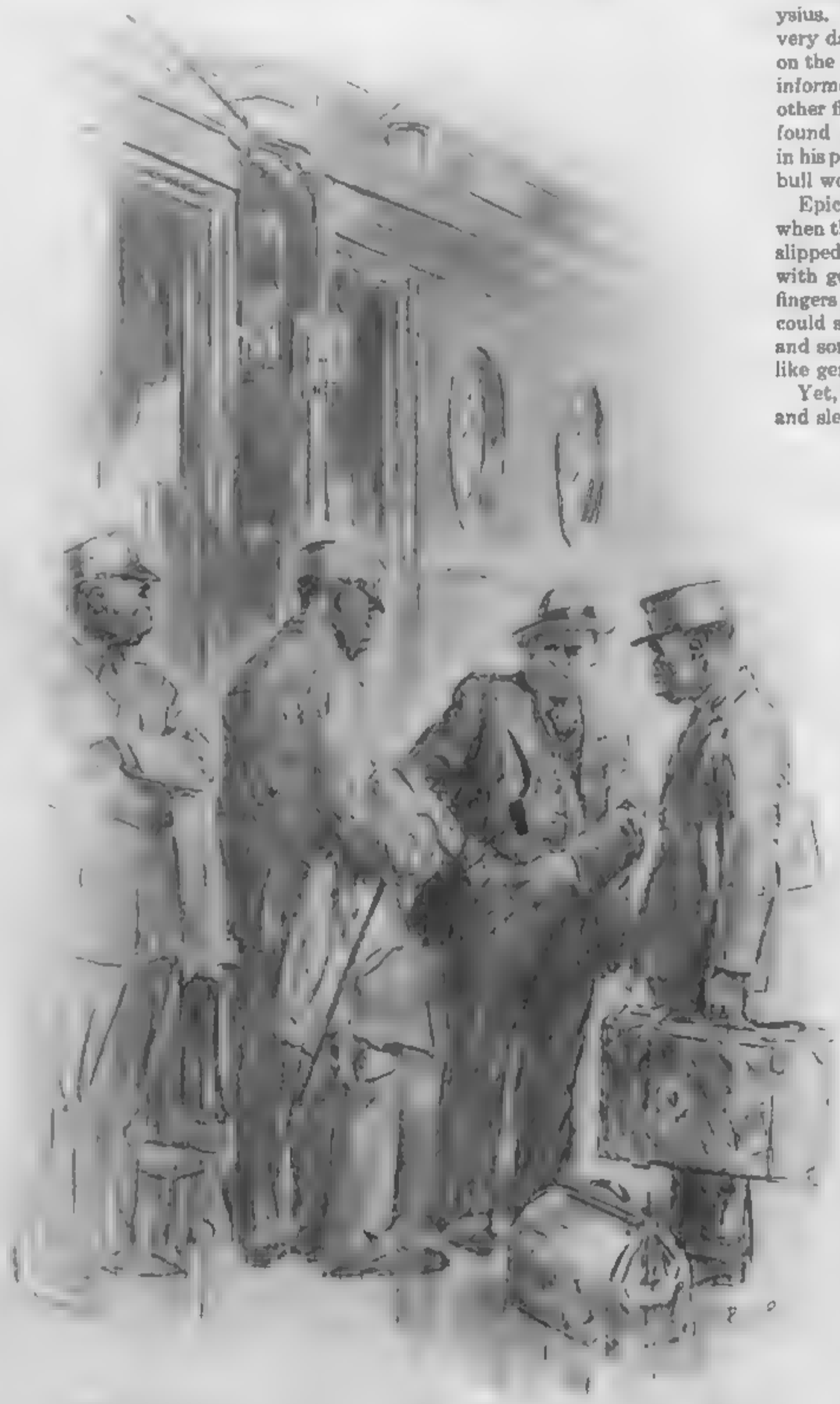
Epic bore up under the tirade with the dignity becoming a colored gentleman and philosopher. He did not even deign to inform the man that he was the best berth maker on the Birmingham station and known throughout the Southeast as one of the finest colored men ever to receive a monthly wage from the Pullman Company. With vast and disdainful patience he performed the tasks required by the exacting traveler, and heard that gentleman say peevishly:

"Well, I hope to goodness I can get some sleep."

As Epic moved away he indorsed the wish: "Lawsy knows, I hope so too. Dawg-gone that feller. He buys one ticket an' thinks he's Mistuh Pullman Illinois hisse'f."

As Epic moved down the aisle he was conscious of certain movements in Section Eight. He turned quickly—just in time to see a ratlike face and a pair of beady eyes withdrawn quickly. "That feller in Lower Eight," Epic told himself, "also ain't the craziest sort I is about."

As a matter of fact, the gentleman in Lower Eight would have rasped Epic's nerves intensely had not the fat person in Lower Six been so obtrusively obnoxious. And, had Epic known it, his instinctive antipathy for the ratlike little man in Eight was not unfounded.



"Tips Nickels!" He Grated. "I Bet If He Buys a Ice-Cream Soda He Wants a Rebate When He Returns the Glass an' Spoon"

The person in Lower Eight was about five feet four inches in height. He had a slender, wiry figure on which cheap clothes fitted uncertainly. His eyes were beady and he had a disturbing habit of talking out of the side of his mouth. His hands were amazing, however; strong and long-fingered and amazingly deft.

At birth the little man had been christened Aloysius Bryan by a doting and unsuspecting mother. Since that time he had, in the pursuit of his chosen profession, used other names as convenience suggested. The police of various cities knew him as Danny the Dip, Dan Bryan, the Runt, and Dippy Dan. The name Aloysius departed with his last short trousers.

To give Aloysius full credit, it must be admitted that he was an expert pickpocket. He operated alone—and frequently. He had few friends and no confidants, and only a too great fondness for large diamonds steered him into trouble with the police. He could scissor or reef a victim with the best of them, leaving the unwitting contributor ignorant of financial loss until a considerable time after.

Birmingham had offered an excellent field for Aloysius. Pickings had been reasonably easy. But that very day a certain embarrassing situation had arisen on the First National Bank corner—something which informed Danny the Dip that he'd be wise to seek other fields for his nefarious activities. So this night found him on the Limited with a New York ticket in his pocket and a profound hope that no plain-clothes bull would impede his departure from the South.

Epic's trained eye warned him against Aloysius when that furtive gentleman sidled onto the train and slipped into his berth. Mr. Peters was not unfamiliar with gentlemen who make a living by nimble wits, fingers and conscience. Mr. Peters boasted that he could spot a train hustler as far as he could see one, and something told him from the first that this ratlike gentleman was worth observing.

Yet, as the train roared through the chilly night and sleep refused to come to Epic, that person sat in the smoking room and reflected that of the two gentlemen—the one in Lower Six and the one in Lower Eight—he'd prefer a half dozen of Aloysius to one of the former. After all, Epic was not personally concerned with undersized persons who looked and acted like crooks, but the blatant officious type brought him agony of soul and misery of spirit.

Quite early in the morning the train rolled under the shed of the Atlanta station. The Atlanta Pullman was cut out and the train made up anew for the run to New York. There Captain Sandifer, the grizzled and veteran Pullman conductor of whom Epic was extremely fond, took over the diagrams and chatted briefly with his favorite porter.

"Things going all right, Epic?"

"Not so many, cap'n. I got on my car one of them white folks that thinks he boughten the comp'ny when he paid his money fo' a ticket."

"Been riding you, eh?"

"Nos-suh, not me, he ain't. But he sho ain't the fondest kind of passenger I is of."

"I don't blame you, Epic. But, cheer up! The run won't last forever."

"Nos-suh, maybe not. But it seems mos' that long."

By the time the train pulled out of Atlanta half the passengers had risen and wandered into the diner—among them the stout gentleman and Aloysius. When they returned their sections were already arranged for the day and Epic was busy elsewhere in the car.

The stout person summoned Epic. "Porter," he snapped, "what do you mean by putting my small bag under the seat?"

"I don't mean nothin', white folks. Always puts the bags under the seats."

"Hmph! Get it out immediately."

"Yas-suh, cap'n."

Epic bent over and wrestled with the bag. He rose and bowed.

"That all, mistuh?"

"No, it isn't. I want two pillows and a hat bag."

"Y-y-yas-suh, boss; right away. I aims to give service, which is how come they to call me Hop Sure."

"I'm not interested in your nicknames. What I want is the pillows."

Epic was shuddering with futile rage as he went on the errand. And while he was extracting pillowcases from the

linen cabinet at the end of the aisle, he saw Captain Sandifer come through the car and answer the summons of the obtrusive stout person. Epic listened in.

"Impertinent porter you have on this car," rasped the person with the white piping on his vest.

Sandifer frowned. "Epic Peters?"

"I don't know his name or anything about him. I know he is inefficient and impertinent."

The eyes of the Pullman conductor narrowed. He knew the type of man he was conversing with, and one of the great regrets of his life was that duty prohibited him from exterminating such insects.

"Epic is never impertinent," he defended frigidly.

"He was impertinent to me."

"How?"

"Do I have to give details? Isn't my word sufficient?"

Sandifer's face was dead white with anger. The man was simply insufferable.

"Perhaps," said the conductor coldly.

"I'll file a report of this with the Pullman Company," raged the person in Section Six. "It is outrageous."

"Sorry," said Sandifer as he moved away.

It was with difficulty that Epic concealed his elation as he climbed to the upper berth in search of two pillows. Bless Cap'n Sandifer's heart! There was sho' nuff quality white folks. Reckon he knowed when a feller was pertinent or not. Woul'n't let no trash like this pouter pigeon put nothin' over on him! Not Cap'n Sandifer, nos-suh!

The florid person seemed to enjoy his futile anger. He snatched the pillows from Epic's hand and tried to stare frostily, but Mr. Peters' genial countenance was wreathed in a smile of sheer good humor. It seemed that nothing could ruffle his calm—a fact that served to annoy the man in Lower Six more than ever.

Humming gayly, Epic gave his attention to Section Seven. The lady who had occupied the lower had left the train at a little station beyond Atlanta. The upper berth of that section had not been occupied. Mr. Peters worked swiftly and well, rather happily conscious that two pairs of eyes were focused upon him. One pair of eyes belonged to the fat person. The other was the property of Danny the Dip, *né* Aloysius.

Mr. Peters bent joyfully to his task. He adjusted the two mattresses in the upper berth, discarded used linen, neatly folded blankets and arranged pillows. Then he snapped the upper berth shut and commenced arranging the cushions of the lower.

He snapped the back rests into place and shoved one of the seat cushions back, and as he did so a glitter caught his eye. From the green-carpeted floor something twinkled up at him. A frown creased his mahogany forehead as he bent to pick it up.

When he straightened he was possessed of a queer excitement. He was holding in his hand a platinum ring which was set with a single gorgeous diamond.

Hop Sure's heart missed a beat. He knew that he cradled a young fortune in his palm, and his thoughts flashed ahead to the possibility of a sizable reward. It never occurred to him to do anything save report the matter to Captain Sandifer and turn in the ring to the Pullman office. Epic's honesty was unswerving. But he would have been less than human had he failed to speculate upon the value of his finding and the reward which a grateful and generous owner might bestow. His tremendous hand closed over the ring and he dropped it into the pocket of his coat. Then he turned quickly.

The stout man in Section Six was staring straight at him. Unquestionably that gentleman had witnessed the discovery of the ring, and Epic experienced a sense of annoyance. He glanced elsewhere about the car, curious to know whether anyone else had observed the finding of the ring. No one seemed interested. Even Aloysius, alias Danny the Dip, was staring out of the window, apparently absorbed in the speeding landscape.

Epic swung back to his work. His heart sang within him, for it seemed that his early hunch that this was to be an unpleasant and unprofitable trip was only half right. Unpleasant, yes, but unprofitable ——

"Hot ziggity dam!" exclaimed Mr. Peters. "Di'monds is the most thing I love to find."

Some passengers had been late in rising. Two or three had eaten breakfast in their berths and were only now showing signs of stepping into their clothes. Consequently the labor of straightening the car had dragged interminably.

When Captain Sandifer next passed through the car Epic didn't even see him. He was perched on the arm of a lower, arranging mattresses in an upper. But the fat man in Section Six noticed that Epic did not report the finding of the diamond to the Pullman conductor, and the fact took on a sinister significance to the officious traveler.

With an armful of used linen Hop Sure made his way to the end of the car. And there, standing in the aisle, someone pressed sharply against him. He raised his head, to stare into the beady eyes of Danny the Dip.

Aloysius was trying to be affable. He spoke out of the corner of his mouth:

"Are we on time, porter?"

"Yas-suh, right on the minute."

"Yeh? Nice day, ain't it?"

"Pretty nice, boss man."

Aloysius looked around. "Where's the drinking water?"

Epic designated the cooler and hastened to secure for his undersized passenger a paper drinking cup. "There you is, cap'n."

Danny the Dip thanked Hop Sure and inhaled a cupful of ice water. Then he returned to his place in Section Eight while Epic engrossed himself once more in the task of fixing his car.

Eventually the job was completed and Epic sank into an unused section for a well-earned rest. He tried to make himself comfortable, but in spite of his best efforts he fidgeted with the consciousness that the eyes of the fat man were focused upon him.

Captain Sandifer came through the car. Epic determined to turn the diamond ring over to him then and there. But before he could speak to the Pullman conductor that individual was stopped by the rasping voice of the fat person in Section Six:

"Conductor!"

Sandifer stopped in the aisle. It was obvious that the passenger was not overly popular with him.

"Well?" he asked bleakly.

"I consider it my duty to report something to you."

"What?"

"I very much question the honesty of your porter."

"Well," snapped Sandifer, "I don't!"

"You wouldn't, of course." The pursy lips of the traveler creased into a sneer. "Has he turned over to you anything which he found in the car this morning?"

Sandifer shook his head. "No. But if he found anything of value he will."

"Evidently your confidence is very great—much greater than mine. I shall write a report of this to the Pullman Company and ——"

The conductor was furious. "Now, listen here!" he said curtly. "You've done a lot of insinuating and haven't backed it up with a fact. If you've got any accusations to make, make 'em. But I'm not going to be bothered with your infernal hot air any longer."

"Oh, is that so! For all I know, you're in cahoots ——"

"Mister," warned Sandifer sweetly, "I value my job very highly, but not so highly that it would be safe for you to finish that sentence."

Epic wriggled with glee. That was the way to talk to uppity folks. Trust Cap'n Sandifer for that.

"Just the same," said the fat person, "when your porter made up Section Seven he found something which seemed to me to be a valuable diamond ring."

"He did, eh?"

"He certainly did."

"Was it your ring?"

"No-o-o."

"Belong to any friend of yours?"

"No, but ——"

"Then it's none of your business."

Sandifer turned on his heel and strode from the car, white-faced with anger. He refused to give the fat man the satisfaction of accepting from Hop Sure at that time the ring which had been found.

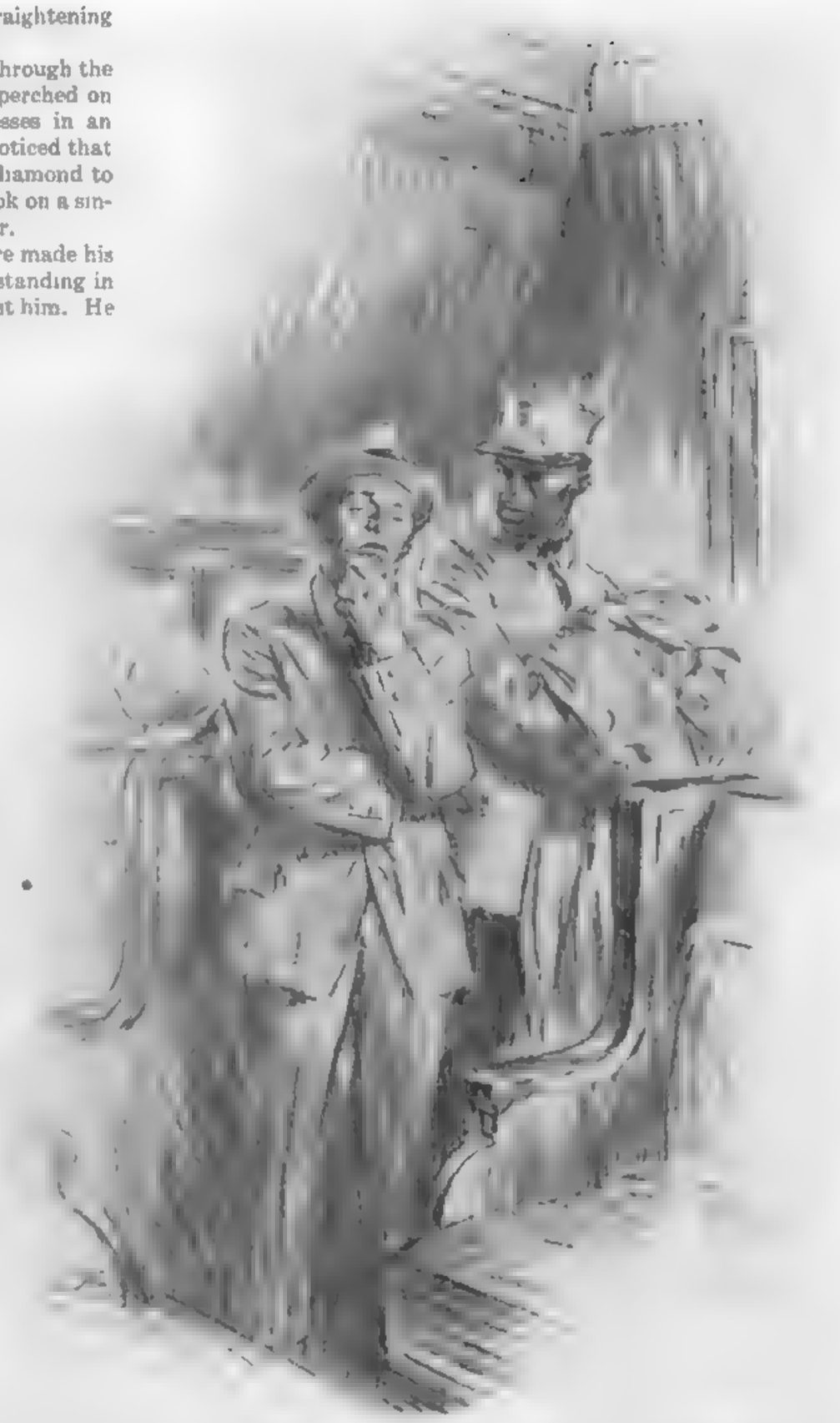
Having known Epic for years, there was no question in the mind of the conductor that Mr. Peters possessed an ineluctable honesty. And he took a keen satisfaction in the look of thwarted anger which came into the fishlike eyes of the man in Section Six.

Epic himself was very happy. Cap'n Sandifer was his friend—always had been and always would be. He knew the captain for a rigid taskmaster, but one who appreciated efficient and honest effort.

The train was approaching Charlotte, and Epic noticed a bit of activity in Section Eight. Aloysius was strapping his suitcase very carefully. It was evident that he was making preparations to leave the train. This occasioned mild surprise in the breast of Mr. Peters, for he happened to know that the ratlike person held a ticket for New York.

But the destination of Danny the Dip did not interest Mr. Peters for very long. He lounged in his seat and turned his thoughts into pleasant channels which had to do with the discomfiture of the fat man. Epic understood and appreciated the delicacy of feeling which had prompted the conductor to say nothing about the ring in the presence of the protuberant gentleman in Section Six.

(Continued on Page 93)



During That Conversation the Dip Had Stood Very, Very Close to Epic

"Oh, Whoa is Me!" He Mourned. "That Ring Has Went!"

HOUSTON—The Greatest Come-back in American History

By JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE

"The Surrender of Santa Anna," by Huddle. Houston is Lying at the Foot of the Tree With a Bandaged Leg. Santa Anna Stands at His Feet, Al Monte on His Right, and Deaf Smith Sits on the Stump. From a Painting in the State Capitol, Austin, Texas, and by Courtesy of the Secretary of State

IF OUR public men are to be divided into two classes, there can be no clearer distinction than doers and talkers. When the latter become so proficient that talking becomes a profession, it is dignified into an art by the unthinking, who glorify mere words at the expense of action and call them orators.

Both Houston and Jackson were doers of the most strenuous type. Neither had any respect for mere orators.

Romantic and many-sided Houston! No accurate conception of the man can be obtained until it is known in the beginning that he was shot through with romanticism—the most intense, extraordinary, overwhelming—and with it, that rarely accompanying egoism of achievement.

His very signature proclaimed his romanticism, in the glory of its curves, their sweeping lines of parabole and poetry. His dress bore flaming witness.

Note his dress, when in August, 1827, at Cockrill Springs, Nashville, he strutted before his constituents seeking their votes for governor: "A tall beaver hat, ruffled shirt, black satin vest, black silk pants, many colored gown of Indian hunting shirt fastened by a huge red sash covered with fancy bead work, silk stockings, pumps, silver buckles, and mounted on a superb horse!"

On that day Houston, thirty-four years old, had been swept into power, backed by his old chief, Andrew Jackson, on the same wave that one year later swept Jackson into the White House. Not before had any governor been elected with more friends. His own brilliant record and the soundness of his character had earned them, and Jackson's love and attachment settled it. It was spectacular beyond the memory of pioneer partisans. Every member of both houses of the legislature was said to be his friend.

The Mantle of Andrew Jackson

"SIX feet two inches in stature, brown hair and light complexion," according to the passport issued to him by the Secretary of War, August 6, 1829—as graceful, sinewy and superb physically as any Cherokee Indian, among whom he had spent much of his boyhood life, his career had been one of romantic achievement. Except Jackson alone, he was the most popular and powerful man in all the Southwest.—It is not a bad historical prophecy to make now, in view of the written scroll on the knees of the gods which followed, that Houston's broad shoulders that day stood in direct line for the mantle which his devoted friend, Andrew Jackson, as President, later threw on the shoulders of Martin Van Buren, in 1837, and later still, on James K. Polk, in 1845. Even as it was, Houston came within eleven votes of defeating John Bell, the Constitutional Union nominee for President in the Baltimore convention of 1860. It is claimed that he could have had it had he condescended to ask Virginia alone for her vote. The stern old Scot never asked for anything that he could not rightfully take. With his tremendous personality of Union achievement and loyalty, had he been nominated, the records of the next four years might have been written with ink that was violet and not red!

Inaugurated governor on October 1, 1827, in the old Baptist Church at Nashville, in lieu of the State House not then built, with a greater military and civic parade than ever before attempted, he added the glamour of romance and good will by marrying a year later Eliza Allen, the refined and lovely daughter of Col. John Allen, of Sumner County, Tennessee—a family then, as now, of high character and achievements—his brother, Col. Robert H. Allen, being one of Jackson's outstanding officers in the Creek War. It is no hyperbole to say that his bride was as refined, gentle and lovely as he was brilliant, courageous and handsome. In her long life afterward, as the wife of Dr. Elmore Douglass, whom she married eleven years after Houston's departure, she thoroughly established her character as a devoted wife and Christian mother.

This marriage had the approval of every friend of Houston in the state. It lacked only one thing, unknown to all but the bride. In the light of the facts of today, she, too, had been swept away by the charm and brilliancy of the romantic young governor. Perhaps there had been the usual foolish quarrel with the man she really loved, followed in secret by heartaches.

Sam Houston as a Young Cherokee Chief. From a Rare Miniature Owned by His Granddaughter, Miss Marian Williams, and by Courtesy of Another Granddaughter, Mrs. Margaret H. John, of Houston, Texas

Six months before his term of office had expired, and only a few months after his marriage, his wife left him, ostensibly to visit her father in a near-by town, but in fact never to return. It is not true that he deserted her. It was she who left him. He wrote a letter to her father, hoping to effect a reconciliation; he sought her out and pleaded for her return. She was adamant—and as cold.

"Eliza stands acquitted by me," he wrote to her father. "I have received her as a virtuous, chaste wife and as such I pray God I may ever regard her, and I trust I ever shall. She was cold to me and I thought did not love me; she owns that that was one cause of my unhappiness. You can think how unhappy I was united to a woman that did not love me. That time is now past, and my future happiness can only exist in the assurance that Eliza and myself can be more happy and that your wife and yourself will forget the past, forget all and find your lost peace; and you may rest assured that nothing on my part shall be wanting to restore it. Let me know what is to be done."

Distorted Pictures

TO THIS letter came no answer. His visit to her and personal pleading were also fruitless. He returned to Nashville and did the thing that was Houstonic—that has queered his whole life story: he abandoned his friends, his office, his honors, threw into an abyss all his splendid past, slipped out between suns to the wharf on the Cumberland and took a boat to the Far West, to live the half-savage life of an Indian—in the vernacular of that day, a squaw man.

The reaction of humiliation, disgust and reproach which followed naturally was as great as the pendulum of praise that had swung the other way. A man may desert his followers and his bride, but when he deserts his race there is soul-tragedy in it.

This act, which for a time made Houston infamous, with no parallel in American history, has proved too sensational and tragic to escape the pen of those historians who dwell in the back yards of the past, writing biographies of the family garments left out on the clothesline of history. They see in it only broken vows and triangular unfaithfulness. Of late, these valets of history have been busy in their laundries. The real man in his real life of dignity, courage and integrity is never seen by them. They have been dry-cleaning the garments of Washington, Adams, Jackson and Lincoln. They have gauged even the morals of their good women by their unstandardized spelling. Not realizing that genius is the child of its race and not of its parents, they seem to look to bastardy as the cause of all greatness. The explanation is simple, whether Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, Houston or Shakspere—in them bloomed the flower of their heredity. We are a lame lot at the best. Why kick our crutches from under us? Of Houston, the reverse of these charges was true, but their distorted pictures of him still prevail—a gigantic figure, a combination of Pan and the Centaur; cloven-footed, hoofed, half

goat and half horse! The truth is it was the romantic spirit of Pan which prevailed, the great brain, and not the hoof of the Centaur. And the act of desertion will be shown to have been the heroism of a self-immolation, of sacrifice and of martyrdom, however mistaken the method of infliction, that makes the tragedy of his silence as noble as any in history.

Glance briefly at the record of his comeback: he was the only man in American history who won the governorship and membership in the national Congress from two states and the presidency of an American republic; he was the only general in American history whose one and only battle was so far-reaching and decisive that it added an empire to his country and made possible the acquisition of thousands of miles of territory along the Pacific slope.

Like Jackson, the Houstons were Scotch-Irish. A better name might be Irish-Scotch, since they were Scotch, born in Northern Ireland. They were Covenanters of the John Knox faith. In the historic siege of Derry the Houston clan died almost to a fighting man in defense of their religion and their liberties. What was left shook the soil of oppression from their feet and emigrated to America.

The Courthouse Diary

JOHN HOUSTON and his wife, Margaret Cunningham, emigrated from Londonderry in North Ireland to Philadelphia. The line runs straight to our famous Texan through three generations as follows: Robert Houston and his wife, Margaret Davidson; Samuel Houston and his wife, Elizabeth Paxton, the last named being the parents of Gen. Sam Houston. In the century following the first emigrant ancestor, they had worked westward to Rockbridge County, Virginia, where Sam was born March 2, 1793. The Paxtons were of the same stock, and both were typical of their breed, lofty in bearing, high-minded, daring, religious, and with a natural talent for leadership.

The family has always been one of outstanding achievements in our history. Even within the last half century it has included governors, judges, senators, generals and cabinet officers.

Two years after her husband, Major Sam Houston, died, Elizabeth Paxton, following the usual covered-wagon route across the Virginia mountains into the newer lands of Tennessee, settled near Little Hiwassee, in what is now Blount County, Tennessee, ten miles from Maryville, near the old Salem Baptist Church.

The early county-court records are a very fair diary of the life and activities of our pioneer folk. Among these records in Maryville, Blount County, Tennessee, are found some very illuminating facts about this fine family. With two of them we are particularly concerned, since their tragic deaths are typical of what so nearly happened to their more famous brother: Mary Houston, born 1797, married General Matthew Williams, and losing her only child, this worthy woman died insane. On the tomb of Robert Houston, born 1788, it is stated: "Died by his own hand over a love affair, after the War of 1812." There is no middle ground in a family where this virus has a lodging.

The Lee Home Near Marion, Alabama, Where Margaret Lee and Gen. Sam Houston Were Married May 9, 1840

They were most excellent and honorable men and women, but all have passed into the vague land of nothingness save only Sam, the brilliant, the unusual, the romantic, the heroic—the boy who would not go to school to good old Doctor Anderson, "unless, sir, you start me in the Greek classics. Why, sir, I know Pope's Iliad by heart and I am as good a man for my age as ever Telemachus, my hero, was."

In Maryville the old people still tell of a prediction freely made by the older people of the boy Sam: "Sam Houston will either be a big Indian chief, governor of the state or die in a madhouse." He easily attained two of them. How near he came to the third these new facts of his tragedy may help to explain.

There followed several years of moods and meanness: Refusing to go to school; running away and staying with the Indians for nearly a year; refusing to return until his honor was impugned for debts left behind; returning and teaching a school to pay them—and to buy calico for his Cherokee sweethearts—a typical Telemachus.

There came a day when the soul of Telemachus found its own. A recruiting squad marched down the streets with fife and drum, led by the flag for which his father had died in service. Things were desperate with that flag that day, for we of today, seeing now both ways, know that the flag, which as Old Glory so proudly symbolizes this union of states, came nearer going into oblivion in the gloomy years of 1813–1814 than ever it did at Shiloh or Gettysburg. Detroit had been captured and with it all that is now Michigan went British; Chrystler's Farm, Frenchtown, burnt Buffalo—to what butcheries of defeat had tin-horn captains and senile brigadiers led brave men! And the River Raisin—here the hated foe, half savage, half redcoat, had not only beaten us but permitted the savages to massacre, after surrender, our brave Kentucky neighbors. And a year later, 1814, if Telemachus could only have seen ahead, his humiliation would have been greater still when they burned the Capitol at Washington and chased the President and his frightened army across the Potomac.

The Alamo, San Antonio, Texas

Governor Sam Houston, From a Painting by Gordon in the State Capitol, Austin, Texas. A Copy Was Presented to John Trotwood Moore for the New Memorial Building, Nashville, Tennessee, by Governor Pat Neff and the Young Men's Business Club of Waco

Our turn had come. The powerful Creek Indians had been aroused, and, given the deadly cue of disaster and defeat, had arisen in the South and massacred nearly 500 men, women and children at Fort Mims, near Mobile, and were even now on the warpath to Tennessee. Telemachus knew all this, for Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, was already in the field, leading 2500 Tennesseeans into the Creek country. If starvation, mutiny, desertion and savage foe had stopped Jackson at the Tennessee River, as by all precedents of war it should have stopped him, Oregon and the Louisiana Purchase would have been Canadian today.

The squad stopped. Some bright silver dollars were placed on the drum's head. The squad sergeant said, "Come up and join, boys; your country calls. Put a silver dollar in your pocket and you are enlisted." Telemachus stepped up and put a silver dollar in his pocket. He had enlisted.

But who ever heard of Telemachus beating second drum to any man's first? He took the drum and the lead. He marched through the little town, beating it as it had never been beaten before. At the Widow Houston's door his Spartan mother handed him his father's musket and said almost the same thing the Spartan mother said to her son 3000 years before: "Here, my son, take your father's gun and never disgrace it. Remember, I had rather all my sons fill one honorable grave than that one should turn his back to save his life."

There is a ludicrous record in the old books of the county court at Maryville, Tennessee, more properly known at that time as the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, that seems to prove that Telemachus, together with John B. Cusick, warlike son of Peleus, had beaten that drum before. "Ordered, that John B. Cusick be fined $10 and Sam Houston $5 . . . in that in an assembly of militia they disturbed the court by beating drums and by force prevented the sheriff and deputies from enforcing the orders of the court."

There is a delicious tradition in the town that in paying his fine he told the court that just at that particular time they might all go to hell, that he was going to war!

The Rise of Telemachus

THEY promoted him quickly. Telemachus not only could beat a drum but he could beat them all whipping rough men into fighting soldiers. From sergeant, he was soon ensign and lieutenant. His deeds there are known by every schoolboy. At the final battle of Tohopeka, where Jackson destroyed the Creek warriors and made possible the Treaty of Ghent, Telemachus, bravely fighting under the eye of Cæsar, was the second over the barricade of death. Colonel Montgomery, leading him, fell outside with a ball through his brain. Houston fell within, a barbed arrow through the thigh. He forced a soldier to pull it out, barb and all. It brought its pound of flesh. Jackson saw it and ordered him to the rear. A little later he seized a rifle and led the men into the Creek's pen of death. A bullet shattered his right arm at the shoulder, another went into his breast. This wound never healed. Like Jackson's, it hastened his death forty-seven years afterward.

He lived, miraculously, through three months of suffering, with no surgeon, while they carried him back through a wilderness of 500 miles on a raw oxhide stretched between two horses. When he reached his mother's cabin again the

(Continued on Page 111)

FUR BRIGADE

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XIII

THE first lap of the journey across the great desert flats south of Snake River had been accomplished at night so that hostile eyes might not observe him riding out onto that inhospitable expanse. Halfway between midnight and dawn he had made camp at a tiny spring in the bottom of a coulee. On the off chance that there might prove to be savages about at dawn, he had confined his horse to a wide stretch where feed was available in the coulee bottom. When the sun was two hours high Hunter waked, refreshed himself with a drink at the spring and ate sparingly of cold roast beaver saddle; sparingly, not because he was not hungry but for the reason that the meat, roasted during the night over a sagebrush fire concealed in the depths of the coulee, had absorbed the bitter taste of the fuel and was decidedly unpalatable.

"I'll be ravenous as a wolf before I've crossed these flats unless I can shoot a hare or an antelope en route," he mused aloud. He was debating the advisability of resuming his travel by day across these exposed plains and decided that he would. He peered over the banks of the coulee in every direction. There was sagebrush on one side, an expanse of open prairie on the other. He discovered that his horse, hobbled though it was, had managed to find a break in the cut-bank sides of the wash and had moved out onto the prairie. Beyond the animal there was the least wave of ground, a gentle prairie crest.

Hunter received a sudden shock. Five tiny sage plants grew upon that crest, and he was morally certain that the

little rise had supported not so much as a single bush—that it had been prairie when he had last looked that way. If that were true it could mean but one thing—savages who had crept up to ambush him when he would go out to retrieve his horse.

Silently he cursed the animal for having found means to climb out of the wash and expose itself in the open. He turned away to survey the sage-clad flat on the far side of the coulee. If there were savages on that side also they would be well concealed in the sage. There was not a stir in that direction. Again his eyes sought the prairie side. Two additional sage plants now grew there.

The horse faced in that direction, its ears pricked alertly forward. There was not a vestige of doubt that seven pairs of savage eyes peered through the plants that had sprouted in such miraculous fashion. If there were only seven he could fight it out. If they were but part of a larger party Hunter's one hope was to strike out down the coulee before the patient stalkers were aware that he suspected their presence, get a lead and trust to his wits and his feet.

It was clear that the savages had been working out his trail and had attempted to follow it in the night as it led out into the desert flats. In the early morning they had spotted his horse. Knowing that they could not ride up on him unobserved, they had left their own horses and had stalked him on foot. These actions precluded any possibility that the Indians behind the sage plants beyond his horse were members of any tribe friendly to the whites.

Hunter procured his pistol, powderhorn and bullet pouch from his saddle and attached them to his waisthand, then mounted to a bench just below the upper rim of the coulee. Peering cautiously, he lined his rifle upon one of the sage plants on the prairie, intending to place a ball between the eyes of the savage who without question was peering through it. Before his finger could press the trigger a terrific war whoop sounded in his rear. The sage literally swarmed with Blackfeet warriors that sprang suddenly from their places of concealment and advanced to the opposite rim of the coulee, some thirty yards in his rear. The seven savages on the prairie leaped from behind their sage plants and gathered round his horse. It would prove useless to put up a fight, and as it was the evident intention to take him alive, he might later argue them out of the notion of killing him. The savages were all shouting at once as the foremost of them dropped to the bed of the coulee. Suddenly a voice shouted in English:

"So Big Mandan declares war against the Blackfeet, my fine cockerel!"

If Hunter could have picked Leroux from among the swarm of painted savages across the coulee he would have shot him dead on the instant, but it was impossible. He could expect no mercy from Leroux's band of fiends. Far better that he should be killed on the spot than taken alive. He leaped suddenly to the open prairie and leveled his rifle upon the seven savages who were grouped round his horse. They scattered like flushed partridges. But his rifle was trained upon the horse and the animal went down in a floundering heap as his rifle crashed. No savage could now make use of Hunter's own mount to pursue him. The horse and the seven savages were off to the right, at an angle. At the instant of firing, Hunter bounded ahead and to the left, streaking across the prairie like a startled hare. The Blackfeet boiled across the coulee and started in pursuit, the seven on the prairie side angling to join the chase.

Behind Hunter sounded the amazed and angry cries of the Blackfeet. He had a start of fifty yards upon the foremost and maintained his lead for two hundred yards. No savage as yet had considered the possibility of his ultimate escape. From far behind sounded Leroux's voice, countermanding the original orders to take the Kentuckian alive and now exhorting the foremost Blackfeet to shoot down the fugitive. A few scattered musket shots were fired at Hunter, the balls singing past him. One plowed up the turf a dozen feet to one side. An arrow or two zipped past, one disagreeably close to his ear. Each of the foremost savages who halted to fire a musket or to launch an arrow lost some two or three seconds, and seconds were precious in this desperate race for life. By the time all the leading savages had made brief halts to fire their muskets or to loose an arrow or two, Hunter had increased his lead to eighty yards. There was no more shooting. The affair settled down to a grim contest of speed and endurance—one man against a hundred.

The sprinting fugitive surveyed the country ahead. It was flat and desolate as far as the eye could reach, some few small rolling hills in the middle distance. On the distant horizon a low line of blue that was deeper than the sky revealed a far-off range of mountains. Closer than that, apparently, there was no cover that would afford opportunity for concealment while he endeavored to throw his pursuers off the trail. His heart sank. There seemed not a chance for him to escape with such country ahead and with a hundred savages at his heels. Well, he would not be taken alive by Leroux's band of fiends. His pistol would be reserved for himself at the last moment.

His gasping lungs eased suddenly as he caught his second wind, and he leaped on with fresh determination.

"I don't have to outrun a hundred Injuns," he told himself. "I've only got to outrun one—the fleetest one among them. And Hunt Breckenridge can outrace any savage that ever breathed."

Over and over again he recited to himself this assurance as his legs drove him on and on across the plains. At the end of the second mile he still maintained a lead, but the gap between himself and the foremost of his pursuers had lessened almost imperceptibly, but nevertheless it was certain that some of the leading savages had reduced his lead by a few yards. Perhaps a dozen of them had forged ahead of the others and now ran nearly abreast in the lead. Minute after minute the great Marathon for life swept on.

Hunter had retained his empty rifle for a definite purpose. Savages had come to realize that the long Kentucky rifles of the whites were vastly superior, in both range and accuracy, to the smoothbore muskets that were traded to the Indians. All savages nourished the desire to possess one of these superior weapons.

Two Blackfeet drew ahead of all others until they ran some twenty yards in the lead of their fellows and had cut the distance between themselves and the fugitive down to sixty yards. Even the remaining ten or more leading Blackfeet could not gain a foot on these two mighty runners. Instead, foot by foot, the others lost ground.

Once he was satisfied that the two leading savages were by a wide margin the fleetest of all his pursuers, Hunter, as if by accident or from sheer weariness, dropped his empty rifle. A race for the weapon was the immediate result. The one who possessed himself of such a coveted prize would never relinquish it—of that Hunter was positive. The rifle weighed fourteen pounds. It lessened Hunter's own handicap by that much, while adding it to that of one of his two fleetest enemies.

In the struggle for the weapon the two Blackfeet lost some seconds and Hunter gained twenty yards. Then one wrested it from his companion and the pair of them darted on after Hunter.

The fugitive entered an extended flat well covered with sage, and for a considerable period of time could not so much as remove his eyes from the immediate foreground. It was imperative that he should keep eyes to the front and pick his going. To stumble over a sagebrush now and wrench a knee, to step into a depression and sprain ankle joint or tendon to the slightest degree, would be fatal. The sage seemed interminable. The soft powdery soil, composed of floury volcanic ash, rose to stifle him and to irritate lungs and nostrils. His lips were dry and parched.

At last he gained the open prairie and leaped ahead with the speed of a fleeing wolf. Glancing back, it was to find that the savage who had retrieved the rifle had fallen some ten or fifteen yards behind his unburdened companion. The latter, however, had held grimly on. Hunter had not widened the distance between them by a foot.

The expanse of prairie, sloping gently, was some two miles across. Whenever the fugitive faltered in his stride or seemed to weaken, the fiendish whoops of a hundred pursuers rang in his ears and infused his muscles with fresh strength.

Grimly, relentlessly, the foremost savage, a great runner, pressed ahead. Strive as he would, the Kentuckian could not widen the gap between them by so much as a foot. Instead, almost imperceptibly, the distance narrowed. The Blackfoot runner threw every ounce of energy into a great burst of speed. A swift glance revealed to Hunter that the savage was but little more than forty yards behind him. On he sped for half a mile and glanced again. The distance was but thirty yards. A savage whoop of triumph galvanized Hunter to fresh efforts, and he held on without so much as a backward glance, trusting that his pursuer would be first to weaken.

"I Don't Have to Outrun a Hundred Injuns," He Told Himself. "I've Only Got to Outrun One—the Fleetest One Among Them"

The Shoshones, Hunting on the Plank of the Mountains, Had Observed the Chase From Afar

Suddenly a tomahawk whizzed past his ear and bounced crazily on the prairie sod before him. The pursuing savage, a bare fifteen yards behind, stooped and retrieved the weapon as he ran, losing a bare two yards in the operation. He would not miss often. Savages were experts at throwing the war hatchet. Hunter experienced the curious sensation that his spine was a sentient intelligence waiting fearfully for the blow that would soon descend upon it. Apparently the end could be deferred but a matter of minutes.

The Kentuckian's hand sought the butt of his pistol. He would not be taken alive by Wolf-strike's fiends. Better a ball through his brain at once than prolonged agony for days. Many a man had so decided in the past, as would many a brave adventurer of the future. As he drew the pistol a backward glance revealed the fact that the savage who carried Hunter's rifle, although maintaining a lead upon the others, had fallen sixty yards or more behind the runner who pressed so closely upon Hunter's heels. Observing this, instead of turning the pistol upon himself, Hunter slowed and turned, leveled it at his pursuer and shot the savage through the chest.

Cries of vindictive fury rose from the savages behind as the quarry turned and resumed his flight. After all, in the end his knife would serve his purpose. By inserting its point between his ribs and falling forward upon the haft the same end would be accomplished, and it was a satisfaction to know that the pistol had accounted for the fleetest of his pursuers. He held on and on. The rolling hills that had seemed so far away became an immediate reality. He found himself laboring up grades and dashing down opposite slopes. All track of time and distance was lost and his legs seemed to move automatically. His mouth was dry as dust, lips cracked and tongue dry as a file. The mountains ahead had now taken on definite outline, ragged dark blue effects against the lighter blue of the sky. His legs seemed about to fail him and he realized suddenly that his stride was wabbling. This nerved him to further effort and he steadied his pace.

"I don't have to outrun a hundred Injuns," he told himself again and again. "It's only a foot race between me and the fastest miscreant in the lot. If I can beat that one I can beat them all."

His next backward glance revealed the fact that the leading savage, apparently having decided that he could recover the highly prized weapon from whoever might acquire it, had discarded Hunter's heavy rifle. Freed of its weight, he was gaining. The distance between them was but fifty yards. This knowledge galvanized Hunter's flagging legs to further effort, but the spurt was of brief duration. The distance had been cut down to thirty yards when next he glanced back. In glancing, he stumbled, fell to his knees and recovered his feet with an effort. With a savage whoop, the Blackfoot spurted for him.

A war hatchet whizzed within a foot of Hunter's ear and struck the earth a dozen paces in advance and somewhat to the right. Instantly Hunter veered to the left to miss the weapon by thirty feet. To recover it the savage must describe an angle and lose ground. Instead he leaped after the fugitive without turning from his course. The gap narrowed to five yards. Hunter's stride faltered and he seemed to lurch from exhaustion. Then, swift as a cat, he whirled and leaped at the on-coming savage, his knife arm describing an arc. A second later he was running again on his former course. The savage had been taken so completely by surprise that the knife had found its mark before he could halt his forward leap and defend himself. Hunter had not even tarried to determine the result of his knife thrust. The point had found flesh, which for the moment was sufficient knowledge. Any sort of bad gash such as his vicious thrust must have opened would let sufficient blood to put the savage out of the race eventually.

Cries of rage greeted this exploit. A glance to the rear apprised him of the fact that his lunge had been even more effective than he had hoped. His recent Nemesis was sprawled in a groping posture on the prairie. Already the foremost runners, the nearest now a hundred yards behind, were passing the stricken one.

This sight sent a thrill of fresh hope and strength coursing through Hunter's burning veins. His lead was now greater than at any time since the start.

"I've beat 'em," he kept assuring himself by way of encouragement. "There's only turtles left for the hare to outrun."

The turtles, however, clung persistently to his rear. A cluster of half a dozen, with scarcely twice that many yards between them, held their distance at a hundred yards; but some way, having accounted for the two fleetest, he did not feel quite so desperately pressed. He ran mechanically, apparently without conscious volition. Emerging from the rolling hills, he sped out across another seemingly interminable flat, bounding like a hunted rabbit ahead of the hounds. A glance to the rear revealed savages pouring out of the hills in pursuit. Behind that foremost group at least a score still hung grimly on, scattered out for a mile. That flat seemed endless. It stretched on and on before him. At times it had seemed that he had run a distance sufficient to have left behind all pursuers. Then a backward glance proved that they still clung implacably to the trail.

The mountains, at first vague shadows, were now clear and distinct, their ragged crests sharply outlined against the sky. After an interminable interval he lifted his eyes to them again. He could make out the black patches that marked timbered expanses on their slopes, the deep creases of the valleys. Another rearward glance told him that things had not been changed. So far as gaining any advantage, the runners might as well have remained stationary. The positions of hunters and hunted were precisely the same.

Hunter had lost all track of time. His entire energies were centered in maintaining that ceaseless drive of his legs. Presently he observed that the sun was low. It had but two hours yet to shine. If he could hold out until nightfall he could lose his foes in the mountain ranges just ahead. Their every detail was now sharp and distinct. He estimated the distance to the first roll of the foothills as six miles.

Presently he found himself laboring up a brush-clad slope. A shallow valley spread before him and he crossed

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A SAGA OF THE SEA

The Serene Republic

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IT WAS the evening of the feast of the Sensa—the Ascension—the anniversary that Venice celebrated above all others. Incessant since the dawn of that early summer day of the year 1420 had been the din of bells from every campanile. At noon the golden-robed, golden-capped Doge had duly embarked, in a pageant of medieval splendor, upon the huge and resplendently gilt Bucintoro; followed by a vociferous swarm of gayly decked craft, had been rowed across the lagoon; a little way out beyond the Porto di Lido had flung into the Adriatic the consecrated ring; had pronounced the solemn ancient formula: "*Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuique dominii!*" Once more, as every year since A.D. 998, Venice had wedded the sea, which was the source of her magnificence.

Now, the *cittadini* and the populace made merry in the great fair which for seven days would crowd the Piazza di San Marco, and the sunset-reddened flood between the banner-adorned vividly frescoed Gothic palaces of the Grand Canal was disturbed by the active oars of innumerable gondolas—not yet compelled to a uniform somber black, and with no steel *ferro* at the prow—conveying, in song and the music of guitars, patrician guests to the feasts beginning in almost every one of those *palazzi* as in the multitudinous others hidden in this city of labyrinthine waterways.

Those happy voices, those joyous tunes, came with an incongruous irony to the ear of Giovanni Surian as he knelt, his heart gripped with grief, in the large and richly furnished room where his father lay dying. His ascetic-looking, thin-lipped old face strangely shrunken, his shrewd dark eyes oddly bright, Antonio Surian lay in the great four-poster bed curtained with precious Oriental hangings and murmured the last of the Latin prayers awesomely dictated by the black-cowled priest who had shriven him. Tommasina, his wife, on her knees by the bedside, wept convulsively as she did her best to accompany him in those poignant orisons of terrestrial farewell.

Angelo, the younger son, garbed in the fantastically gorgeous costume of the Compagnia della Calza—he had been hurriedly summoned from the festal barge of that often scandalously famous association of young nobles which for a score of years had amused and startled Venice with its revels and its dissipations—his lower limbs conspicuous in long tight-fitting hose, one leg scarlet and the other vivid yellow, additionally adorned with the jewel-embroidered emblem of the peacock, his mop of flaming red hair uncovered, knelt beside Giovanni, hid his face in his hands and sobbed as though his heart would break. Behind them knelt and prayed the white-bearded old Michele, Antonio Surian's head factor and confidential servant in the vast commercial business he, like still the majority of the patricians, carried on in an inheritance from father to son.

The old noble had made his peace with God. He looked round to Giovanni. "Zuan!" he said in that voice which had altered so strangely since yesterday.

The young man rose and approached the bed.

"Angelo"—His Voice Was Strangled in His Throat—"On Thy Knees! I Give Thee Time to Say a Paternoster!"

"*Padre mio.*" He could scarcely speak.

The old man contemplated him, affection in the fever-bright eyes.

"Zuan, ever hast thou been a good son, and happy am I that Domineddio of His mercy permitted that I myself should conduct thee to thy seat in the Maggior Consiglio. Once only in thirty years, being in Venice, have I failed of attendance, and for that fault have I made amends in my testament." He paused in the weakness of his breath, glanced at his younger son. "I had hoped to see Angelo attain his twenty-five years and myself conduct him thither also, teaching him diligence and the gravity which becomes our order, for frivolous and hot-headed is he, and often in these last years has he given me grief."

His wife raised her head in agonized protest. For all his extravagant dissipations, Angelo was her spoiled darling.

"Antonio, say not such things—not now that thou art at peace with men and God!"

Angelo sobbed in an accentuated paroxysm of remorse, uttered a strangled cry for forgiveness.

The dying man continued:

"Now must thou, Zuan, thyself sponsor him in my stead. And these two charges I lay upon thee: *Primo*, that ever thou shalt remember that to our noble order God has commended the care of the Republic, that ever thy duty to Venice shall stand first with thee above fear or favor or affection, that never"—he gasped a little—"shalt thou forget thy oath of—fidelity and—secrecy." He gathered his ebbing strength again with an evident effort. "And that, after the Republic, thou shalt ever cherish—thy brother even above thyself—protecting him—guiding weakness ——" His eyes closed, he became incoherent, inaudible; lay silent for a moment or two. Then he opened his eyes again. "Swear, Zuan."

Zuan glanced at that young scapegrace brother whom passionately he loved and whose follies he had many times shielded. With all his heart he could take that oath.

"I swear it!" He made the sign of the Cross in solemnification of the vow.

Angelo sprang forward, seized his brother's hand.

"Father, father!" he cried. "Ever will I obey Zuan, even as I should have obeyed thee!"

The dying man followed his own thoughts.

"Zuan!" he said feebly "Go thy voyage, even as was arranged—and take Angelo—with thee—fitting is it—he should learn affairs."

He made a gesture which summoned them both close. Hand in hand they knelt by the bedside while he murmured his blessing upon them. Then again his eyes closed. There was a silence, broken only by the muttered prayers of the priest, the songs and laughter intruding from the Grand Canal.

His wife tiptoed to the Gothic window, began to draw the heavy curtains across it. At the slight sound he opened his eyes again.

"No," he whispered. "No. Let me still see the water."

The curtains were pulled back again. He lay staring at the painted rafters of the roof, played over by the reflections from the sunset-scintillating canal below. The stare became fixed.

"Venezia," he murmured. "Venezia! The Genoese are beaten—at Chioggia—my father was there—killed. I saw them bring his body—into the house. They were shouting with joy—outside —— My mother wept—bade me die—like him." Again his voice faded into inaudibility. He stared at those fluctuating reflections on the roof. "Sunshine on the water—my gondola. Beppo, my gondola. I go to the council. Never absent—yes, once. *Pax tibi, Marco.* Elected? I elected? All my life—hoped ——" They watched him, breath held in suspense. He was dreaming, seeing visions, with wide-open eyes. He sketched a feeble gesture, spoke with a last gasping effort. "Where is the ring? '*Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuique dominii.*' Venezia—Venezia ——" He quivered, lay still, became rigid, his eyes yet staring sightlessly at that last vision where his unconfessed life's desire had become real to him. On the canal passed a barge of happy revelers, making music with lutes, and women's voices joining with those of their lovers:

"*Vustu che mi te insegna a navegar?*
Vate a far una barca o una batela;
Co ti l'a fata, butila in mar;
La te condurrá in Venezia bela!"

They repeated the last line in joyous chorus, singing in their soft dialect the praise of this Venice that every Venetian, noble or politically rightless commoner, so passionately loved.

The great trading fleet, congregated between the Ducal Palace and the island of San Giorgio Maggiore, awaited only the signal to weigh anchor. On the sloping deck of the large galley whereon he had taken passage, Zuan stood with Angelo at his side, contemplating the splendid spectacle whereof their vessel formed part. Their long low hulls richly painted in purple and blue and scarlet, their many rowers—not slaves, but well-paid mariners—shouting merrily as they made ready their oars, their immense lateen sails still furled upon the long diagonal yards of their two masts, every one of those ships was precisely similar to its consorts. Each built and owned by the state and merely hired to the merchant who freighted it, the laws decreed that only those of an identical type should voyage together—galleys with galleys, galleasses with galleasses, slow tubbily round-built *buzi* with other *buzi*—so that the patrician admiral appointed by the Republic had ever a homogeneous force under his command for the hazards of weather and of pirates.

Sailing in one great company as far as Crete, this, the Eastern fleet, would there break into four fractions. One squadron would take its cargoes of cloth of gold, of damasks, silks and glassware for the markets of a Constantinople not yet Turk, therefrom continuing into the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov for return freights of furs and pitch and hemp. A second would branch north to the ports of Greece. A third would make course for Smyrna and thence coast along to Alexandretta, Tripoli and Beirut, tapping the great Asian caravan routes that brought from India and the East the spices and drugs, the carpets and precious stuffs, the jewels and goldsmiths' work, which Venice would distribute all over Europe by the German traders who came overland with their bales of cloth to exchange in the Rialto for these commodities. The fourth would go straight to the immensely important port of Alexandria, where the caravan route from Suez terminated and the corn of Egypt awaited them. A similar Western fleet had already sailed some days previously, would split from Sicily into two great divisions; one to coast along North Africa until it reached the ports of Spain; the other, the famous line of the Flanders galleys, making directly for the Straits of Gibraltar and thence northward to Southampton and London and onward to Bruges.

Her great and ancient rival, Genoa, annihilated as a competitor forty years back in the war of Chioggia, which, fought at the very entrance to the lagoons, had been a grapple of life or death for Venice, the proud Bride of the Sea was now at the very height of her power, if not yet of her luxurious magnificence. She was the commercial center of the known world, controlling especially that overland trade route to India which from an immemorial antiquity had meant opulence to its possessor. In her arsenal she had sixteen thousand dock hands. On the sea she had thirty-three hundred ships, manned by thirty-six thousand mariners. On the mainland her new frontiers were at the Adige, the Alps and the Tagliamento; she owned Crete and the key islands of the Ægean. Her annual turnover was twenty million gold ducats on which she made a profit of 20 per cent. Her merchants went to Greenland and to China. There was no discovered country which did not pay her tribute.

Proudly and possessively conscious of that splendor was Zuan as he stood on the crowded deck of that outbound galley. As was the rule on such occasions, it was a public holiday. Around them on the lagoon swarmed hundreds of gondolas, filled with men and women in festal attire. Between the white Gothic arches of the long loggia of the Ducal Palace—its diapered red brick freshly vivid after barely eighty years of existence—monstrously headdressed patrician ladies, accompanied by their not less sumptuously costumed lords, were massed like a bank of gorgeously hued flowers. A dense throng of humbler spectators was packed upon the Molo in front of the twin-columned Piazzetta. The red, colossally towering Campanile, its gilded pyramidal roof gleaming in the sun as a landmark to incoming ships, had put out flags from its lofty belfry, and even the peccant priest, for his crimes suspended in a cage halfway to that dizzy height, waved a tiny hand to them between his bars. Sparkling in brilliant sunshine, the broad mouth of the Grand Canal opened its incomparable vista of banner-hung Gothic palaces rising sheer from the flood that had gnawed the great top-heavy mooring posts. Uniquely beautiful was this city which seemed to have been called by magic from the sea.

To Zuan, of a family that had been patrician since the first settlement on tide-washed mud flats, it was intimately, thrillingly, sacredly, a part of himself. Interwoven with his whole life would be the maintenance of its glory. For if, more than a century back, the merchant nobles had become a closed caste, with a rigid monopoly of political rights, the *cittadini* and the populace mere accessory elements of commercial prosperity, in exchange their entire existence was bound to the service of this oligarchic Republic which jealously permitted no individual to rise in popularity or in power above the corporate anonymity of the state itself. Even if later he should be elected to none of the higher posts—to the Council of Pregadi, the Collegio, the dread Council of Ten—surely would he be named for one and another of the innumerable magistracies, for one of the many far-voyaging diplomatic missions it would not be permissible to decline; and while in Venice would be continually occupied with the incessant elections in the Maggior Consiglio, which filled every office in the great governmental and administrative machine functioning in shrewd and benevolent autocracy.

If finally he were chosen himself to be Doge, he would become a splendid prisoner, unable to correspond even with his wife without the reading of his letters by two counselors; and at his death the Council of Ten would meticulously review his actions and, if fault were to be found, mulct his heirs in a heavy fine. Unthinkable to him was it that it should be otherwise. As a patrician his life belonged to Venice, even as Venice belonged essentially to him and his order. It was a mutual possession, a fused identity. Not necessary to his young and ardent patriotism

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Reduced Now by Those Which Had Diverged and Those Left in Various Harbors to Less Than Half a Score of Galleys, Their Great Gorgeously Hued Lateen Sails Spread Like Wings to Catch the Favoring Breeze, They Sped Over the Azure Sun-Diamonded Waves of the Syrian Sea

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy; $2.00 the Year—52 Issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador) Ten Cents the Copy; $3.00 the Year—52 issues—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 19, 1928

Destructive Progress

THE transformation of urban and rural areas alike to meet the needs of a machine civilization has much that is beneficial. Modern plumbing, well-lighted rooms, the use of materials which are easy to clean—these are but a few of the advantages which humankind will gain from rebuilt cities, towns and villages. Yet there is danger of the destruction of other primary values when historical landmarks and artistic heritages are razed before the energy of the house wrecker and blotted out by straightened highways, skyscrapers, apartment houses and garages. Economic forces are very powerful and it is the American idea that they have for the most part worked well, but life does not consist entirely of new combinations of lumber, crushed rock and cement.

The purpose of Ramsay Macdonald in revisiting this country not long ago, after thirty years, was to retrace his steps and visit old landmarks. It is said, however, that his efforts were largely in vain, so thoroughly had his former haunts been fitted into the prevailing pattern of concrete highways, signboards, hot-dog stands and garages. It may be profitable to some individual, or even groups of individuals, to tear down an architectural triumph of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, beautiful in design and form, and rich in historical memories, to make place for a twenty-five-cent parking space or an ugly apartment house, but it is a very bad investment for city, state and nation.

Tearing down historic monuments and comely architectural examples of early days not only reduces the available supply of beauty but it cuts life to a dead monotony; it removes natural interest, variety and stimulus.

Life is a tasteless affair without perspective. Living architects can erect magnificent and monumental new government office buildings in Washington, but when every old dwelling in the vicinity of the White House has disappeared the capital of the nation will have taken on an element of actual poverty which all the billions of our boasted wealth can never wipe out.

Yet the problem is a practical one; if historic and architectural landmarks are to be saved, someone must save them. As one authority says: "It is seldom that oral pleading and influential pressure has succeeded in checking destruction where anticipated financial return by rebuilding is a factor." No end of good work has been done by patriotic, scenic and historic preservation societies. Now the American Institute of Architects is aiding in the same movement. Money is needed to assist St. Johns College, one of the oldest in the country, in buying up historic dwellings in Annapolis. The capital of Maryland and seat of the Naval Academy has retained its wealth of pre-Revolutionary dwellings and some of the charm of the Colonial village. But numbers of even these old structures are now threatened.

The chairman of the architects' committee on preservation of historic monuments and natural resources suggests a large fund—say, $5,000,000—to be used for general preservation purposes. He feels that if a score or so of societies joined in making an appeal to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the philanthropist might consider such a matter favorably. He might. He has considered no end of worthy causes favorably. But we think the country has come to a pretty pass if no good work can be done without asking Mr. Rockefeller for money.

Preservation of historic structures is a practical question of finance, and we have nothing but well wishes for the Institute of Architects or any other organization which sees fit to agitate the raising of funds for such a purpose. But there is another point to be considered. In Europe such buildings would be considered national assets and would be saved without frantic last-minute appeals to a few overburdened rich men.

The real question is whether public opinion is at all concerned over national assets and national values. It is probably better that Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Ford should do the preserving than that it should not be done at all. But if one chose to be a little cynical one might say that the people hardly deserve to have these things done for them by a few conscientious billionaires. For if the people were interested, or if their representatives were given to forethought and long-term planning, the desired objects would be achieved quickly enough.

The Heel of Achilles

IN A MONTH or so from now the platforms of the country will resound with thousands of commencement orations. These expressions of noble ideals invariably accompany the diploma season at the many universities, colleges and high schools which dot the land. Much will be said of public service, and scores of thousands of our best youth will be stimulated and inspired to make their lives count. Commencement is a splendid institution, whether in the historic and mellow atmosphere of the great, ancient seats of Colonial university culture, or in the equally earnest ceremonies of a union high school in a small Western town.

Out of four hundred Harvard seniors of a few years ago only two expressed a preference for politics. One hundred and twenty-two intended eventually to take up business life. Sixteen indicated manufacturing, which did not happen to be classified under the same head, and many others marked such occupations as banking, insurance, accounting, public-utilities management, advertising, exporting and merchant marine, all of which are business. Then, too, of the one hundred and three who preferred the law and forty who chose engineering, many will no doubt find their way in time into business positions.

Thus educated youth is flocking into industry and commerce, and the more technical pursuits, like law and engineering, which cater thereto. Our greatness in the world of material affairs is partly due to this very fact. Yet the future looks dark unless government and the pursuit we call politics begin to make a real appeal to on-coming generations. The commencement speeches are without effect; despite all the high-flown references to public service, graduating youth, with but insignificant exceptions, regards politics as almost the resort of bums.

The situation is perhaps a little less serious than it appears. Many of the lawyers and engineers, men of excellent training and superior talents, eventually enter government work. It may be argued also that business is gradually creating governments of its own, slowly superseding the purely political direction of affairs. But this is a far cry, and a theoretical one. Over all, there still exists political government. It absorbs a great fraction of the national income, it performs essential and varied functions, and it influences all other activities.

The schools and colleges are hardly to blame. They teach civics, history and government. The whole national emphasis has been elsewhere—upon the industrial and commercial. Thus we have built a nation with power without parallel. But the development will grow dangerously lopsided unless public life as a career can be made to strike the youthful imagination. The weakness of one side of our peculiar civilization may undo its boasted strength.

This is no case for railing at politicians. In years gone by, when criticism of Congress was rife Uncle Joe Cannon was accustomed to inquire why the critics did not go out and get themselves elected. Every senator and representative is in the Senate or House because he was victorious in a contest. He stands for at least one admirable quality, even if it is only the ability to shake hands acceptably. Indeed, if we consider the singular apathy which the flower of youth shows toward politics, it is most remarkable that such good men manage to reach high public office.

Nor must it be supposed that the full genius of the nation will be given to the complicated and onerous tasks of government merely by injecting retired business men of wealth into public affairs in the latter years of their life. The business man in politics is often a sad spectacle. The real need is plain enough; it is for men to give their entire lives and careers to government. It is for men of the same initial constructive and creative gifts as those who have made the great transportation, utility, manufacturing and mercantile corporations. We shall have the heel of Achilles as a nation until the best in the land are as eager in youth to solve the problems of government as they are to increase sales and reduce business costs.

The Great Banks

PERHAPS it is wholesome in this period of our rapid financial growth to be reminded that other English-speaking nations possess banking institutions as large as or larger than those of which we boast. The newspapers are so filled with accounts of purchases and amalgamations, and the size of our major banks is so fully dwelt upon that the importance and magnitude of similar concerns in other parts of the English-speaking world are but scantily realized. A recent compilation by the California Bank of Los Angeles of one hundred and fifty of the largest American, British, colonial and dominion banks is striking evidence of the banking power of these countries.

Ninety American banks have somewhat more than nineteen billion dollars on deposit, whereas only sixty banks in the British Commonwealth of Nations have more than eighteen and a half billions. The five largest banks are all located in London. Of the five which come next, one is the Royal Bank of Canada and another is the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. In other words, if this semigovernment institution be left out, we have only three in the first ten.

Eleventh in rank is the Bank of Montreal, and twelfth is the Bank of England. Twentieth is the Commonwealth Bank of Australia, and two other Australian banks are found in the first eighty. A Liverpool bank ranks twenty-sixth and one in Manchester is thirty-fourth. The colonies and dominions are not the rather weak lands which the more ignorant American sometimes carelessly supposes. Though it is true that London and New York dominate the list, the fact that the ninth, eleventh and nineteenth banks are in Montreal and Toronto, the thirteenth in San Francisco and the sixteenth and twenty-first in Chicago shows that other centers are great reservoirs of funds.

Of course it will be objected that England, Canada and Australia show up remarkably well because of the prevalence of branch banking in those countries. There are in the English-speaking world approximately twenty-nine thousand smaller banks, the great majority of which are in the United States. Nor is their rôle in the financial scheme of things a minor one. Nevertheless we must admit that in banking there is powerful and worthy competition in other lands which speak the same tongue as ours.

THE GREAT FAT FIGHT

Some Advance Chapters From the Memoirs of George Barr Baker

Committee Which Superintended the Feeding of All Europe. Left to Right: Herbert Hoover, Director General of Relief; His Assistant, Lewis L. Strauss; Count Zucchini, Italy; Sir William Goode, Great Britain; Jules Max, France; Major Boykin Wright, Col. James A. Logan, Jr., U. S. A.; J. M. Gorvin, Great Britain; Col. A. B. Barber, Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor, and E. J. Sherman, U. S. A.

IN LATE December, 1918, as was told in the previous article, France was fighting against relaxation of the food blockade. Hoover, in Paris, continued to labor for a reinstatement in full amount of the reduced British orders. He was also demanding the removal of the food blockade on Germany. By Christmas week it looked as if he had them coming. On December twenty-second he was able to cable Washington:

"British order for January will probably be increased by 16,000 tons. France is inclined to take 20,000 pounds more pork."

He had definite assurances behind that wire, and I know he had them. Yet two days later, as we have seen, after a meeting called by the Allied Meats and Fats Executive in London, word came to us that it would be inexpedient for any of the Allies to place any further orders for pork products at the time, and that not only Great Britain but also France and Italy hereby canceled their entire January orders, amounting in all to 396,800,000 pounds.

On December thirty-first also, as has been told, the Allied Blockade Council, at the behest of Marshal Foch and others, abruptly and completely reversed its decision of nine days before, sending word to Hoover that the blockade must, Armistice agreement or not, be maintained intact.

A Crash Impending

IT LOOKED as if we were wiped out. Those ships were on the sea and there seemed no earthly way of disposing, in all Europe, of even a small part of their cargoes. More ships must be loaded at once. To the rest of us there at the Food Administration offices, at least, it seemed as if there were no longer any hope of maintaining the American price and keeping that stream of supplies moving. Every opening was closed; the Allies repudiated their obligations; they would not allow the food blockade on Germany to come down; they even insisted on continuing the blockade of neutrals—every market was closed to the American farmer.

Hoover, however, held fast to just one fact: All that food would be so badly needed in Europe before the next harvest that, reprisals or not, intrigue or not, Europe would have to take it. He knew, too, that the moment the stream of supplies stopped, the crash would come at home. Our own plans, our orders for American farm products, had to stand; they could not be countermanded.

For, if these orders were called off, the shipments halted, this, we knew, would precipitate in the producing sections of America a panic which would ruin, almost overnight, the farmers of the country, the farm banks, the packing houses, large and small.

To meet war needs and the constant cry of the Allies for food and still more food, our farmers had added to their acreage, their breeding stocks, their machinery. They had borrowed money and still more money from the banks. In order that no cry of monopoly should arise, small independent packers had been encouraged to enlarge their plants, which again meant borrowed money.

The Bridge

EVEN the big packers had borrowed heavily and were deeply involved. And now, with the markets of Europe seemingly closed to us, farmers, packers and bankers all in ignorance of the Allies' repudiated contracts—were carrying on and were dependent upon Hoover. That steady flow of foodstuffs from the Middle West reached out like a great fan to the seaports, there to be swallowed up by ships that seemed almost a bridge from the United States to Western Europe. There in our new Food Administration offices in Paris—we had outgrown the offices at the Crillon and moved to larger quarters—we closed our lips over our secret and toiled day and night, haunted always by that picture Trainloads of American products from American farms sliding into great packing-house centers back home, sliding out loaded with finished products bound for the seaboard and that continuing bridge of ships—and the fats were perishable, they must be moved; they must be eaten or they would spoil.

So, in my memory, is recalled the first month of the first year of peace, so called, after the Great War; with Hoover every morning shouldering his way through incredible labors, incredible difficulties, looking—as J. M. Keynes has said in his book, The Economic Consequences of the Peace—"like a weary Titan." However certain at times seemed defeat, he never completely despaired, never stopped fighting. This is the record of the fight he made.

On January 1, 1919, the day after news of the cancellation of all Allied pork orders for January, Hoover got

Secretary Hoover Distributing Food and Clothing for Europe

Continued on Page 80

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Educational Note

REEL and tabloid oft remind us
We can make our crooks sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Progeny well trained for crime.
—C. R. S.

At Dancing Class

"OH, DEAR Mrs. Conway, how are you? Isn't it nice that our seats are next each other tonight? . . . Oh, yes, I always come to dancing class. I get quite a thrill out of my popular daughter, you know. Now do tell me all about yourself and all your family. . . . Which one is your child, dear? . . . Oh, yes, the fat girl in red, alone there, sitting out?

"The class is just spoiled, isn't it, by lack of boys, and the pretty girls always nab them. That's my child there, in the deep watermelon-pink taffeta, just being cut in on again. I usually dress her in pink—so sweet; red is much too obvious, I always say. . . .

"A friend at dancing class last week said to me, 'You know, your Joan always reminds me of a flower—a lovely pink rose,' and another woman said 'Isn't she beautiful—just a little pink pearl.' My dear, she's so lovely and so utterly unspoiled and unconscious of it, and terribly popular—the boys simply dash for her—and, my dear, even the older men adore her. Why, Stanley Boyken, even, said to me at the opera, 'She's such a precious.' . . . Oh, must you move your seat? I'm so sorry. Well, anyway, it's so nice to have had this little chat with you all about your child, though I never did even get to ask you her name."
—Rena Shore Duncan.

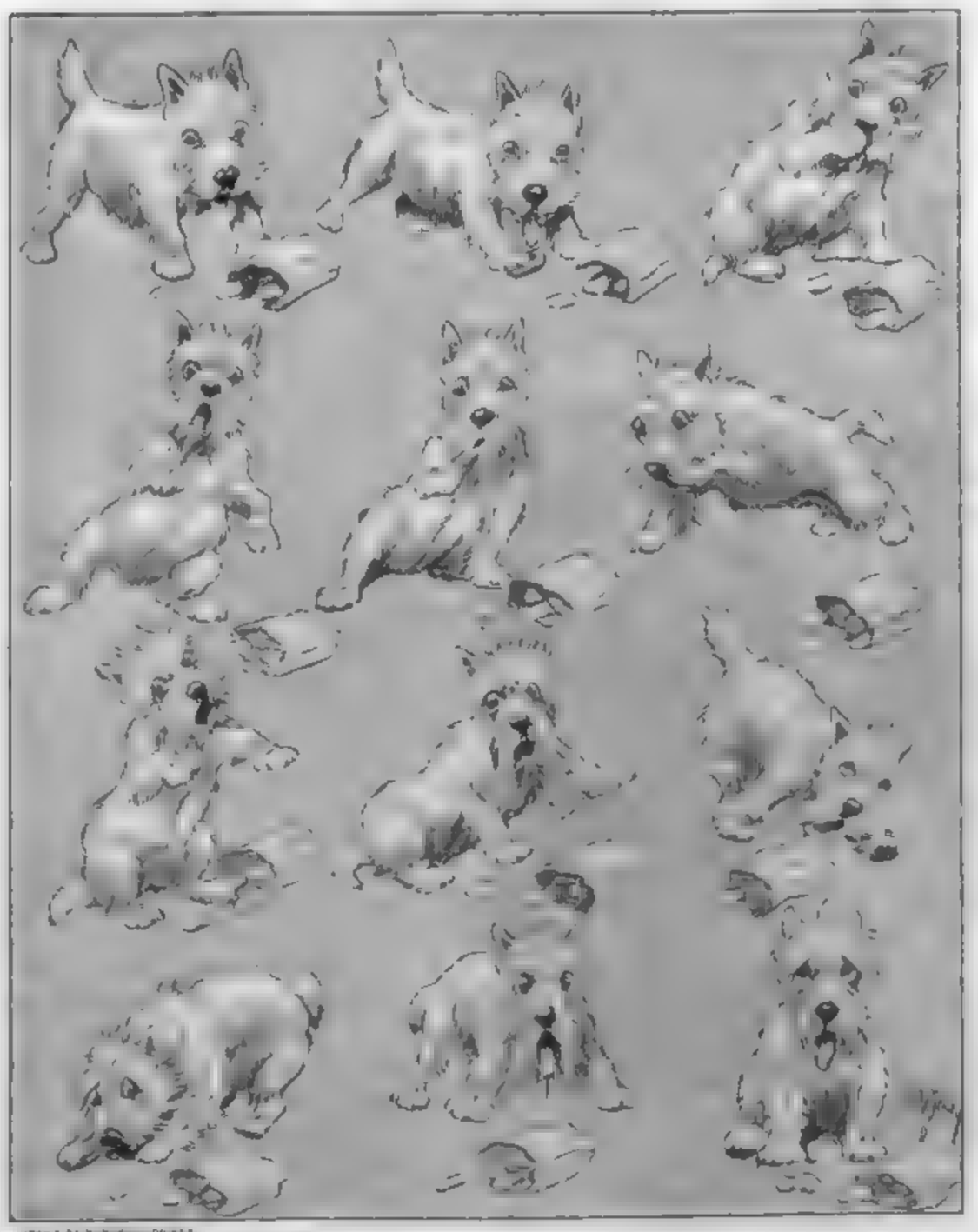
"Did You Vote?" "No; I Drove by the Polls on the Way Out, and There Was a Line Half a Block Long, So I Didn't Wait"

A Crisis Postponed

"I HAD good news today from the dean of my son's college," remarked G. Dewey Martin, real-estate man and roofing counselor. "He said John had flunked three of his four courses and would not be graduated this year. That certainly took a load off my mind. My wife and I have been awfully worried, thinking John was going to be through with school this year. Now that we know he has failed and will have to go back another year, we can be easy in our minds again.

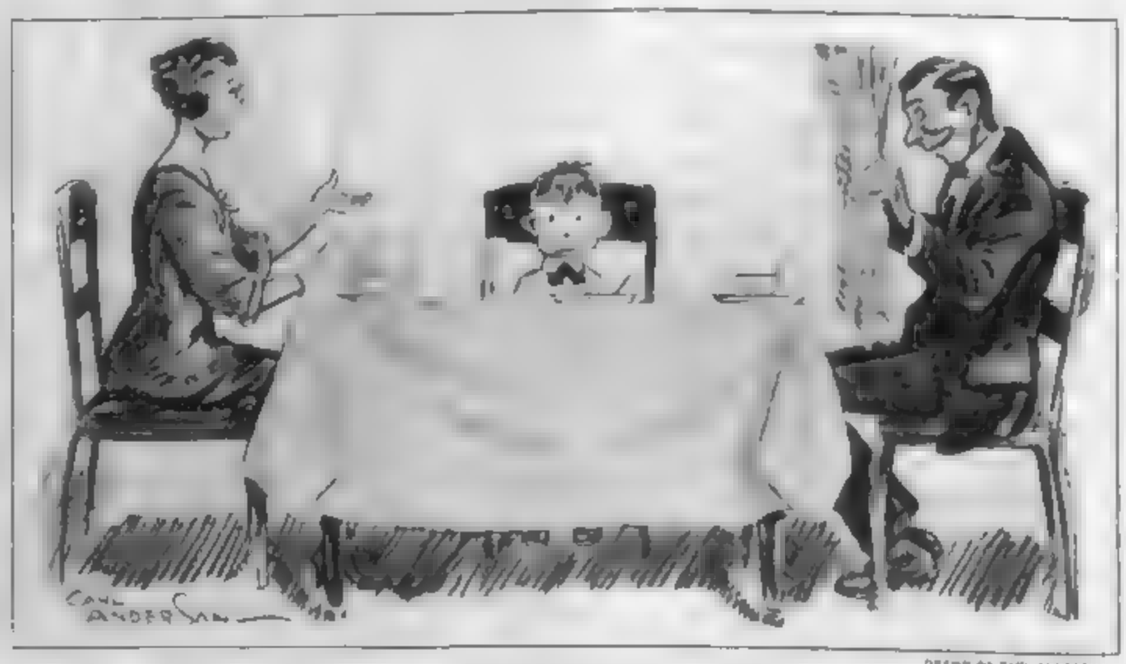
"It would be pretty hard for a couple of middle-aged people like us to have a young man like John on our hands. He phoned us once in 1925, but, aside from that, we haven't heard

(Continued on Page 161)



One of Life's Minor Tragedies: The Pup and the Molasses Candy

And Her Name Was Grace!



Mamma: "Don't be Too Severe With Waldo, James; But it is My Duty to Tell You That He Fights Boys Much Older Than Himself and Makes Them Run Home Crying to Their Mothers, Who Complain to Me"

America's most popular beans now better than ever—Campbell's!

Best known . . . Best liked . . . Most bought . . .

That is the enviable record of Campbell's Beans.

Now these great national favorites have been perfected to an even finer excellence—an even more tempting deliciousness, that is sweeping them to new high records in popularity.

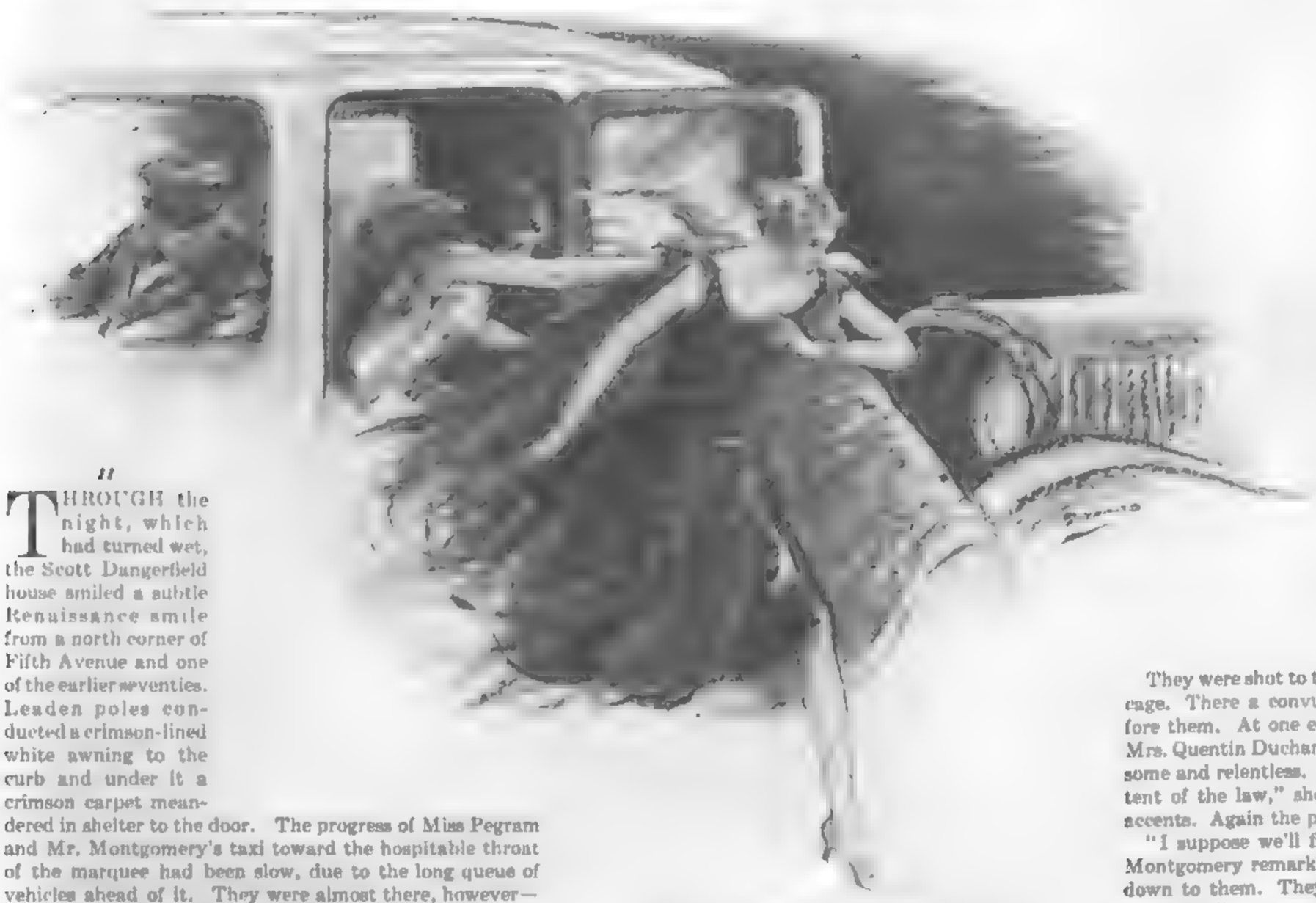
All the long-famous Campbell's qualities are retained—slow-cooking, wonderful flavor, irresistible tomato sauce. But now better than ever. The beans are golden brown. They are whole, yet deliciously mellow and tender. Every forkful is a revelation!

Slow-cooked Golden Brown

SILVER BLONDE

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD



The Door Opened and Helen Fell Out

II

THROUGH the night, which had turned wet, the Scott Dangerfield house smiled a subtle Renaissance smile from a north corner of Fifth Avenue and one of the earlier seventies. Leaden poles conducted a crimson-lined white awning to the curb and under it a crimson carpet meandered in shelter to the door. The progress of Miss Pegram and Mr. Montgomery's taxi toward the hospitable throat of the marquee had been slow, due to the long queue of vehicles ahead of it. They were almost there, however—the limousine ahead of them had drawn up to the proper spot and people were descending from it—when Mr. Montgomery handed Helen something.

"Say," he requested as he did so, "you kind of take the punishment at the door, will you? I don't know the Dangerfields very well."

Helen found herself holding the card she had intrusted to him. "But if you were asked ——" she protested. "I wanted you to—I ——"

"I've got my reasons," he said.

"But look here ——"

There wasn't time to finish the sentence. Their taxi had lurched the last few yards and the Dangerfield footman was opening the door.

Helen Pegram got out. A few people, standing in the rain at the edge of the marquee, said "Oh-h, look!" in tribute to her appearance.

"You run ahead," Mr. Montgomery directed her, starting to pay the taxi driver.

With legs which felt suddenly heavy, Helen moved up the crimson carpet. Mr. Montgomery overtook her at the very door.

"I don't believe I want to go," she said abruptly.

"Oh, don't be silly," he told her, and pressed the bell.

"No, but really, I don't know ——"

"Sh!" Mr. Montgomery adjured her. And the great front door swung open. There was nothing for Helen Pegram to do but go in.

She was in a stone-and-gilt vestibule, beyond which steps rose to a great hall. At the foot of the steps there stood a footman with a salver. A lady and gentleman ahead of Helen and Mr. Montgomery finished a few words with him, then passed up the steps.

Helen knew that she would have to give him the card, that he would read it and possibly bawl out: "Mr. and Mrs. Quentin Duchard!"

Perhaps she had better explain that she was with S. Otis Montgomery, who ——

The lady ahead stopped.

"Oh, and Brown ——" she began.

"Yes, ma'am."

Helen felt that it was her chance. She dropped her card face down on the salver the footman held, and hurried up the steps, Mr. Montgomery after her. She had almost reached the step on which the couple ahead had paused, when she realized what the lady was saying: "Please keep a lookout for that card. I was expecting an important letter at the same time. It may have been stolen too."

It was Mrs. Quentin Duchard herself, cloaked in steel-colored tissue. She looked older without her hat, and harder. And the way she pronounced the word "stolen" made Helen feel as though someone had pulled a plug out of the bottom of her heart. There was no turning back now, so Helen pushed past her and fled across the great hall.

"What's the matter?" Mr. Montgomery implored, tagging after her.

"I thought it was better to give in the card like that and not to explain."

"Sure, but what's the hurry now? I think you're heading for the place the men leave their things. The ladies seem to be going the other way."

"Oh, yes." She crossed the hall again, feeling as though it were an open field under fire.

Mrs. Duchard had evidently merely flung her cloak to someone, for she bore toward Helen in a dress of rattling steel fringe. Of course there was no way that she could know, and yet, Helen had the feeling that she did—that there was an implacable animosity in the arrogant glance which swept over her. Helen was panting a little when she reached the shelter of the ladies' dressing room.

The maid who took her cloak said: "I believe there's no hurry, miss. They won't begin the picture for some time."

"Picture?"

"Yes, they're having a picture up in the ballroom on the top floor."

"Oh, that must be the surprise."

"Something that's been forbidden by the police, I believe. But you see how many guests are just arriving. You've plenty of time to powder your nose if you like."

Helen had got hold of her nerves, but she rather relished the safety of the ladies' dressing room. She moved over to the dressing table.

The lady in pale curious green who sat on the long bench before it had just finished correcting her mouth and swung about to see who was approaching. Helen stood galvanized. It was Mrs. Fahnstock! Mrs. Fahnstock looked at her, gave a smile of vague recognition and said "Hello."

Realizing that Mrs. Fahnstock hadn't an idea who she was, Helen managed to return the greeting.

Mrs. Fahnstock lifted the stopper from one of the many scent bottles on the table before her, smelled it, made a slight grimace, and said:

"They all seem to be Oriental. Not my type." Then she rose and moved away.

Helen sank to the bench. To calm herself again, she began smelling the perfumes too. One seemed delightful to her and she put some drops on her handkerchief.

Two newcomers stood near enough for her to hear what they were saying: "Did you notice who was with Ingrid Duchard?"

"Young Cameron, wasn't it? That marriage is a smash, or I'm very much mistaken."

"Well, do you wonder? Ingrid has always had the ugliest temper in Greater New York."

Helen put down the heavy golden brush with which she had begun to stroke her silver-blond hair. She went to find Mr. Montgomery. Mr. Montgomery wasn't exactly a sturdy oak, but he was something to cling to.

"Have you heard about the picture?" he asked her. "Some of the men were talking about it. Made in Russia and pretty hot stuff, I guess."

"How do we get to it?"

"There's a little elevator. All the comforts of a hotel in this place."

They were shot to the top of the house in a gilt-and-white cage. There a convulsively French gallery stretched before them. At one end of it chattered a group of people. Mrs. Quentin Duchard stood on its outskirts, looking handsome and relentless. "I shall prosecute to the extreme extent of the law," she seemed just to have said in steely accents. Again the plug was pulled from Helen's heart.

"I suppose we'll find the family in that huddle," Mr. Montgomery remarked. "Maybe you'd better knock me down to them. They haven't seen me since I grew this mustache."

"Oh, look!" Helen exclaimed, and stopped stock-still before a large picture.

"Yeah," Mr. Montgomery murmured, "what is it?"

It was, close observation proved, not a picture that Helen thought a nice person would have cared to have in her house. She grew very red.

"It isn't what I thought," she explained.

She was saved the necessity of manufacturing further delays by a high feathery voice from the center of the group of people: "Scott, don't you think the comedy must be over by now?"

A good-looking, red-faced man standing by Mrs. Duchard looked at his watch. "Just about, I should think, Muriel."

"Because we don't want to miss a moment of the Russian picture."

The group parted enough to show a stocky, blond, brightly dressed lady with a headdress of Paradise—a lady like a little square tropical bird startled into swelling its gorgeous topknot.

"Is that Mrs. Dangerfield?" Mr. Montgomery asked.

"Yes," Helen answered, "but let's not go up with all those people around."

"We were in such luck to get this picture," Mrs. Dangerfield's voice continued to pipe. "We thought at first of having the fight pictures, but then it turned out that they weren't forbidden. I think the Volstead Act has spoiled us for things that aren't forbidden, don't you?"

That was evidently a favorite thesis of Mrs. Dangerfield's and the ring of her almost elderly voice as she pronounced the words showed that she considered it very clever and quite daring.

"How did you happen to get hold of it, darling?" a lady, overstuffed in petunia velvet, queried.

"Oh, through that lovely Monsieur Orlov. And he says there isn't a possibility that it will pass the censors. Isn't that thrilling? It's called A Working Girl Under the Soviet. Of course I think censorship is too outrageous ——"

The crowd had moved toward a vast double folding door, one wing of which a footman threw open to let them pass.

"I suppose we may as well not miss anything ourselves," Mr. Montgomery hazarded.

"I'm leaving right after the picture," Helen informed him.

"Why? There's going to be dancing later."

(Continued on Page 38)

Sunbrite
—to scour and sweeten kitchen ware

City of Sunbrite cleanliness is double cleanliness

NO equipment in your household gets harder wear than the kitchen utensils. Stains and odors are sure to develop unless they are constantly scoured and purified.

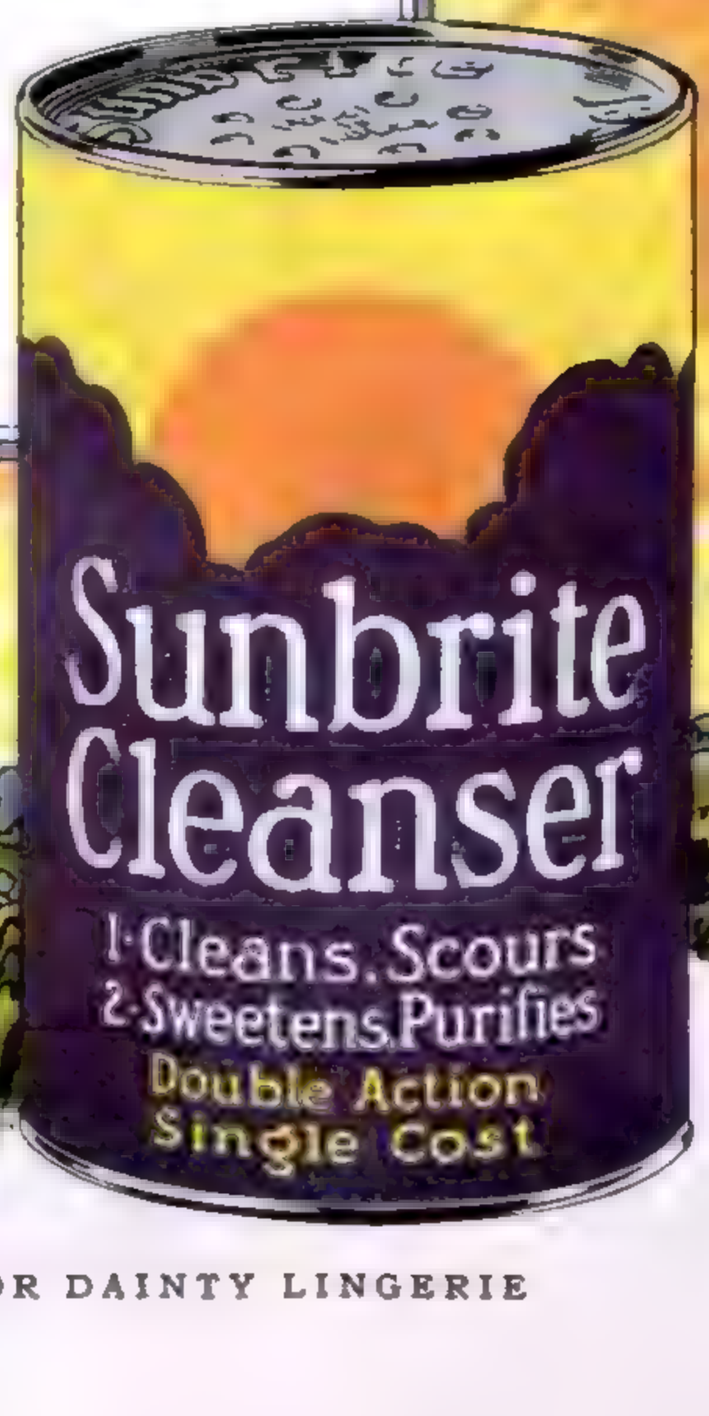
Sunbrite scours. It removes dirt and stains like magic. But a special element in it doubles its usefulness. It purifies as it scours.

Sunbrite's sweetening action destroys the stale odor in much used saucepans and kills the persistent smell on the onion knife.

It is equally effective on enamel or aluminum, iron skillets or steel knives. Even stainless knives need **Sunbrite** to remove strong odors.

You can use it freely for all household cleansing because it is economical and does so much. **Sunbrite** does not hurt the hands. Order a supply *today*.

Swift & Company



(Continued from Page 36)

"I'm going though. There are people here I don't like. You can stay."

They had reached the door. The footman opened it. As they entered, Mr. Montgomery whispered protestingly, "Don't you think the Dangerfields would think leaving like that was pretty raw?"

It must have been the suggestion of the name she had heard so often on Eric Peterson's lips, for just inside the door stood a man in a dinner coat, whose profile, in the spangled light, struck her as like Eric Peterson's. If she had not known that it would be impossible for Eric, in two years, to put himself in a position where he would be one of the Scott Dangerfields' guests, Helen would have stopped and spoken, but remembering Eric's limitations, she blinked her eyes hard and went down an aisle till she saw two vacant chairs and crawled over two men to reach them.

The romance of youth! That was what she wanted back. And it was gone forever.

The picture had just begun in what was evidently the bedroom of the Russian heroine. One saw her completing her toilet and then having breakfast—a quite big breakfast. And Now to Work, a title on the screen read. The girl walked down a clean, not-very-interesting street, to what was evidently a factory where she had a job. It apparently carried her all over the factory, so that one had glimpses of different processes in the weaving of some cloth.

The spectacle was not absorbing, and it was small wonder that Helen overheard the man who sat next to her speaking to the man beyond him.

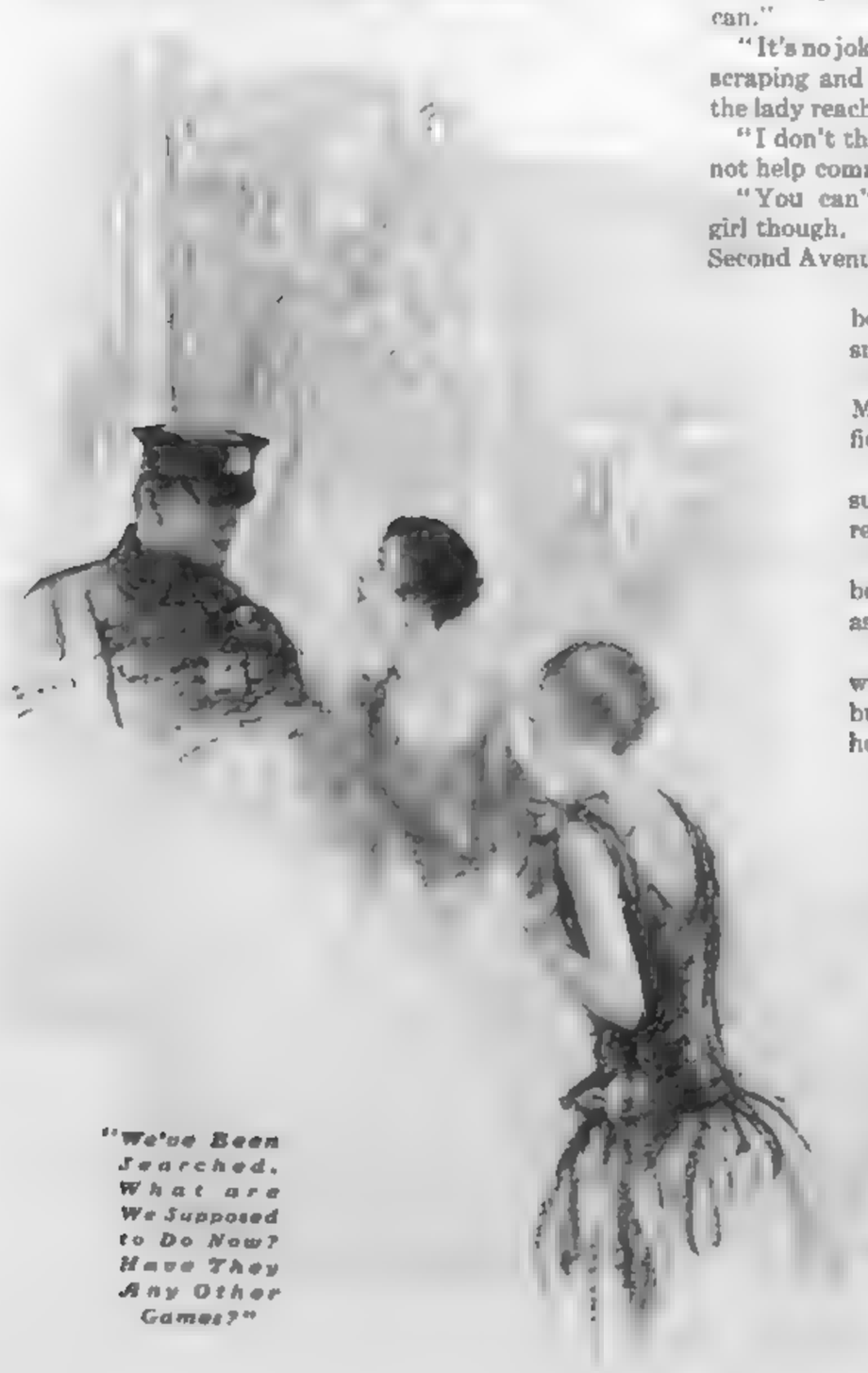
"Do you know that I have a not-very-shrewd suspicion," were his words; "in fact, a rather half-witted suspicion that I know all about this picture? It was offered to us and we wouldn't touch it with tongs."

Helen liked the sound of her neighbor's voice so much that she turned around to see his face. He was not really an awfully good-looking man, but his looks interested Helen more than his voice had. He had a knotty, jolly face and he was clasping one knee with big hands.

"Well, what is it?" the man to whom he had spoken asked.

"It's communist propaganda. And it was forbidden here for political and not moral reasons at the height of the Red hysteria. You're in for one of the six biggest bores in the world of the cinema. And that's a sentence it takes forceps to get out of the mouth."

"Can't we leave?" his companion inquired.



"We've Been Searched. What are We Supposed to Do Now? Have They Any Other Games?"

"Oh, there are other things of interest here besides the picture," the knotty-faced man remarked. "Have you noticed ——"

And just then he turned and saw that Helen was looking at him and, though not so embarrassed as she, acted a little abashed. Helen flung her gaze back at the screen.

The girl in the picture went to lunch at some community dining place.

"This little seed of Bolshevism has certainly landed in the middle of a large diamond, hasn't it?" the man resumed. "Doubtless that meal is supposed to make the mouths of discontents water with envy. Everybody here is pitying the poor girl for having to choke it down."

He had a thrilling voice. That was it—the most thrilling she had ever heard. Helen could have slapped Mr. Montgomery for speaking to her so that she had to stop listening to it.

"Say," was all Mr. Montgomery had to say, "it's a cinch the Dangerfields didn't make their money running picture palaces. If I was a paying customer I'd be outside yelling for my money back."

"Sh!" Helen adjured him. But the man next to her had stopped talking.

And Now For Sunday, a legend on the screen read. The picture was back in the girl's bedroom, where she was putting the finishing touches on a slightly more elaborate toilet.

Two rows ahead a large lady stood up. "Will you excuse me?" she said. "I'm afraid I'll have to get out."

"Aw, sit down, Julie!" a male voice addressed her. "I guess you can stand it if the rest of us can."

"It's no joke, really, Edward." There was some scraping and crowding of gilt chairs, but at last the lady reached the aisle and vanished up it.

"I don't think that's very polite," Helen could not help commenting to Mr. Montgomery.

"You can't help sympathizing with the old girl though. Why, if they tried to show this on Second Avenue ——"

At that instant, quite apparently before it was supposed to terminate, the picture snapped off and the lights went on.

The ruddy-faced gentleman Helen and Mr. Montgomery had picked out as Mr. Dangerfield went up the aisle.

"I guess Scott and Muriel have decided to substitute one abject apology for the last ten reels," the gentleman next Helen remarked.

Mr. Dangerfield, arriving in the cleared space before the screen, turned and addressed the assemblage in jocular vein.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen! I don't want to alarm anyone unduly, but Mrs. Warburton Howard tells me that she has just lost her string of pearls. Will everybody, being very careful not to step on them harder than necessary, please look on the floor and see if he or she can find it? As I remember the string in question, you would be about as apt to miss the teeming nest of an ostrich. Anybody see them?"

"I didn't think the time would ever come when I would be glad that Julie Warburton Howard had been born," the gentleman next Helen remarked to his friend, "but it has. I can't believe they'll start that up again, can you?"

Everybody except those near the chair Mrs. Howard had occupied seemed to be waiting for something further.

"Do you find it?" Mr. Dangerfield addressed that sector.

"No," somebody answered.

"Will you all look, please!" Mr. Dangerfield requested the entire assemblage, rather more seriously.

In an Instant They Were Out of the Turmoil. "This is Perfect," Mrs. Fahnstock's Voice Said. "Put Her Down on That Couch"

"I don't see how it could be back here," Mr. Montgomery and Helen said to each other. But they bent down and patted the floor at their feet, as though the Warburton Howard pearls might have become invisible and the touch system necessary in searching for them.

"She probably forgot to put them on," some humorist suggested in an adenoidal first-family voice.

"No, Mrs. Dangerfield noticed them and spoke of them," Mr. Dangerfield affirmed. "No trace of them, anybody?"

No response.

"None of you are trying to be funny and hide them, are you?"

Again no reply.

Mr. Dangerfield's ruddiness grew a little redder.

"This is a pretty hand-picked crowd of people," he said. "I'll vouch for every one of my guests, but if there are any men who were brought along by people we've invited, I suppose it's fairer to them to ask them to step to the door and be frisked. Isn't that the term?"

He'd said "men," and not "people"! That was the fact Helen Pegram clung to.

Then she noticed Mr. Montgomery rising, and seized his arm.

"Where are you going?"

"Didn't you hear what he said? That's my cue to exit."

"But you were asked."

"I didn't have my card."

"But that doesn't matter. You were asked."

Mr. Montgomery leaned over so that only she could hear his words.

(Continued on Page 64)

Mobiloil Quality is acknowledged the world over

Over the worst roads of Africa and Asia—over the boulevards of Paris and London—through the torrid heat of Sahara and the long, bitter winters of Norway—your Mobiloil has proved itself first in quality.

Travelers returning from any part of the world bring back the same story—the familiar red Gargoyle sign everywhere, symbol of quality and correct lubrication.

If you ask "what oil?" from the driver of the car that takes you hurtling over the 750 miles of barren mountain and desert road from Beirut to Bagdad he will tell you—Mobiloil.

If you ask "what oil?" in the Citröen cars that first crossed the Sahara desert you will hear —Mobiloil.

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Hard jobs everywhere—Mobiloil quality everywhere.

And the same Mobiloil quality here at home for your car.

You are always sure with

GARGOYLE
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The World's Quality Oil

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

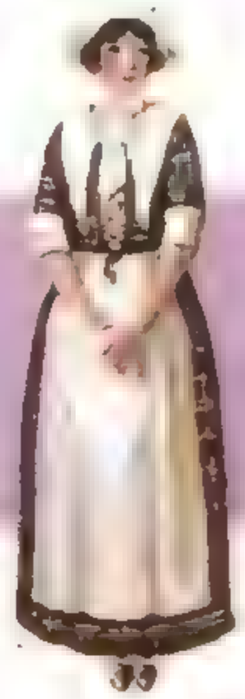
QUAKER-FELT
RUG No. 4580
New . . .

Long-wearing . . . Easy to clean. Just one of many smart effects now showing at local stores.

QUAKER-FELT
RUG No. 4581
Inexpensive

Quaker-Felt also comes by-the-yard . . . 6-foot and 9-foot widths . . . Refreshingly new patterns.

Armstrong's Quaker-Felt RUGS



Low in Price

BUT BEAUTIFUL BEYOND THEIR COST

RUGS *can* be beautiful regardless of the few dollars they cost. Pattern and color—real richness of design—need not be limited by price. Armstrong's have long believed this. And Armstrong's master designers have now proved it.

Forgetting the price, these designers of the famous Armstrong's Linoleum Floors strove solely to create rug beauty rich and tempting enough for any critical eye.

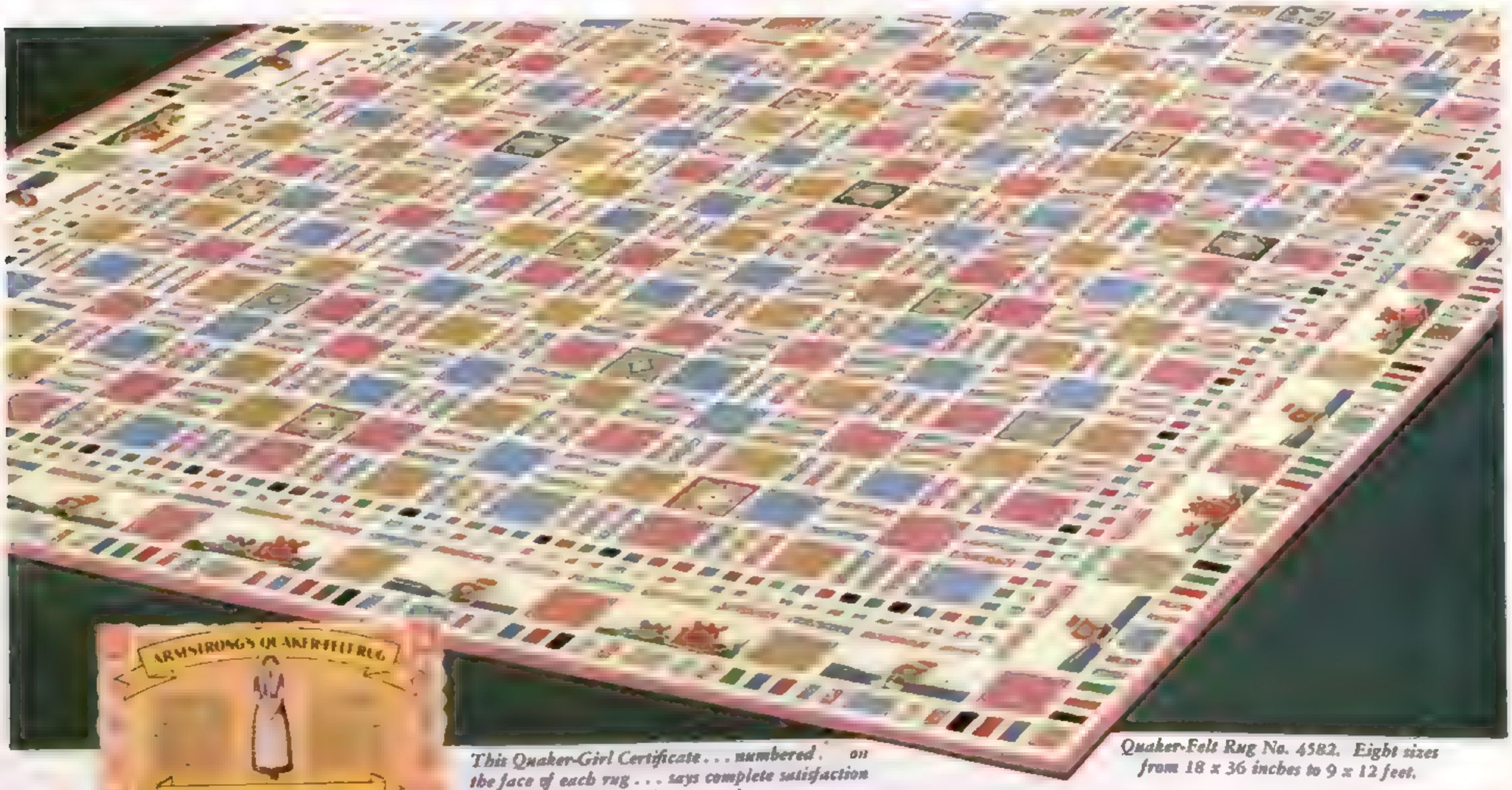
Today local stores are displaying the latest creations in Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rugs. As you see them for the first time at local stores, you'll find yourself exclaiming, "Why, I never knew low-priced rugs could be so beautiful!"

"And wear so well, too!" you'll add after Quaker-Felt Rugs have been in your home for months and months. And they should stand up as no other felt-base rug you can buy for the money. For Accolac, a special rug lacquer, protects every inch of the smooth surface with a hard, tenacious film that resists wear. This Accolac finish makes cleaning easy, too. Just the swish of a damp mop across its surface and your rug is spick-and-span again.

One more thing—and it's important—you get with your Quaker-Felt Rug. It's the Quaker-Girl Certificate, a written and numbered guarantee of more rug value than you ever dreamed so little money could buy.

New thrift story of rugs temptingly low sent free if you write for "Rich Beauty at Low Cost." Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, Lancaster, Pa.

Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum



This Quaker-Girl Certificate . . . numbered . . . on the face of each rug . . . says complete satisfaction or a brand-new rug free.

Quaker-Felt Rug No. 4582. Eight sizes from 18 x 36 inches to 9 x 12 feet.

TALK

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

Mr. Porson Nodded, Enlightened and Intently Interested, So That He Paid No Attention to the All But Stifled Sounds Escaping From Below the Palm Which Dan Storey Now Pressed Against His Mouth

THE breakfast which greeted Mr. Alfred Porson when he came downstairs at half-past three deserved a kindlier eye than that with which he contemplated it. The wedge of apple pie was noble of dimension and so was the yellow cube of cheese which shared its plate; the glass pitcher of buttermilk had been filled to within an inch of its capacity, and there was a platter of newly fried crullers, each delicately dusted with a rime of powdered sugar.

It was a meal wholly adequate to the heartening of a man for sterner tasks than those which lay in wait for Mr. Porson. It was, moreover, of his own choosing, and there was ingratitude as well as injustice in the discontent with which he dedicated himself to its absorption.

Finishing the last of the crullers he sighed and rose. The melancholy aspect of his countenance deepened a little as he peered past the edge of the swinging door and confirmed a premonition that pantry and kitchen were untenanted. This was altogether usual. During the interval between dinner dish washing and the preliminaries of supper, Mrs. Dobie and Olga, the hired girl, were pretty sure to forsake the scene of their activities; but the circumstance, nevertheless, darkened the gloom of Mr. Porson's neatly shaven face.

"Seems 's though they done it a-puppose," he informed himself. The sound of his voice seemed to comfort him. He continued to talk, under his breath, as he went out to the peace of the empty street, drowsing in the shadowy heat below the tall immobile elms. He eyed the solitude with disfavor. "Yes, sir, seems 's though it was against the law f'r folks to be around where a body c'n talk to 'em, what little time he ain't asleep or night watchin'."

He turned into the wider reach of Main Street. Here a rank of cars stood parked diagonally against each curb, and there was a certain tempered activity in spite of the downpour of sun. Mr. Porson brightened. Hopefully, as Eben Whipple approached him, he paused and prepared a remark about the heat; but Eb, with only a nod and mutter, passed by quickly.

Mr. Porson had no better luck with other encounters. Reluctantly he moved past the store and the post office, the deserted, sun-stricken porch of the hotel, the barred windows and locked door of the bank, and came to a hesitant, wistful pause opposite the striped pole before the barber shop.

It stood on the shadier side of the street, and he was able to discern, in its inviting dimness, the presence of human beings in repose. Slowly, as if against his will, he crossed toward it.

Les McVitty, his sleeves withdrawn under gay arm garters, looked up from professional attention to a horizontal face heavily masked with lather. His own countenance, plump and glistening, assumed an expression sullenly forbidding. "Told you I didn't want you hangin' around here, didn't I?" he demanded.

Mr. Porson fingered the coins in his pocket and, not without dignity, seated himself in one of the chairs that stood along the wall. "I come in f'r a haircut," he announced firmly.

"Don't need it," snapped Les. "Had one las' Satd'y."

"Guess I c'n have another if I pay f'r it," said Mr. Porson. He leaned back and inhaled deeply of air upon which, mingled with a blended fragrance of bay rum and tobacco, some faint aroma of conversation seemed to linger; he looked about him. Dan Storey, of course, slouched at the window, one leg draped over the arm of his chair, a frayed copy of his favorite pink weekly on his lap. Mr. Porson nodded to him with a certain uneasiness and shifted his glance to the stranger who occupied the other side of the show window.

Here, manifestly, was a visitor from the outer world. Mr. Porson regarded him attentively, with respect due to his raiment and the indefinable aura of sophistication that surrounded him—a drummer, probably, voyaging grandly, seeing and hearing without stint or limit. He smoked a cigarette, his eye observant and amused.

Dan Storey, manifestly stimulated by the presence of alien attention, proceeded to justify Mr. Porson's apprehensions. He showed his gold tooth in his indolent grin. "Bought any more oil stock, Al?"

Mr. Porson winced.

"'Most wore out that one, ain't you, Dan? Guess if a man sees fit to take a chance now and then, it's his own business. Besides, they might hit oil yet in that there well. Guess you'd laugh out the other side of your mouth if that's how it turned out."

He listened unhappily while Dan related the venture to the stranger. It was Les McVitty who interposed, presently, a veto on the completion of the narrative.

"F'r the land's sake, Dan, ain't you told that chestnut often enough?" His voice was heavy with grievance. "Wish't I'd never started in the barberin' business. Get talked deef in it, a body does."

Mr. Porson's eyes glistened. "Be glad to hear a mite of talk if you was night watchin'," he suggested timidly. McVitty glowered at him. Some measure of his irritation expressed itself in the movement of his razor, so that the man in the chair mumbled apprehensively through the lather.

"Told you I didn't want your trade," said the barber. "What little I make off you don't pay me f'r havin' to listen while the boys kid you. Any time you come in here you start more racket 'n a worm in a henhouse."

Mr. Porson accepted the ungracious speech with humility. He transferred his gaze to the stranger. There was a moment of silence, disturbed only by the sound, rhythmically resentful, of Les McVitty's razor. Even Dan Storey, for once, seemed unmoved to witticism at Mr. Porson's acquiescent expense. He sprawled in his chair, the pink weekly rising and sinking to his breathing.

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Promenade des Anglais: Nice.

IT is perhaps inevitable that La Salle should still be the magnet for all eyes—wherever it is or whatever its garb.... For lovers of fine cars are not confused by attempts to simulate La Salle's freshness, vividness and spontaneity of line, coloring and appointment.... A year ago La Salle was a new name, even though it was sponsored by the oldest and finest in the fine car field.... Today it still symbolizes—as it did when it first appeared—a new tomorrow in motor-car design, apparel and performance so far in advance of current practice that La Salle is destined to be the symbol of good taste in motoring for long years to come....

With the substantial reductions on the entire La Salle line, the distinction, prestige and incomparable motoring luxury of La Salle are available at a price that never before could fulfill the almost universal aspiration to the ownership of a Cadillac-built car. $2350 to $2875, f. o. b. Detroit. Five new models—including new five-passenger family sedan. If you prefer to buy out of income, the General Motors plan is very liberal. Appraisal value of your car acceptable as cash.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

OSHAWA, CANADA

LA SALLE
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 41)

Mr. Porson, with a wary side glance toward McVitty, leaned forward. "Traveling man, ain't you?" he inquired.

The stranger regarded him soberly and shook his head.

"Not exactly," he said "Do some traveling, but it's only part of my business. Spend most of my time in the factory."

"I want to know!" Mr. Porson's tone implied that the information vastly interested him. He edged his chair a little nearer, and his tongue moistened his lips. "What kind of a fact'ry?"

The stranger's eye moved briefly to encounter that of Dan Storey. "Horse factory," he said, his voice matter-of-fact. Dan Storey sat up. McVitty, making an impatient, rasping noise in his throat, again expressed his disapproval in razored emphasis. The man in the chair lifted a protesting hand. Mr. Porson, however, inched his chair still nearer.

"Horse fact'ry?"

"Yes." The stranger nodded. "I'm a horse carver by trade."

Dan Storey slapped his knee softly, but Mr. Porson paid no heed. "Want to know! A horse carver, you say? Dunno's I ever heard of no such trade till now."

"That's funny. Used to be a lot of us in the old days." The stranger shook his head gloomily. "Not many of us left in the business now, of course, but there was a time when a good horse carver could write out his own pay check. Carved hundreds of 'em, I have—see 'em anywhere you went. Used to be one in every harness store. Guess you've seen plenty of my horses in your time - common as wooden Indians in front of cigar stores, they used to be."

Mr. Porson nodded, enlightened and intently interested, so that he paid no attention to the all but stifled sounds escaping from below the palm which Dan Storey now pressed against his mouth.

"Sure enough. Used to be a sight of 'em. Tom Linkletter, right here in Unionville, he used to have one in the front of his store before he failed up and went in the shoe business. Life-size, it was, and painted dapple gray."

"I carved it." The other man nodded with an effect of regretful pride. "Well, it's all changed now. If it wasn't for the merry-go-round end of the business, I'd starve to death. Guess that won't last much longer, either—getting so the kids aren't satisfied to ride wooden horses any more. They want aeroplanes and ostriches and elephants nowadays."

"Well, you can carve them, can't you?" Mr. Porson suggested. The other shook his head.

"Once a horse carver," he declared, "always a horse carver. When the time comes when I have to carve ostriches I'll quit."

Mr. Storey snickered outright at this point, but Mr. Porson was too fascinated to notice his mirth. He clicked his tongue sympathetically. "It's a terrible pity. Sounds like it'd be a real interestin' business too. Better'n night watchin' anyways." He wagged his head over his own troubles now. "Meanest trade there is, I claim."

"How do you make that out?" the stranger challenged. "Always looked like a cinch to me."

"It ain't though. No, sir. You set up all night without nobody to keep you comp'ny and nothin' to keep you busy neither. Don't never find out how much time there is to a minute till you try night watchin'. And you get through right when folks are gettin' up and swallerin' their breakfast and hustlin' off to work, so there ain't nobody to talk to. You got to sleep, because there ain't nothin' else to do, and when you wake up, round this time o' day, it ain't much better. A body gets so he most forgets he's got a tongue."

"You ain't," said McVitty bitterly.

"Don't aim to." Mr. Porson bore the implied affront serenely. "Aim to talk any time I get a chance. Get all the quiet I c'n use over to the bank nights."

"Don't use none in the daytime," said McVitty.

Mr. Porson turned upon him gravely. "Don't know when you're well off, Les. Man gets to hear some talk in most any business but night watchin', but barberin' —" He inhaled wistfully. "Guess it's about the best of all."

"Sell you the shop dirt cheap any time you want it," snapped Les. "Don't seem to be no way to keep you out of it"

"Wouldn't ask nothin' better, if I could get hold of the money" Mr. Porson sighed. "Bet I'd make a succeed of it too. You c'n shave an' cut hair first-rate, Les, but that ain't only part of the barber business, way I look at it. Man might 's well shave himself as come in a shop where he don't hear nothing only a razor gettin' stropped. No, sir, folks come in here to get talked to, Les."

"Ain't disappointed if you're round. Get a dollar's wuth f'r ten cents." McVitty tilted the chair upright and polished the face of his customer with dismal energy. "You go and talk somebody else deef, hear me? Put up with your gab long enough."

Mr. Porson rose with dignity. "All right, if that's how you feel, Les. All I got to say is ——"

He retreated before the menace of an uplifted bay-rum bottle. Immensely to his satisfaction the stranger elected to accompany him into exile. "Guess I won't wait, either," he said. "Come on over to the hotel. Got to hang round till train time."

Mr. Porson needed no urging. In the relative coolness of the empty office he accepted a gay-belted cigar and was gratified by the respectful attention with which his discourse on the art and science of night watchmanship was received by the intelligent horse carver. Even after Dan Storey joined the party, he was not only permitted to talk but even encouraged, on the part of the stranger, by interest and prompting inquiry.

He described in detail the new vault and the time lock on its massive door, the modern system of wiring which protected every window and door of the building after business hours, his own appointed round of inspection, registered on the recording watchman's clock. The horse carver wondered mildly at these precautions, seemingly excessive for the size of the institution, and Mr. Porson made it clear to him that appearances were misleading—the bank carried a lot of cash right along; twice a month when the hands were paid off at the mills, over by the creek, this amount was heavily increased. He illustrated certain portions of his description by means of crude sketches on the margin of his hearer's newspaper.

Several times Dan Storey endeavored to reintroduce the topic of horse carving, but the exponent of that art discouraged these efforts as persistently as did Mr. Porson himself, and presently Storey slouched across to the blacksmith shop, whence, after a little, a guffawing chorus bore

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"We're From Headquarters, Joe? We're Looking for a Bird Named Hoffnagle"

MY OLD LEDGERS

As Told to Boyden Sparkes

DECORATION BY SAUL TEPPER

ON A CERTAIN day not long ago two men were looking about them in Grand Central Terminal. One was a swart-faced youth with the collar of his ulster turned up about his ears so that it concealed the mobile features of his countenance which make that quality upon which we rely for recognition—expression. This one was a baggage thief, wary of railroad detectives and uncannily shrewd in his ability to select traveling bags containing the most valuable and easily marketed materials; also, this one was alert.

The other young man was not alert. On the contrary, he was in that confused and foggy state of mind which enthralls any eager lover who is about to be married to the one he loves. Some of the mental haze of this tall man, with his square shoulders and lean waistline infolded in a quite new overcoat of good lines, was a kind of stage fright induced by the knowledge that within forty-eight hours he was to play the second rôle in a fashionable church wedding, which was being featured in all the newspapers of the land because of the great wealth of the bride's family. Suppose we refer to him as Jones.

Now, having arrived from New England, he went to the telephone booths, weighted by two capacious traveling bags that contained all his fine new wardrobe. As he gave his girl's number to the switchboard operator he put down the traveling bags and then stepped into a booth.

It is opportunities like that which make baggage thieves. No sooner had he stepped into the booth than the swart young man with his overcoat collar turned up about his ears stooped, and rising, moved off with the two traveling bags that contained Mr. Jones' equivalent of a trousseau.

Five minutes later there was a mild uproar near the telephone booths as the prospective bridegroom discovered that none of the luggage strewn about the floor was his.

A Coat of Many Cutters

THIS is where I am introduced into the episode. Long years before this young man's fiancée was born we had been making the garments of the men of her family and the garments of the men who were intimates of the family. As it happens, we also are the tailors for the bishop who was to marry her and for the men who had been selected to serve as ushers. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when the bride's father telephoned to me and asked if I could see any way to help them out of their embarrassing situation.

"We can't have our girl meet a scarecrow at the altar," he said, and though his tone was facetious I could detect what seemed to be sounds of feminine snuffling mingled with his words. "The wedding," he repeated, "is Saturday morning, the day after tomorrow."

"Can Mr. Jones get down here right away?" I asked.

"I'll have him there in ten minutes," promised this old customer of mine.

The cutters in our establishment are its most skilful workmen. Some of them—the breeches cutters, for example—came to me from England. If the cutting is poorly done the best tailor in the world cannot make a well-fitting suit of clothes. I arranged with several of the cutters to remain overtime.

It is a principle of the improved methods of production which the large merchant-tailoring establishments are adopting nowadays that the work of the cutters must be as nearly perfect as possible. If their work is done properly the number of fittings necessary for each suit is one or two as against four or more under the old system of cut and try.

From the time the sleeves and the sleeve linings for a coat are cut in such an establishment, until the garment reaches an examiner, there are fifty-two other operations on that coat. All the workers are specialists in performing the operations assigned to them. Some spend their days padding collars; some make pockets; some baste canvas; others sew buttons, while companions make buttonholes; there are some who press collars and others who press only armholes; but whatever the job, each does his appointed task swiftly and surely because he is a specialist.

A coat is not assembled in the workrooms with anything like the speed that a cheap automobile is assembled in Detroit, but when contrasted with the old tailoring methods it is amazingly swift. No matter what their tasks, the hundreds of tailors who work with needles and thread in these modern shops sit cross-legged on their tables, as has been the manner of tailors since the first one set out to fashion a coat from the hide of a deer while seated on the floor of some cave dwelling. The only difference nowadays is that the thing which old Adam Smith, that Scotch economist of the eighteenth century, saw as the secret of civilized man's progress—the division of labor—has been applied logically.

Under the new system we have taken what used to be regarded as the task of a single tailor and made of it fifty-four operations. In doing it we have doubled wages, quadrupled production, improved workmanship and eliminated all that waste which represents the difference in this day and age between staying profitably in business and getting out disastrously.

I trust this is explanation enough of the magic that made it possible for us to have Mr. Jones' cutaway coat and trousers ready for him to try on, on the afternoon following the tragic loss of his wedding clothes. After that try-on he ordered about $1500 worth of clothing to take the place of the rest of his stolen suits, and these we agreed to take to him for fittings, within a week, at the scene of his honeymoon in the Adirondacks.

It is not within my power to say what tokens were worn next to the hearts of the dandies whose wooings were news when Mrs. Astor ruled society, but I know, as I know my name, what silken badge not a few of them wore against the backs of their necks—it was the label of our establishment. We made their coats.

I have given, in my lifetime, advice and criticism to the lords of our economic structure; to dandies, statesmen, a chief justice, ambassadors, demagogues, sycophants, bootlickers, bootleggers, rich men and some at least who told me they were poor when I presented our bills; to matinée idols, to spoiled young men and pampered old ones, to the vain and the modest. Yet I sometimes ponder on the really insignificant circumstances but for which we might have stayed in a humble neighborhood, in a sort of human backwater where I should have been touched by none of the swift currents of American life—currents that have had more to do with making our establishment than I have had myself.

As it is, I may say that I have had a lot of fun out of my career as a merchant tailor, as well as the satisfaction of knowing that I have successfully adapted myself to those shifting currents.

I suppose a doctor gets more thrill out of treating a President for a case of hay fever than in curing the really serious afflictions of less important people. Likely enough it is the same with lawyers, who must find a better savor in the modest fees of the famous persons they are permitted to advise than in the more generously proportioned retainers of dull clients who are merely rich.

Helping Mr. Hitt to Make a Hit

AT OUR shop we like to gossip about the clothes we made for Richard Mansfield, the frock coat we turned out for the late Chief Justice Fuller, or the pair of trousers we sent, in care of the American Embassy at Rome, addressed to William Hitt. That was during the time when Miss Katharine, the daughter of Senator Stephen B. Elkins, was being courted, according to the newspapers, by the Duke of the Abruzzi, brother of the King of Italy. We did not have to read the newspapers to know that our customer, Billy Hitt, also was courting Miss Elkins. Her father and her brother were customers of ours, and when Mr. Hitt's trousers were cut—in response to a cabled order, if memory serves me right—the task was performed with a care that was prayerful. I don't want to boast, but simply wish to recall that Miss Elkins became Mrs. Hitt; and when the engagement was announced we felt at our shop that we had won a victory over some unidentified Italian tailor—the one who made the clothes of the Duke of the Abruzzi.

Similarly, the stage triumph of the late James K. Hackett in A Grain of Dust was in a measure a triumph for us. We made his clothes, not only the ones he wore in that play but also the garments in which this matinée idol appeared so finely on Broadway and Fifth Avenue before and after his performances in The Prisoner of Zenda and Rupert of Hentzau.

The patronage of actors is not regarded by tailors as essential to their prosperity—if you get what I mean—but there have been some whose custom has been especially pleasing. When one famous actor was getting ready to open in a new play which proved to be one of his most important successes, he appealed to his tailors to dress him for the part. He outlined the character for them and explained that his clothing had to help reveal him as a smart New Yorker.

"I am going to put myself in your hands," he said.

Now when a customer tells his tailors anything like that they not only accept the responsibility but they feel it. In that case a member of the firm went with a fitter and a cutter to the actor's dressing room. They selected

(Continued on Page 56)

He brought *nine friends in to buy* the new Hupmobile Six

Owner's enthusiasm for car not yet delivered literally turns him into a salesman

ASTONISHING things have been happening in Hupmobile's salesrooms since the moment the Six of the Century first appeared.

And they go right on happening because the public has never before had the chance to buy such a car for so low a price.

One of the latest incidents reported is that of the man in Portland, Ore., who bought a new Hupmobile Six for himself, and then began to bring his friends in to the salesroom.

Nine separate times he came back, each time with a friend, and saw that their orders were entered. All this before his own car was delivered to him.

There was also the Harrisburg man and wife who bought two new Hupmobiles instead of one; the man in New York, who offered $2500 cash to drive away the car on the salesroom floor; the groups in Omaha, Salt Lake City, El Paso and elsewhere, whose average guesses at the price were hundreds of dollars high; the Oklahoma banker's family of seven who in secret vote unanimously named Hupmobile their first choice, and so on.

The New Hupmobile—the Six of the Century—has developed more astonishing incidents than have been recorded since the automobile industry and this century began. The one here reported is "taken from life." Names and full particulars on request.

Such things have not been recorded for years; and it remained for the Six of the Century to bring back the motoring enthusiasm and excitement of the early days of the century.

The car itself, with its newly-created beauty, and its dashing performance—the name it bears—its low price—when you study these, in relation to other offerings, you reach the immediate conclusion that there is nothing in the market to approach the Six of the Century.

Twenty-four body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, $1345 to $1625 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

HUPMOBILE

The Six of the Century

THE TRACKLESS CITY

By Chester T. Crowell

TWENTY years ago, and for a great many years preceding, there was a certain standardized type of hero prevalent in American fiction; a hero whose life story varied only as to details, because the central theme was always the same. Briefly, he would find himself unhappy or under a cloud in some city and he would set out for the great open spaces where no one was interested in his past and he could begin life anew. There he would win happiness by coming into his real manhood.

At least one reason for the popularity of these stories was that they were substantially true. The Great West—North, South and Middle—needed men for Homeric tasks and was not greatly interested in social conventions. Each section, of course, had its practical and simple code of ethics, based upon common sense and common decency, but there was no tradition of centuries behind its social organization.

It was the boast of the Great West that it estimated the worth of a man solely upon his own performance, and that boast assayed approximately ninety-five per cent truth. This was a new world, a man's world, busy with gigantic tasks that challenged all a man could possibly have of bravery, brawn and brains. It was a land of heart's desire for those who had previously chafed against the limitations of their environment, as many thousands did.

Today that same standardized hero of twenty, forty, fifty or sixty years ago might be dressed up in a new biography. He would be the same discontented, energetic, intrepid person seeking a more ample outlet for his energies, but this time instead of launching forth as a prospector, cowboy or ranchman he would leave a town or small city to seek his fortune in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco or any one of half a dozen other large cities. Today there are no trackless great open spaces in this country awaiting the intrepid young man who wishes to break completely away from his past life and begin the building of a fortune with nothing but his mind and body as capital.

The big cities, however, offer precisely that opportunity. They are today's trackless great open spaces where the stranger is accepted at his face value and estimated almost solely according to what he can do. Indeed, these modern cities are so much like the once unfenced prairie that it is rather unusual for a man to have such prestige in some relatively small community that he can bring it with him. About all he can bring is the ability upon which his prestige elsewhere was founded. And if, on the other hand, it happens that his past is tinged with the opposite of prestige, he is under no more compulsion to bring that along than he was required to take it to the gold fields or the cow country.

The Skirmish Line

HE CAN toss it into the nearest wastepaper basket when he buys his railway ticket and thereafter forget it. Of course, he may not be able to do that for internal reasons; but if such is the case, it remains a strictly personal problem. The city isn't interested and makes few inquiries. As a rule all it wishes to know is what he can do today and how does he behave after his arrival. And that precisely was the way of the great open spaces before the days of wire fences.

There are Homeric tasks to be done in these modern American cities, which are like no other cities on earth. They need all that men can bring of bravery, brawn and brain, because, instead of being hundreds or thousands of miles back of the national outposts, as they were during the winning of our last frontiers, they are now the skirmish lines of the day's most glamorous achievements. What they do profoundly affects the commerce, finance, transportation, scientific advancement, education, art and general welfare of the entire world.

And large as they are, they go right on growing at an amazing pace. New states, such as Oklahoma was only a few years ago, used to occupy the spotlight when census figures were given out. Theirs would be the sensational growth of population. Now it is nearly always some city, not necessarily an Eastern city, but an urban community. However, New York today has very clearly the appearance of a boom town; from the Bronx to the outermost reaches of Long Island new construction is under way. In Manhattan the atmosphere is fairly torn to shreds by batteries of pneumatic hammers pounding steel rivets. Scarcely any neighborhood is immune from the quiver and thud of blasting to provide new subways and foundations for more skyscrapers.

Men are drawn by this boiling activity from the four corners of the earth, precisely as they were once drawn to the Klondike by the discovery of gold. Every lure that appeals to youth and the adventurous spirit the city now offers. During a period of business depression when a city is not growing, all its disadvantages are grimly apparent, but it is a long time now since this country has had such a period. While there is movement and growth the urban communities carry their vast numbers of people with amazing ease. Instead of being a burden, they bear about the same relation to the invading newcomer of outstanding ability as the vast reaches of untilled acres once bore to the very capable pioneer. His chances for wealth rose in proportion to the number of acres available if he could conquer them.

So in the big city of today the teeming thousands present more of opportunity than competition for the outstanding man; if he can serve 1,000,000 of them in such a way as to be worth only one cent a year to each, his income will be considerable. Thus they take the place of the pioneer's virgin acres and he finds himself helped rather than choked by his multitude of neighbors.

In estimating the forces that account for the amazing growth of American cities the heaviest emphasis is usually placed upon tangible and obvious economic developments, such as the fact that we are becoming more of an industrial nation, which would naturally result in city building. But these developments, when considered as the motive power behind great changes in the social organization of a nation, have something less than the importance cool reason would accord them on a mathematical basis. For example, it was not the high probability of wealth that spurred uncounted thousands of men and women toward our various frontiers, for no such high probability existed. On that score there was only a gamble. The love of adventure and many other motives were just as strong as the hope of wealth. So, today, the large city offers adventure, a new start with a clean slate, a new order in the making.

Our cities are not yet made, large as they are. On the contrary they boil with activity, projects and future possibilities beyond the counting. Just as the pioneer of fifty years ago knew beyond the possibility of a reasonable doubt that the virgin territory he invaded would soon be radically changed in appearance and organization, so today the intelligent city dweller knows that these cities will scarcely be recognizable a quarter of a century hence. They are the front-line trenches.

The Builders of Cities

THE pessimist may doubt, if it pleases him, that what these cities are doing constitutes progress, but beyond any question it constitutes activity. And back of this is tremendous awe-inspiring bravery. The boldest and most determined pioneer showed no greater faith in his vision than these modern city builders show in theirs. By city builders I do not mean only those who lay out streets or erect houses; more particularly, I mean the thousands of men and women whose ambitious plans make these additional streets and houses necessary. For example, in the city nearest to the small town in which I live there is a large plant that manufactures engines for airplanes. No ready market clamored for those engines or demanded that that plant be constructed. It represents the faith and energy typical of the modern city builder; he has an idea, and because he backs it with every resource at his command, bricks and steel must be moved from their points of origin to the scene of his activities.

Such enterprise, by its mere existence, sends out a call to which thousands respond, because it offers them glamour as well as a pay envelope—also adventure; and finally it offers them almost exactly the same kind of freedom that lured so many young men westward just after the Civil War. For that matter, however, it was luring them long before the Civil War.

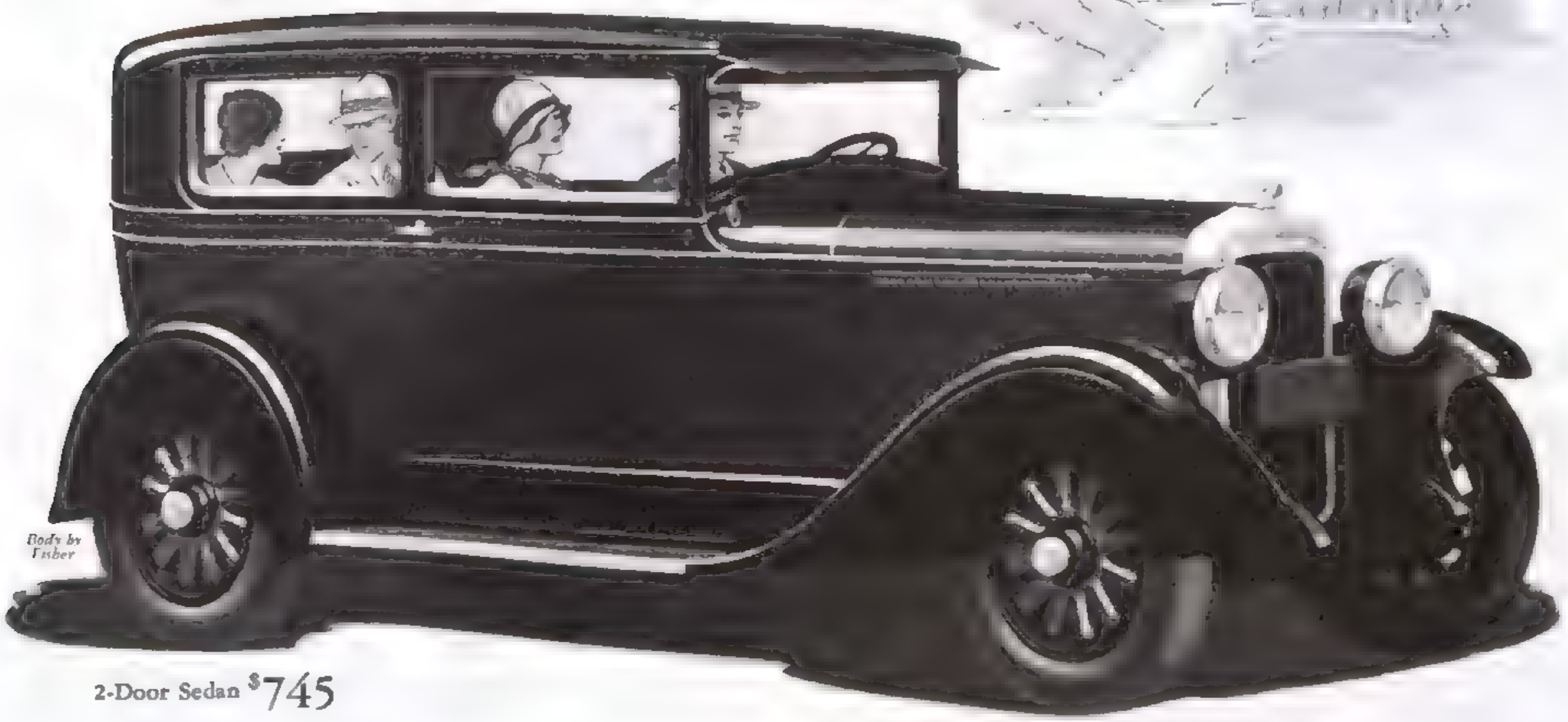
There are a great many ways in which a man's environment can close in upon him oppressively without his being guilty of moral turpitude. As a specific instance, there comes to my mind the story of a Texas cattleman I knew intimately when I was a boy in San Antonio. I became curious about his past when I learned that he read Latin and Greek. Eventually I heard his story. He had been reared in Charleston, South Carolina, which is, of course, one of the oldest of Southern cities. Life there in the social stratum in which he moved had been guided by definite

(Continued on Page 185

Twilight on the Dixie Highway, North Carolina

The Style and Luxury of Bodies by Fisher

found in no other Six so low in price - - - - -



2-Door Sedan $745

INCORPORATING such features as the G-M-R cylinder head, cross-flow radiator, AC fuel pump, coincidental lock, crankcase ventilator, four-wheel brakes, and the biggest six-cylinder engine at its price—

—providing unrivaled stamina and long life developed by years of testing on General Motors Proving Ground—the New Series Pontiac Six offers, in addition, all the advantages of Fisher bodies—found in no other six of such low price.

And the advantages of Fisher bodies are many. In style they set a pace which others must be content to follow. In luxury, they are acknowledged leaders, famous for deep-cushioned comfort, charming appointments and generous roominess throughout. And in staunchness, they are literally beyond comparison because of their scientific construction of selected hardwood and steel.

If it embodied no other exclusive advantages, the New Series Pontiac Six would still be a "wonderful buy". For as a result of its Fisher bodies alone, it offers style, luxury, comfort and staunchness afforded by no other six in the world at $745.

- *a Successful Six* now winning Even Greater Success

Coupe, $745; Sport Roadster, $745; Phaeton, $775; Cabriolet, $795; 4-Door Sedan, $825; Sport Landau Sedan, $875. Oakland All-American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

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Will your NEW car be safe?

TIMES have changed since you bought your last automobile. Car thievery has been increasing steadily .... But that's not all! Practically all cars *now* have locks built in at the factory .... This means that thieves will no longer be able to concentrate on new cars that have *no* protection. Instead, they will concentrate on those with inadequate protection.

Thus the *kind* of lock on your new car is more important than ever before. If you do not wish your motor car investment to be a target for thieves, be sure the car you choose has a lock they cannot defeat.

Study the locks on the cars you inspect. Notice that those on most of the successful, well known cars lock the steering. They are *genuine* Hershey Coincidental Locks. They lock not only the ignition, but the steering as well—with a hardened steel bolt.

More than 2,000,000 motorists have this protection. It is standard on more than half of all cars built. *Your* new car deserves it, too.

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HERSHEY
COINCIDENTAL
LOCKS

Every person that drives a car should read this booklet—especially if you are about to buy a car Send for it today.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 48)

caused thee many anxieties, even as I did to our sainted father *con Dio*. But now is it time that I became sober like thyself and a help to thee in thy many affairs. Therefore have I decided that I must marry."

Zuan glanced at the lad sharply as he paused, an odd pang of suspicion shooting through him. He said nothing, waited for his brother to continue.

"In a year, Zuan, shall I take my place in the Maggior Consiglio and, as thou knowest, there can be no more Compagnia della Calza. In a year also will Messer Malipiero return to Venice. As the head of our family, Zuan, I would that thou shouldst ask of him that he gives me his daughter Anastasia in betrothal." The lad spoke with an affected lightness of manner, but Zuan could see that his hands were trembling as he twisted them nervously together.

He himself felt as though he had received a violent physical blow. For a moment everything went dizzy. He mastered himself. There was one question he must ask! He had a curious difficulty in uttering it.

"Dost thou—love her, Angelo?" He hoped his voice sounded normal.

The lad answered with passionate emphasis.

"Better than life! I lie awake at nights and pray to God to make me worthy of her whiteness!" His voice choked. "And tonight shall we all part and perhaps I shall see her no more! Help me, Zuan, to get her for my wife, or I shall go mad! I shall die!"

Zuan gripped himself. He was the elder. All his life he had affectionately watched over and given way to this spoiled youngster. But now—this! He felt as though his heart were being torn. He was silent in that agony. His father's dying words echoed in him—"before thyself—protecting him—his weakness ——" Perhaps would marriage, the wedded love of such a saint, reform this dissipatedly headstrong young brother in whom there was yet so much good, so much lovableness. It was his duty, at whatever cost. He had sworn it. He took a deep breath, gazed into all the implications of this act demanded of him.

"Thou wilt swear to me, Angelo," he said in a low voice, "that with all thy soul thou lovest this maid; that ever thou wilt devote thyself to her happiness as a true husband should, as ——" he broke off. Almost had he said "as I should do."

The lad broke in impulsively, with passionate earnestness.

"I swear it, Zuan!"

Again Zuan breathed deeply. Assuredly, he must sit here for a little longer; he could not trust himself to get up, to walk.

"So be it, Angelo," he answered. "I will do thy wish."

Angelo reached for his hand and squeezed it.

"Ever wert thou the best of brothers, Zuan!" There were tears of emotional gratitude in his handsome eyes. "But for thee would I do as much, or more!"

Zuan tried not to flinch in the bitter unconscious irony of that addition.

It was some hours before he had an opportunity to fulfill his promise. During that interval he had smiled and joked at Angelo's feverish impatience. During that interval he had crept down to the solitude of his narrow dark berth between decks, had prayed with tears streaming down his face. During that interval he had seen Anastasia walking up and down the deck with her parents, had received her shy smile, had, heroically, smiled back.

At last, now in the afternoon while they sped along by the picturesque high mountains of the Syrian coast and most of the passengers were congregated forward watching a cockfight down in the mariners' part of the ship, he found that favorable moment for which he had been waiting. Messer Malipiero went down for a siesta in the great cabin which Zuan knew was just then empty of any other person. He followed him, courteously begged for a word with him.

Messer Malipiero was affable. Of excellent family and most highly respected was Zuan Surian.

"Willingly am I at your service, Messer Zuan," he said. "What would you of me?"

Forcing his tongue to utterance, Zuan put forward his request on behalf of his brother, naming himself as the head of the house and therefore the proper person to broach such an alliance. He added a hint of the wealth he would divide with his junior, a hint that the maid's dowry was immaterial in this case of a marriage of affection.

Messer Malipiero stroked his grayish beard thoughtfully and seriously while he listened, expressed himself deeply gratified by this proposed honor to his house in the exaggerated compliments required by the occasion. Nevertheless he smiled—there was a reservation to be made before he could accept it. His daughter was his only child. He had sworn that never would he marry her save where she wished. He was unaware of what impression Messer Angelo Surian had made upon her. Would Messer Zuan permit that he send for her, ask of her her own will in this most important matter?

Zuan consented, in a sudden intensification of the pain at his heart. Now would he have the additional agony of seeing her make that choice—how could anyone fail to love the handsome and fascinating Angelo? Messer Malipiero went to the stairway, shouted for the servant to fetch the *siorina*.

A moment or two later she appeared, bewitchingly lovely to Zuan's desperate eyes. A vivid blush of modesty leaped in her face at the sight of him with her father. Messer Malipiero gravely and quietly told her of the proposal made to him by Messer Zuan. She had remained dutifully standing in front of him. Now her face went suddenly deathly white in the unexpected shock.

"What sayest thou, my daughter?" asked Messer Pasquale affectionately. "What answer am I to give Messer Zuan? For myself I am very willing, so that thou art happy."

She looked toward the young man. "Is it thy wish that I wed thy brother, Messer Zuan?" she asked, a little breathlessly.

He enforced his voice: "Yes, *siorina*."

There was a strange expression on her face. "Then, *padre mio*, for me mayest thou say yes also."

It was eighteen months later. In the Palazzo Surian, Angelo and Anastasia were installed as husband and wife, occupying those best of the apartments, which Zuan had ceded to them. For that soberly grave elder brother, busied from morning to torch-lit night with the vast commerce he transacted, with the endless politics and elections of the Maggior Consiglio that met every Sunday and often more frequently, the close propinquity of that young pair had been an ascetic pleasure. At least could he watch over the happiness of these two creatures he loved beyond anything in the world. Though never now could she be his—not even if Angelo should die—yet was it an austere delight to him to see Anastasia, as beautiful, as modestly sweet as ever, moving through those high-raftered rooms hung with weapons and decorated with the blazoned shields of ancestral Surians and of the families with which they had intermarried.

Even as the divine Messer Petrarca had devoted himself in self-abnegatory lifelong allegiance to the unattainable Madonna Laura wedded to another, so he dedicated his life to her, his love desperately sublimated to a plane above that of earthly desires. Often Angelo, joking with him, pressing him to find for himself that wife he persisted in refusing to consider, told him that he was a born monk, perversely reveling in prayers and fasts and the mortification of the flesh. A little timid she was with him still, plainly in awe of this grave brother-in-law whose wise counsel was constantly sought by men older than himself; who would assuredly—so was it told her by the other patrician ladies alleviating by one another's company the semi-Oriental seclusion of a Venetian wife—soon be elected to the Pregadi—the Senate—who was plainly destined for the highest offices in that oligarchic state, formidable even to the nobles who had created it and maintained it. Always there seemed a little flutter behind the shy smile she gave him, the smile that ever awakened anew the pang at his heart.

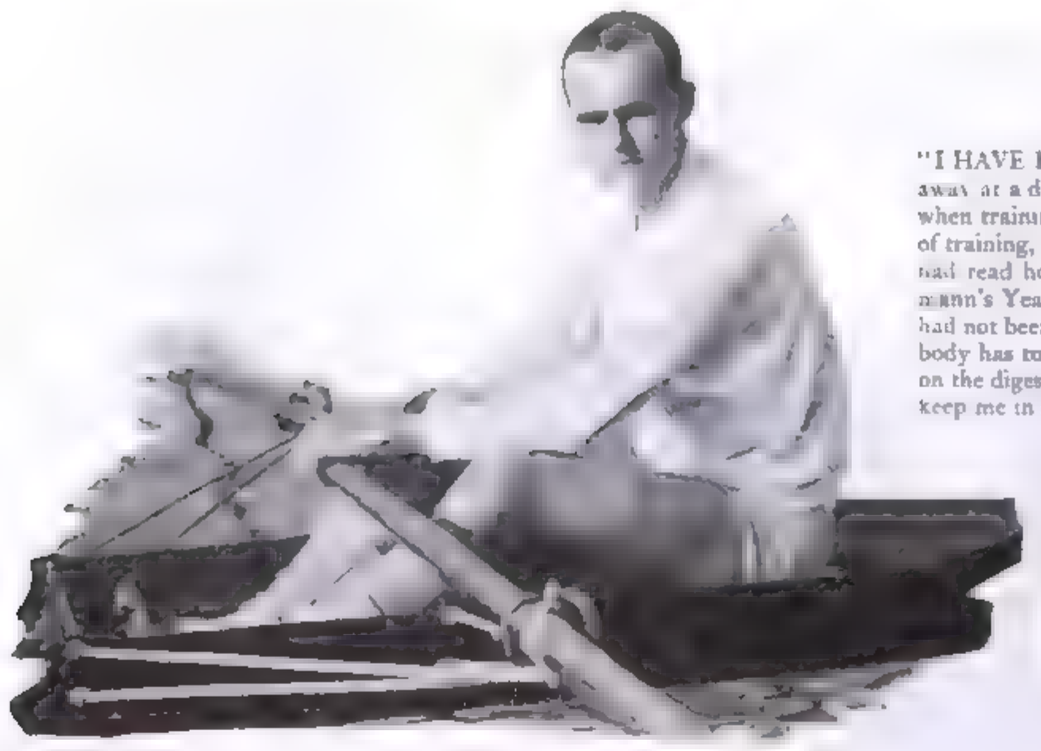
As for Angelo, Zuan was a little perturbed when he thought of him. Not yet had the young man resigned himself to the humdrum toil of the countinghouse on the ground floor of the *palazzo*, not yet was he competent to relieve his brother of some of the fatiguing daily dealings in that noisy market of the Rialto where the great maps of the trade routes had been painted up by order of the Republic, where commercial and political intelligence from every country was posted on the walls for the jostling merchants to use in regulation of the ever-fluctuating prices on this world-central exchange. Although by the rules of that joyous association he had perforce resigned from the Compagnia della Calza on attaining the age of twenty-five, Angelo was still frivolously thoughtless of all but wild dissipation, still committed as many follies as of old.

If in the first month or two of his marriage, he had been impetuously in renewed love with Anastasia, had never been out of her company, had taken her with him to aristocratic parties of pleasure in the gardens of the Giudecca or fowl snaring upon the lagoon, already he seemed satiated with her, no longer could not exist without her, no longer took her with him when his gondola went off with a flaring torch at the prow along the Grand Canal lit by many such torches. In that surrounding universality of lax morals, where many nobles openly kept their Greek paramours in the same *palazzo* with their wives, it was no unusual conduct in a husband. Had it been another than Anastasia who was thus abandoned, Zuan would probably have shrugged his shoulders at his brother's almost licensed peccadillos. As it was, he almost absurdly resented this slighting of what to him would have been so inexpressibly dear. He frowned at the stories laughingly told him of his brother's escapades, in particular of his association with the beautiful Giuliana, most celebrated and most extravagant of courtesans in that city immemorially celebrated for its courtesans. So troubled was he that at last he had ventured a remonstrance to his junior. Angelo, however, had smilingly made light of it, had assured him that he had merely met her at feasts given by one or other of the gay young nobles with whom he associated.

His one consolation was that Angelo was, even unexpectedly, most assiduous in attendance at the Maggior Consiglio, then torn by vehement dissensions between the Foscari party, eager for immediate war with Visconti of Milan, and the party of the old Doge Mocenigo, who was stubbornly determined on peace during his reign. For this, at least, Zuan was grateful. In that all-essential loyalty to his duties as a patrician, Angelo was not disgracing him, was even an example to other young nobles.

How proud he had been to take Angelo to the loggia under the Campanile on that day when the young man had assumed the right given him by his twenty-five years, had there introduced him to the venerable old patrician who would act as his other sponsor, had walked the three of them together through the interested glances of the throng in the Piazzetta to that old portion of the Ducal Palace, semi-destroyed by recent conflagration, which still implied a traditional fine of a thousand ducats upon the noble who even proposed rebuilding it. In the crowded great *sala* of the

(Continued on Page 52)



Berkeley, Calif

"I HAVE ROWED on the Varsity crew here for three years. Plugging away at a difficult engineering course all year, I was never in good shape when training began. And for several seasons, particularly at the height of training, I had a tendency towards indigestion and skin disorders. I had read how members of other universities' teams were eating Fleischmann's Yeast, so I gave it a try. Skeptical at first, I soon saw its value had not been over-rated. When in training for any strenuous sport, the body has to take in large quantities of food, which throws a great strain on the digestive system. I have found that a few cakes of Yeast each day keep me in shape for a hard day's grind and clear up my skin."

C. Peter de Jonge, Jr.

"My friend's spectacular recovery convinced me"

Cleveland, Ohio

"My proficiency in sports would reach the point where I was becoming interested in a game—when something would happen. An attack of indigestion. A cold. Or a spell of headaches . . . Naturally I was discouraged.

"The remarkable experience of a friend of mine converted me to Fleischmann's Yeast. Given up as a hopeless case, my friend gained almost complete recovery through eating Yeast.

"So I began eating it. In a few months my indigestion had vanished and my complexion—formerly marred with embarrassing eruptions—had become remarkably clear.

"No longer delicate, I am now playing tennis with real enthusiasm." Lauretta Buehner

Miss Lauretta Buehner, *of Cleveland, Ohio*
Read her letter at left

DRUGS and cathartics bring but temporary relief at best. That is why doctors are urging the natural corrective *food*—fresh Yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast is as fresh as any garden vegetable.

Gently, naturally, it rouses the muscles of your intestine, softens accumulated food wastes, speeds up elimination. The poisons of constipation no longer flood your system. As a result, your digestion improves, your old appetite returns. Your complexion, too—now clear, fresh—reflects your new-found vigor and health.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. Also, write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. D-63, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington St., New York.

(LEFT) *New York City*

"I AM ENGAGED IN WRITING a biography of the divine Sarah Bernhardt. All my life I had admired her. Finally in 1913 I met her, and later was asked to serve as her press representative, in which capacity I continued for a time.

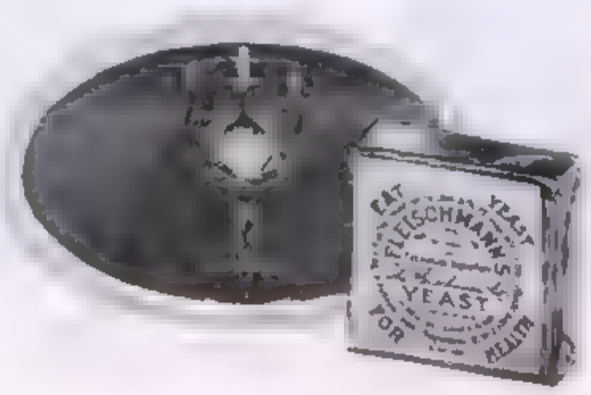
"My seemingly endless task is a terrific drain on my vitality. I find that eating several cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day fortifies me and gives me the needed stamina for my writing. I first learned of this valuable health practice from a young lady of the cast when I was on the road, acting in Shakespearian rôles in other strenuous days.

"I now eat Yeast regularly. I wouldn't be without it for a single day!"

Arthur W. Row

Health you admire—*this simple way*

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. As you are benefited by eating Yeast you can gradually discontinue dangerous, habit-forming cathartics.



Denver, Colo.

"HAVING A LITTLE DAUGHTER with such a happy, sunny disposition is a genuine joy. My only worry was that for a while she suffered from constipation.

"At the suggestion of a friend I started giving her Fleischmann's Yeast every day, dissolved in warm milk. The Yeast entirely overcame her trouble and she has since known nothing but perfect health. This year she entered school with a high average for her physical condition. But I still give her Yeast daily, as insurance for future years of health and happiness.

"My husband and I, too, have a reputation among our friends as examples of excellent health. We attribute something of this our freedom from colds, for example—to the fact that we follow my doctor's advice and eat Fleischmann's Yeast as a preventive measure." Mrs. Yale L. Wright

"Because I tired too easily and was fatigued by noon each day, I took Ovaltine. After using it a short while this tired feeling was greatly lessened, in fact some days I did not feel tired at all"
Harry B. Ashley,
Los Angeles, Cal.

For Busy People!

A new "pick-up" drink that ends "let-down" periods

Here's a way to keep you alert all day long . . . . both mentally and physically

Make this experiment with our 3-day test

It's not only brains, but the pep and energy to carry things through, that win success today.

And now modern science offers you a natural means to keep you "hitting on all six"—every minute of the day. A way that picks you up almost instantly. Both mentally and physically.

It is the delicious new Swiss food-drink called Ovaltine. Not an artificial stimulant. But a quick building-up beverage. Doctors advise it.

Thousands of successful people everywhere now drink Ovaltine regularly at home. In their offices. At soda fountains. It rejuvenates. It sets tired minds a-sparkle. We urge you to make a 3-day test.

Cause of laziness—how Ovaltine overcomes

Mental and physical "let-downs" are due mainly to overstrained nerves or digestive unrest—or both. Delicious Ovaltine helps to overcome this trouble. In this way:

First—It nourishes in easily digested form certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa or 3 eggs.

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods you eat. Thus a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Energy returns. Your mind clears and your body responds. *That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.*

Doctors recommend

You will like the flavor of Ovaltine. Unlike any other drink you have ever tasted. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties they also recommend it for restless sleep, nerve strain, malnutrition, underweight and delicate children, nursing mothers and the aged.

A 3-day test

Drink Ovaltine, hot or cold, whenever you feel low or nervously tired. See how quickly it picks you up.

All druggists and grocers sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or get it at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10c.

A SPECIAL DRINK FOR HOT DAYS EASILY MADE AT HOME

Ice Cold Ovaltine is particularly good for you on hot days. For every glass is actually a light, tasty meal in itself. In such easily digested form it supplies your system with energy-producing nourishment—*without overloading your stomach or overheating your blood.* And you can make it right at home. Simply pour a glass of milk into a shaker or Mason jar, add 2 teaspoons of Ovaltine, a dash of sugar and shake vigorously. Buy a can today. Drink this delicious, health-building beverage all summer.

"I had a very tired feeling. Tried Ovaltine and the results were wonderful. It put pep in me. Took away that tired feeling." Joseph Higgins,
Yonkers, N. Y.

OVALTINE

Builds Body Brain and Nerves

The Wander Co., Dept. P-18
180 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. (*Print name and address clearly.*)

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
(One package to a person) P

© 1928 Co.

(Continued from Page 50)

Maggior Consiglio, how he had thrilled with fraternal pride when Angelo at last had taken his seat as for centuries his ancestors had sat before him, as he had in his clear young voice sworn the tremendous oath of fidelity and secrecy. A few years of attendance in that august assembly whose activities were never revealed to the outside world, perhaps election to some minor magistracy, would assuredly in due course sober his madcap frivolity.

This thought came once more consolingly into Zuan's mind as, meditating on his brother—again, exasperatingly, he had just heard a not-amusing story of his extravagance with the lovely Giuliana—he rode his horse from the Rialto to the Casa Surian. At that time, and for long after, when the side canals were much obstructed and none of the universally wooden bridges was arched, it was still the custom for nobles to ride on horseback through the unpaved narrow streets which then as now provided a duplicate means of communication to every house. He must be patient with Angelo, must not provoke him into follies that were mere youthfully spirited defiance of his fraternal frowns. There was no harm in the lad. In a quick spontaneity of love for him he would have drawn his sword on the man who had dared to suggest it. Perhaps he was yet a little young for the responsibilities of marriage, but time would cure that. He must be, he would be, patient, would advise him merely to discretion, would do his best to keep Anastasia in ignorance.

He arrived at the land doorway of the Casa Surian, dismounted, threw the bridle to a waiting servant, entered the house, went up the stone stairway to the *sala* on the higher floor—the *piano nobile*.

Anastasia was sitting at the pointed window opening on the Grand Canal, needlework in her hand, the outside light irradiating her golden hair. She looked up to him with her shy smile, spoke in affectionate concern for him.

"I bade the servants bring wine for thee, Zuan." Always it thrilled him a little, involuntarily, when she used, intimately, his Christian name. "Ever art thou so wearied when thou comest from the Rialto. Why dost thou not sometimes send Angelo thither in thy stead?"

He smiled at her gravely as he seated himself near her.

"Some day, Anastasia, but as yet hardly has he experience enough. Much knowledge and a cool head must a man have to deal in the Rialto. Where is Angelo now?"

She answered in sweet innocence.

"But a little while ago he left me, Zuan. He said he had affairs of thine that called him."

Zuan frowned. With no affairs of his did Angelo ever busy himself. He could guess where he had gone. He strove to keep that thought of Giuliana out of his mind lest Anastasia should read it.

She rose to pour the wine for him. As she went toward the great oak table whereon was the flagon of silver and the goblet of Murano glass, he saw a scroll of paper lying on the floor. It had been covered by the folds of her long skirt as she sat. He bent and picked it up.

"What is this?" he asked.

She turned with the flagon in her hand. "I know not," she said. "Perhaps Angelo let it fall. He sat near me but now."

He opened it, glanced at it—stared at it in incredulity, in a devastating shock. He could feel his own face go white. It seemed to him that his heart was going to stop.

Anastasia cried to him in sharp alarm.

"Zuan! Zuan, what is it? What ails thee?"

For a moment he could not find his voice.

"Nothing. It is nothing," he said. He mastered himself with an immense effort—it seemed to him the greatest of his life—almost managed to smile as he crammed the scroll into the inner pocket of his long robe. "Nothing. As thou sayest, I am fatigued. Give me the wine." He drank off the goblet at a gulp. He could feel a cold sweat beading on his forehead. Without that effort of will, his teeth would have chattered.

That scroll, written in Angelo's hand, contained—contrary to the vital principle of the Republic, in treacherous, unbelievable violation of that solemn oath that every noble swore—a precise and detailed narration of yesterday's debate in the Maggior Consiglio. Evidently had he intended to take it with him whither he had gone.

Anastasia looked at him in bewildered anxiety.

"Zuan, what is it? Is it something that Angelo has done?"

She must not know. Not yet, at all events. He must think. He must get away to think. Angelo! That Angelo should be a traitor! Angelo—his brother whom he had so loved! He must get away alone quickly. This great hall, blazoned with the past honors of the Surianas, seemed to stifle him. He must think—think! He spoke out of that heroically repressed agony, achieved what should have been a smile.

"No. It is nothing. A faintness. Distress not thyself, Anastasia. It is finished. Now must I attend to my affairs. God rest with thee."

He hardly knew how he managed to walk steadily to the door. Angelo—a traitor to the Republic! It was like the collapse of the world.

He paced up and down his own apartment in that anguish, listened impatiently at every moment for a footfall outside. Soon now must Angelo come—come to confess that dreadful truth. He had sent messengers for him to every place where he might be found.

With appalling clarity his duty was vividly before him. As a Venetian patrician ancestrally imbued in every fiber of him with an uncompromising loyalty to that Most Serene Republic which claimed his supreme allegiance at whatever private cost, he could not even remotely conceive of suppressing his discovery. He had no alternative but to declare it instantly—it was even a crime to permit himself this little delay—to that dread Council of Ten charged with the defense of the state, that omnipotent body whose spies were everywhere, which worked in awful ruthlessness and secrecy, which only a few generations before had deposed and beheaded the Doge Marino Falier for unfaithfulness to his trust.

Angelo! That Angelo should have done this! He could have cried out in that agony, bit his lips lest he should do so, lest anyone should hear. And upon him, appallingly, inexorably, it was laid to denounce this brother he had so loved, this brother—such was the weakness of the flesh, the potency of old affection—he still loved, could not help but love despite his horror at his deed. He thanked God that their father was dead—their father who had bidden him watch over his brother!

At last he heard a familiar footstep outside, a familiar laugh as Angelo called back some light word to Anastasia. The young man entered boisterously, his handsome face lit up in zestful enjoyment of life.

"*Ecco*, Zuan, thy messenger found me and dutifully I obey!" He laughed as he spoke. "But haste thee, for my friends attend me below in the gondola."

For that first moment Zuan could not speak to him, could not even look at him. It was a too atrocious pain. Averting his glance, he went to the heavily curtained doorway, called to a servant.

"Pietro, bid Messer Angelo's friends not wait for him! Messer Angelo will not descend again!"

The young man cried out in sharp anger. "Zuan, what dost thou mean?"

Zuan turned to him. He could feel the grim whiteness of his own face. "Angelo, for whom dost thou make report of the sittings of the Consiglio?"

A brief spasm of alarm flitted across the young man's face and then instantly, in bravado, he asserted his smile again.

(Continued on Page 54)

The New Six

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What Six Cylinder Car Can Boast Of:

120 inch wheelbase
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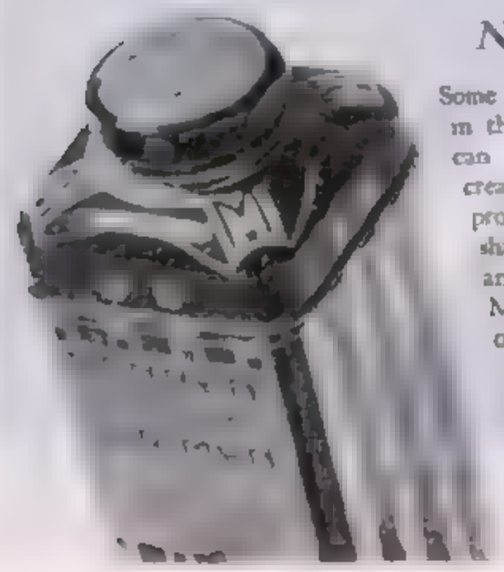

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Mennen Talcum for Men, too!

Tone down that schoolboy face shine with a light sprinkle of Mennen Talcum for Men. Neutral tinted, doesn't show. Rounds out the perfect shave. Also made in stick form.

(Continued from Page 52)

"What absurdity, Zuan! I know not thy meaning. I make no reports of thy tiresome old Consiglio!"

Zuan gripped himself. That this lying traitor should be Angelo!

"The truth only will serve thee, Angelo, if anything can serve thee." He drew the scroll from his pocket, held it up. "Here, in thy hand, is the narration of yesterday's sitting. For whom was it written?"

Angelo stared at him for a moment, a sudden terror in his eyes.

"Give it to me, Zuan!" he cried. "Give it to me!" He sprang at his brother in a desperate clutch at that fatal scroll, was hurled back by Zuan's strong arm. The next instant, as Zuan put the paper again in his breast, Angelo whipped out his rapier, rushed at him. "Give it me or I kill thee!"

Quick as he was, Zuan had been quicker. His own sword instantaneously pointed in a deadly barrier to that onrush, with a deft strong turn flicked Angelo's weapon from his grasp across the room.

"Be not foolish, Angelo," he said sternly, lowering his point—that he should have had to raise it against his brother! "For whom was that paper written?"

Angelo snarled at him. Never had Zuan seen that expression on his face.

"I shall not tell thee!"

Zuan shrugged his shoulders.

"The Council of Ten will know how to wrest the truth from thee." His voice was grim. "But I also will know."

Angelo gasped. He went deathly white. Few were the secrets that resisted the torture chamber of the Council of Ten.

"Thou wouldst not denounce me, Zuan!" he stammered. "Thou couldst not!"

"For whom was it written?" repeated Zuan inexorably.

Yet a moment the young man hesitated.

"Swear that thou wilt keep it secret, Zuan!"

"I swear nothing. Tell me!"

"It—it was for Giuliana," he faltered. "But, Zuan, I swear there was no harm in it. It was but that she was curious. She dared me to do it—would not receive me else. Zuan! Zuan, thou wilt not denounce her; thou wilt not give her to be tortured. Thou knowest not how lovely she is—her sweet limbs—oh!" He put his hands to his face as though blotting out a vision. "I could not endure that her loveliness should be torn and broken!"

Zuan contemplated him frigidly.

"How many times hast thou done this for her?" he demanded.

Angelo looked up at him, his face a drawn mask of agony.

"Zuan! Be merciful! It shall not happen again—I swear it! Never again will I do it! Never! Believe me, Zuan!"

"Again I tell thee the Council of Ten will have the whole truth from thee." His cold inexorability was odd to Zuan himself; it was as though another personality had arisen in him. "But I also will know all our shame."

Angelo uttered a curious little choking sound that was half scream.

"I will tell thee, Zuan—I will tell thee everything; but for the love of God, do not denounce me—do not denounce me! Ever since I sat in the Consiglio have I written these papers for her. I know not what she does with them. That is the whole truth, Zuan—the whole truth. Torture cannot wring more from me! For the love of God, do not denounce me! Thou canst not! Thou knowest what it means to say but a word to the Council of Ten—thou canst not unsay it! Zuan! Zuan!" He clutched at him desperately. "Zuan, for the love of God, shield me this once! I will be thy slave, will do thy bidding my life long like a dog, Zuan!" He was abject. "For the sake of Anastasia, Zuan—of Anastasia whom thou lovest—whom I took from thee just because I knew that thou didst love her. I confess it! Jealous was I of thee that she loved thee. Yet for her sake canst thou not denounce me!"

A woman's voice broke in on them: "For my sake?"

They both looked round, startled. Unheard by them, Anastasia had entered, stood now within the doorway. White and beautiful, she glanced at the drawn sword still in Zuan's hand, glanced at her quivering husband.

Zuan found his voice.

"Madonna Anastasia," he said courteously, "pray leave us."

She shook her head. Strangely rigid was her attitude.

"No," she replied. "I have heard. This traitor is my husband. I have a right to be here, to know all. What art thou going to do, Zuan?"

Zuan mastered the atrocious pain within himself.

"I have but one duty, Madonna Anastasia," he said. "Thou art thyself the daughter of a noble. What would thy father do, even were it his brother?"

She spoke from that tensely white face: "His duty, Zuan."

Angelo screamed, made an ineffectual clutch at Zuan.

"No, no, no! Anastasia, how canst thou? Thou knowest not what they will do to me! They will torture me, rend me, burn me! No, no, no! Zuan, for the love of God, spare me! Be generous, Zuan, even as thou wert generous when thou didst give me Anastasia!"

"That was but my own happiness I sacrificed," said Zuan curtly. "This is a matter of the Republic."

Angelo reeled back. His legs shook under him. He seemed about to faint in the sickness of the terror that gripped him. He could not speak.

Anastasia interposed, spoke in that same tense rigidity of manner.

"Zuan," she said, "true is it that I loved thee and would have been thy wife hadst thou asked me, yet is Angelo my husband and his honor is my honor, his infamy is my infamy. I urge not that I have come to love him despite his wickedness, even as thou thyself lovest him. If there is aught thou mayest do in honor to save him from shame, I ask it of thy love!"

Zuan stared at her. It was true. Angelo's public ignominy would be her ignominy likewise. He stood agonized in an atrocious dilemma. Could he wreck her existence also? Yet was that duty to the Republic inexorably dominant before him. He drew a deep breath. Something leaped up in him.

"Madonna Anastasia," he said, "there is but one way to save him from shame. Living, I must denounce him to the Council of Ten."

He turned to Angelo, raised his sword. "Angelo"—his voice was strangled in his throat—"on thy knees! I give thee time to say a paternoster!"

Angelo shrank from him, his face hideous in that imminence of death.

"No, no, no, Zuan! Let me live—let me live! I will go away! I will leave thee Anastasia! I ——"

Zuan's voice was strangely terrible:

"It is this—or the torture chamber and the scaffold! On thy knees, for our father's sake! I shall die also—for thy death! Kneel!"

Shaking in a palsy of panic, terror-crazed beyond resistance, Angelo knelt under the sword, muttered an incoherent prayer. Zuan drove the weapon with an abrupt suddenness.

Even as he withdrew it from his brother's lifeless body there was a commotion outside the door. A servant dashed through the hangings.

"Messer Zuan! Messer Zuan!" The man was grotesquely dramatic in his dismay. "The *capitano* of the Council of Ten! He demands Messer Angelo! He is here with his soldiers!"

Zuan stood in startled astonishment. Already then must Angelo's crime have been discovered by those ubiquitous spies of the awful council. He had been only just in time. He sheathed his sword.

(Continued on Page 56)

THE original Flying Cloud, first presented in January, 1927, was a great automobile.

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REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Lansing, Michigan

(Continued from Page 54)

"Bid him enter!" There was a grim satisfaction in his voice.

A moment later that dreaded officer—no one was there in Venice who was not shudderingly aware of what his appearance implied—came into the room, a group of fully armed guards behind him.

"Messer Zuan," he said courteously, "the *palazzo* is surrounded. In the name of the Republic and of the Council of Ten, I demand the surrender of Messer Angelo here within it."

Zuan pointed to the corpse.

"He is beyond your authority, *Sior Capitano*," he answered, with an equal cold courtesy of tone. "Nevertheless will I myself go with you to the council. I have matters for their ear." He reached for his velvet cap, threw the long stole of his robe about his shoulder. He did not glance at Anastasia, standing as though she were turned to stone.

As he went toward the door she came to him, put her hands upon his shoulders, looked into his soul with those pure blue eyes that to him would always be those of a saint in Paradise.

"Zuan," she said, "thou hast done what I would have had thee do. We are both *nobili* of Venice. Now this will I say. Ever wert thou in my inmost heart, and when they slay thee for this deed shall I die also. In heaven shall we be together, and here on earth now may I give thee the one kiss of our eternal betrothal."

But Zuan was not slain. Those grave *signori* who sat in awesomely secret conclave subtly decreed that, by virtue of his crime against the state, Angelo was already outlawed, his life at the mercy of any man. In the Benedictine monastery of San Giorgio Maggiore, a friar who once was Zuan Surian prayed in his cell, and year by year looked out upon the departing and arriving fleets, upon the loved splendor of architecture mirrored in the flood, upon the magnificent maritime pageants of that republic which was sublimely the *Serenissima*, which would endure austerely stable amid the convulsions of an unhappy Italy until its nobles forgot their ancient vows of uncompromising fidelity and secrecy.

In the island convent of Murano, beyond the sight but never beyond the thoughts of that fratricidal penitent, she who had been Anastasia similarly prayed for an eventual reunion in that white effulgence where human agonies cease.

A mercy of God released him from his earthly bondage long before that fatal day when, in the year 1486, the Portuguese Bartolomeu Diaz rounded the Cape of Good Hope and, finding a new way to India, at a stroke deposed Venice from five hundred years of domination of that sea she was still pathetically to wed for three hundred more.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

MY OLD LEDGERS

(Continued from Page 44)

his fabrics and he abided by their judgment. I dare say that most of the men who had a part in making those suits read the reviews of the play with almost as great an interest as the actor himself.

There are a number of customers who rely on their tailors to select fabrics for them, and there are a great many who deal with them at least twice a year but do not get into the shops oftener than once in three or four years. Some shops keep a man traveling most of the time. About a fourth of their patronage comes from men living away from New York, and it is necessary to maintain some sort of liaison.

Cost-Plus Wrinkle Chasing

Both Andrew Mellon—the Secretary of the Treasury—and his brother R. B. Mellon of Pittsburgh have a New York tailor. Some time ago the traveling man for the firm returned from Washington in despair.

"I kept a fitting appointment at the Shoreham with Secretary Mellon," he told his employer, "but I couldn't get him to stand still. As soon as I'd get a coat on him, away he would go to the other end of the room. It was less a fitting than a chase. Certainly his mind wasn't on clothes."

Chinese tailors are said to be able to look at a man and then make a suit to fit him, but I never heard of any Occidental ones that could perform that miracle. The next time the New York tailor made some clothes for Secretary Mellon was just before his daughter's marriage. That time he agreed to stand without hitching.

We have made clothes for a lot of contemporary American statesmen, including some American senators. I do not mean to say that we have made the coats of a large part of the Senate, however, because actually I regard it as about the most poorly dressed body of men to be seen against such an impressive setting. Sometimes I think it is a political pose with many of them. Who does not remember the terrible garments worn by the extremely powerful Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania? Spencer Penrose, his brother, being unencumbered by the prejudices of a constituency, wore the good clothing he liked and could well afford.

With greatly increased costs to meet, even a favorable location and an extraordinarily wealthy clientele would not have saved us from a business disaster if we had not altered our production methods and introduced that kind of management that has for its fetish the elimination of waste.

In our modern system we no longer rely on baste fittings. We strive for, and get, mathematical precision in cutting patterns. When the pattern is right the garment is certain to fit. This is so true that in modernized tailor shops there is seldom any such thing as a misfit. True, there are suits that are rejected; but if the customer is fair-minded he is generally willing to admit that his objection is not caused by any failure of workmanship, but is due to a dislike of the fabric. With a good customer we are always cheerful about consigning such a suit to what we still call the misfit department. The misfits that accumulated in any tailoring establishment formerly were a godsend to many persons struggling to keep up appearances on a small income. We could not afford to alter those suits, but if any of our friends could find among them one that fitted, he was given a bargain. Among my friends today is a famous actor with whom I share the secret that in earlier and less prosperous days his clothing was always a kind of raiment manna from my misfit room.

It was his custom to take such clothing as nearly fitted him, pay an absurdly low price for it, and then have it altered by some capable tailor who was not bothered by such troublesome matters as overhead and could, therefore, work cheaply.

We have always had an apt name for the type of customer that is most productive of suits for the misfit room. It is a name used rather generally in tailor shops. We call them wrinkle chasers, and they are men whose suits must fit their minds as well as their bodies. One of these fastidious gentlemen confessed to me once that he was troubled by a state of mind when he tried on a new suit.

"But if you will bear with me ——"

"I can't afford it, my dear sir, unless you want to deal with me on a cost-plus basis, as the Government did with ship contractors during the war."

"That's perfectly satisfactory," he agreed, and since that time we have got on famously. Remember, please, that three fittings nowadays are extraordinary. One is normally enough. The last time we made this man a suit he had—I give you my word—fifteen fittings. The suit would have cost anyone but a wrinkle chaser $150. It cost him, on the agreed basis, $260.

The Research Department

When America entered the World War we were able, because of our improved methods and accurate pattern cutting, to turn from mufti to the making of uniforms almost without confusion. One day, Grayson M. P. Murphy came to us with a Red Cross mission. Most of them were men who had been sitting humped over desks throughout their lives. It was not their bodies their Government needed; it was their brains. There must have been forty of them altogether, and they were going to Russia, to Italy, France, Rumania, Serbia and other countries, and they had to go as generals, colonels and lieutenant colonels.

For those men, as for about 4,000,000 of their countrymen, the war began the day they first put on their uniforms, so that one day they all walked into our shop civilians, and when they left they were soldiers; and the eagles we put on the shoulders of the colonels were properly placed too.

The most painstaking research preceded the making of those uniforms. Not everyone realizes that the War Department includes a bureau which is the final authority in American military fashions. If there is a question as to how many inches from the collar a brigadier general's solitary stars shall ride on his shoulders, that bureau contains the right answer to this delicate problem. As we began to devote more and more of our activity to the making of uniforms, however, we found ourselves able to place the light-brown braid on the cuffs of a second lieutenant's coat sleeves without consulting the War Department.

One employe of our establishment, even in times of peace, must keep authentic data concerning the uniform dress requirements of all the hunt and yacht clubs in the United States, as the members of these are as meticulous as any newly commissioned second lieutenant about the placing of buttons. This man, with his books of club rules, constitutes our research department.

Who's Who in Uniform

Personally, I always feel an especial delight in our business when the shop is busy with the scarlet coats of the various hunt clubs. I've never ridden to hounds, but I know that I could trail any Long Island pack, mounted, let us say on an automobile, and identify the club affiliations of every guest in the chase. That scarlet coat with the velvet collar like the skin of a Satsuma orange may be for you just a gay costume, but any button sewer in the shop that made it would know it for the uniform of the Essex Hunt Club of New Jersey. I have noticed that workmen like to be employed on brightly colored fabrics.

When four-in-hand coaching was the grand opera of sports for the rich families of America, every coaching club had its uniform, and members who attended meets in costumes other than the prescribed uniform were fined, sometimes the price of a good horse. They were as keen for regulations as any Boy Scout. Think what would have been the fate of any tailor who used the wrong shade of cloth to make Col. William Jay's dark-green cutaway, with its black-velvet collar that had to be faced and lined with black silk, or who failed to remember whether it was yellow or blue striped material that was needed for the waistcoat. After such problems the matter of dressing major generals in olive drab was of small moment.

By the end of the war numerous American tailors had assembled such a complete library of authentic information on the making of military costumes that I am sure they could have costumed the Kaiser if the need had arisen. Certainly they had made every kind of uniform except those of enemy countries, and our own firm did provide Count von Bernstorff with the clothes of English fabrics in which he departed from America after the severance of diplomatic relations.

Von Bernstorff was a most fastidious dresser, and during those feverish days when the attacks of German submarines on American shipping were bringing us ever nearer and nearer to a declared state of war the German diplomat was a frequent visitor to our shop and a lavish purchaser. We knew him as a debonair, even a gay gentleman, and I, frankly, felt a liking for him. One day, looking very careworn, he came in and selected a number of fabrics for suits, seeming to be not at all disturbed because the cloth was English. That was inevitable, of course.

"I should like these suits at your earliest convenience," he said. It was a significant request because it was then no secret that the breaking point had been reached. Count von Bernstorff on that day was far from being the debonair customer with whom we had dealt in the past. He was a nervous wreck, his face deeply etched with lines of bitterness. Von Bernstorff knew better than any of his countrymen what American participation was going to mean. We delivered the diplomat's new suits to him the day he sailed.

There was a time, as recently as the beginning of this century, when old and even ragged clothes had a place in the wardrobe of rich men. That was when the term "country clothes" was synonymous with "old clothes." It was customary then for men to wear their oldest garments when they went out into the country. Nowadays how different it is! Many of my customers give vastly more thought to their knickers than they do to their striped morning trousers.

Most of our customers in those days knew exactly what they wanted in the way of clothes. A knowledge of what was correct was almost instinctive with them. In recent years, though, because of the creation of so many new millionaires, we are not surprised when a rich man asks us to advise him as to what he needs in order to be prepared sartorially for any occasion. Paradoxically, in this so-called jazz period, the college fashions are a tremendous improvement on the styles affected by the students of those days when Woodrow Wilson was merely a professor of political economy.

Fashions, Then and Now

Twenty-five years ago the sidelines and the grand stands at a Yale-Harvard football game were crowded by young men who took up more room than was really necessary. Their shoulders were padded to absurd proportions; their hair was so long it interfered with their vision, and their peg-top trousers contained enough fabric to make them two ordinary pairs of pants. Jeers would be the lot of any college man who appeared on stadium or campus this year dressed in such extremes. The sons of the men who wore the peg-topped trousers and the mattress shoulders are pronouncedly better dressed than their fathers.

Quite recently the quarterback of a famous team came in to us to place an order. A fine-looking lad, he is one of the principal heroes of that campus where he is being educated. I give you my word that his fabric selections were as conservative as if he had been the cashier of a very old bank. Significantly enough, among the suits that young man ordered was a cutaway, and he also bought a tailed dress suit.

(Continued on Page 61)

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"your Majesty, there is no second . . ."

Years ago, when the schooner America was winning the first race for what became known as the America's Cup, Queen Victoria asked one of the stewards of the race: "And what boat is second?" And he, scanning the horizon vainly to make out the next sail, replied: "Your Majesty, there is no second!"

Today, in the automobile industry, Chrysler is so far ahead of others in quality, performance, style and value that "there is no second."

Chrysler's fine engineering and precision manufacturing—famous today as Chrysler Standardized Quality—have established new measures of leadership and value in the six-cylinder field.

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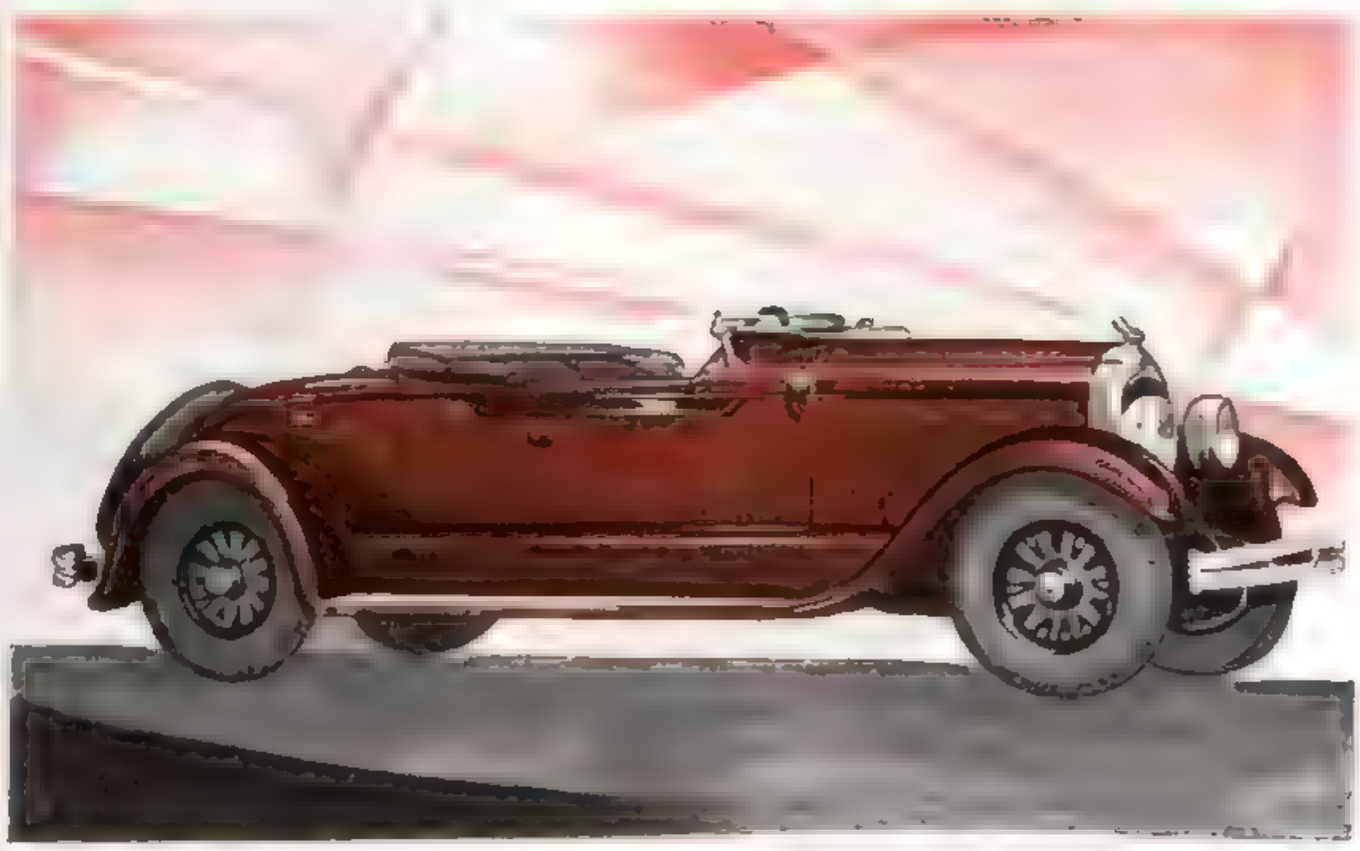
Chrysler's remarkable progress — due to public favor and public patronage—is based on the general conviction of superior merit in any car that bears the Chrysler name.

And each day sees the margin of Chrysler superiority increase. Because the Chrysler spirit of progressiveness maintains Chrysler always ahead of imitation and emulation. Chrysler engineering keeps its own counsel, inaugurates its own improvements, is always at work doing the new and better thing.

That is why the country, fascinated by Chrysler performance, Chrysler quality, Chrysler style, Chrysler value, is today even more than ever before—Chrysler wild.

That is why, scanning the horizon for pretending competition to Chrysler, the reply is still: "There is no second."



New 112 h. p. Imperial "80"—Roadster (with rumble seat), illustrated, $2795; Five-Passenger Sedan, $2945; Town Sedan, $2995; Seven-Passenger Sedan, $3075; Sedan-Limousine, $3495. Also in custom-built types by Dietrich, LeBaron and Locke.

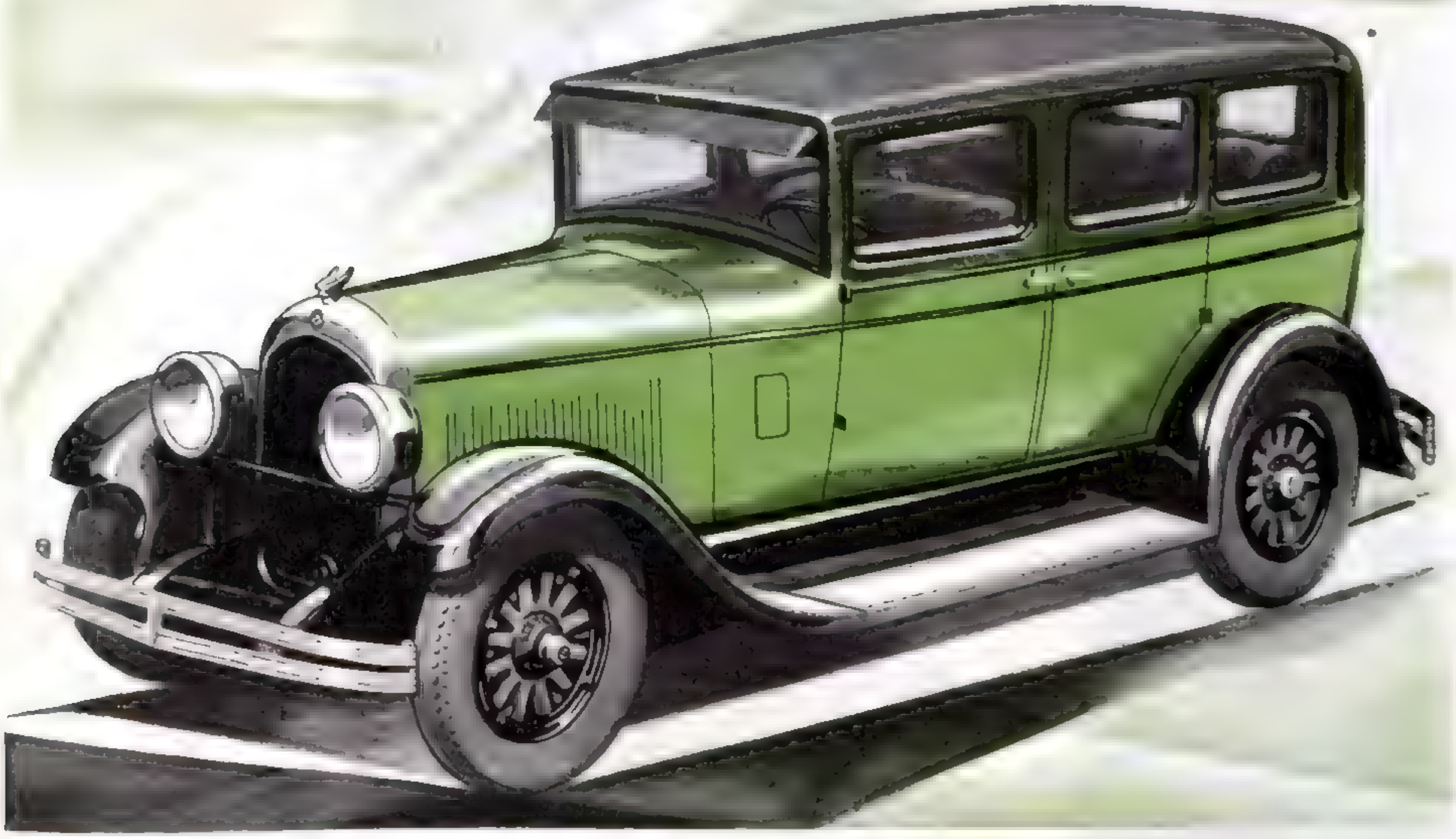
New Chrysler "Red-Head" Engine

—designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas, giving 12% greater torque with greater speed, power and hill-climbing ability; standard equipment on all body models of the New 112 h. p. Imperial "80," also standard on the roadsters, and available at slight extra cost for other body types, of the "62" and "72."

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

YSLER

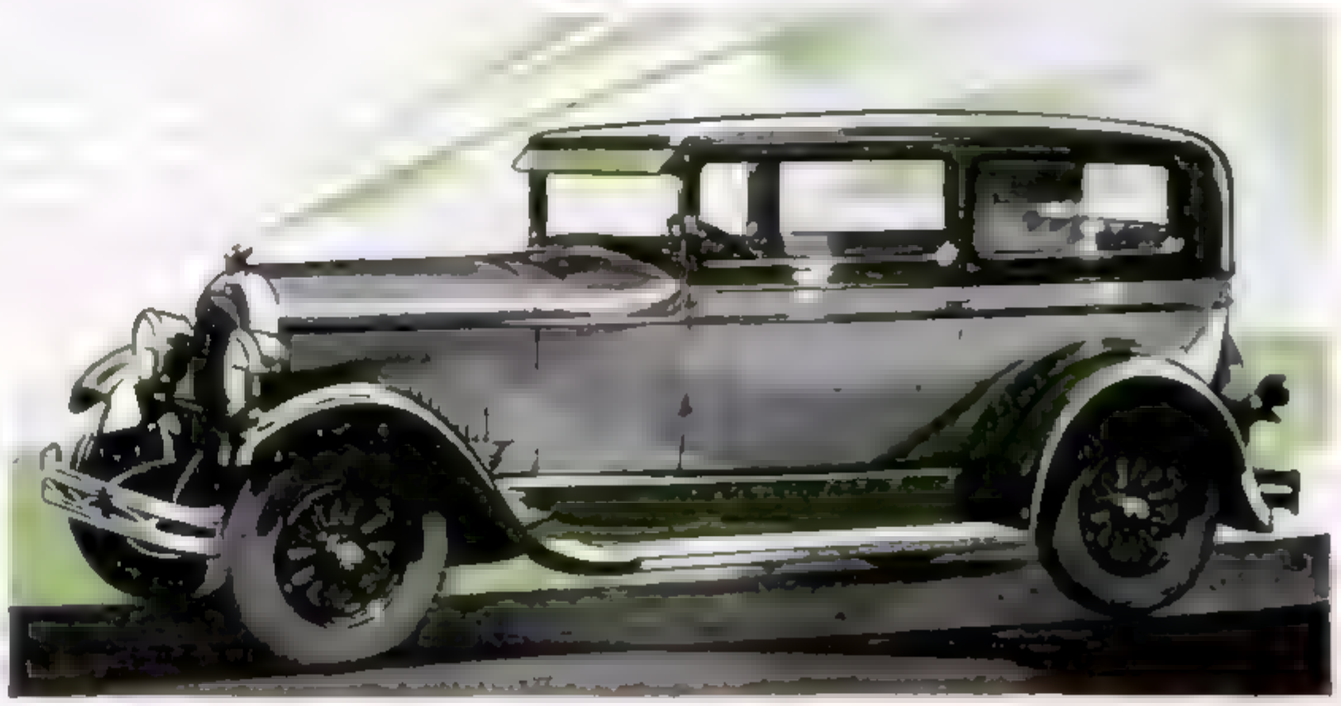
FAR AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS IN PERFORMANCE, QUALITY, STYLE AND VALUE



Illustrious New Chrysler "72"—Royal Sedan (illustrated above), $1595; Two-Passenger Coupe (with rumble seat), $1545; Sport Roadster (with rumble seat), $1595; Four-Passenger Coupe, $1595; Town Sedan, $1695; Convertible Coupe (with rumble seat), $1745; Crown Sedan, $1795.

Great New Chrysler "62"—2-Door Sedan (illustrated at right), $1095; Business Coupe, $1065; Roadster (with rumble seat), $1075; Touring, $1095; Coupe (with rumble seat), $1145; 4-Door Sedan, $1175; Landau Sedan, $1235.

Smart New Chrysler "52"—2-Door Sedan, $670; Coupe, $670; Roadster (with rumble seat), $670; Touring, $695; 4-Door Sedan, $720; De Luxe Coupe (with rumble seat), $720; De Luxe Sedan, $790.



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RADIOTRON UV-199
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RADIOTRON UX-200-A
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The standard by which other vacuum tubes are rated

The lingering vibrations of the fine-toned "E" string come to you on the air. Their exquisite modulations will be faithfully reproduced if the tubes of your receiving set are RCA Radiotrons.

RCA Radiotrons are developed and perfected in the great laboratories of RCA, Westinghouse, and General Electric, where the leading broadcasting stations are also designed. In these laboratories each Radiotron undergoes 41 different tests. For fuller enjoyment of your radio set equip it throughout with RCA Radiotrons. Never use new tubes with old ones that have been in use a year or more. See that your set is completely equipped with RCA Radiotrons once a year at least.

Look for this mark on every Radiotron

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOLA

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 56)

The informality of men's dress that seemed to come as an aftermath of war is passing. No longer may a man go anywhere in a dinner coat. The Tuxedo coat is all right in its place, but more and more it is losing its pretensions of correctness for formal occasions. In London some of the hotels and night clubs have begun once more to deny admittance to men whose evening coats lack skirts. In New York a number of the more discriminating hostesses during the past two years have been making an effort to restore the old formality, by dropping from their lists those otherwise eligible young men who have got into the habit of wearing dinner jackets where only evening suits should be worn. The dress suit and the morning suit are coming into their own once more. I know, because we have made more of these coats during the last year than we had made in any other year in two decades. What is proved by this is the essential conservativeness that governs men's fashions.

Because of this durability of men's fashions, neither our house nor that of any other fashionable tailor has ever had to seethe with the style worries that afflict and sometimes wreck the establishments that provide raiment for women. We have our style scouts, of course, and they are keen observers at the big golfing tournaments, at the Metropolitan Opera House, at Deauville, Biarritz, and other resorts where men of culture with taste for good clothing are to be observed. The scouts attend these places, but they are never hurried. They know that it takes many years to work any really great change in the character of men's dress.

A lapel may contract or expand, the silhouette may alter appreciably, but thus far men have been free from such style revolutions as have shrunk women's skirts to a gesture, shorn their heads, banished their corsets and doomed their petticoats.

It is a reflection on one of those great trends of fashion affecting women which makes me feel their changing costumes represent a real revolution that is only partially fought.

I can sense even yet some of the astonishment that made our employes gape in 1906 when they learned the identity of the customer for whom we were making a pair of riding breeches. They were made for a lady, and her order set a precedent. More than one of our workmen asked then: "What is the world coming to?"

Today many men's tailoring establishments make riding breeches for women.

Enduring Works of Art

It is a cause for pride that by altering the lines of a man's dress a competent tailor can clip forty pounds off his appearance—if not literally off his person. Such changes should be wrought in the clothing of all men as they grow older. The lines that become youth cease to be effective once the years have begun to sculpture the figure; but except for this a man's clothing remains fashionable until it becomes shabby.

Only recently an old gentleman came into our place carrying a bundle. He wore a go-to-hunt coat that had been brushed until its soft nap had disappeared; his shoes had been treated to a process that is beneficial to boots of fine quality—they had been boned, which means the leather had been worked with the shin bone of a horse until it had taken on that sheen which is so like the patina of old things that are treasured; his soft hat was from a block that was becoming to the angular lines of the old gentleman's face; his linen was noticeably good. Yet, it was apparent to me, nothing he wore was a recent purchase.

"I have a coat here that I should like to put back into service," he said with a gentle smile that told me better than the marks of wear on his costume that he was one who of necessity wrote his checks cautiously.

"Let us have a look at it," I invited. Nowadays I have little actual contact with customers and, I must confess, repairs to old garments are not a phase of the tailoring business for which we hunger; but a man of my own age and one who knows the meaning of good clothes has for me the same sort of appeal that, I fancy, one old sailor has for another. Anyway, my visitor unwrapped his coat, and it was a beautiful piece of tailoring.

"I shall have occasion to wear evening clothes next week, and probably never again after that," the caller explained. "This coat is free from moth holes and is otherwise sound, except for the lack of one of the skirt buttons. That, of course, is a small matter. What I am really concerned about is the cut of this coat. As I have not been going out for some years I am fearful about the correctness of my evening suit." With that he opened his hands with the same sort of appealing gesture that a troubled client might make to a lawyer.

The Cost of Clothes

"Slip it on," I suggested, and led the way into one of the fitting rooms. There the old fellow laid aside his overcoat, then the coat of his double-breasted sack suit, and finally slid his arms into the evening coat. He adjusted it at the collar and then looked at me.

"Well, sir," I told him, "if you will equip yourself with a suitable white waistcoat, I do not think there is anyone in the world that could testify that your coat was not made this year, although the waistlines are being cut a bit lower."

The old man fairly beamed at me, and then I read the inked description on the white-linen name label. It had been made in 1908, which was the year, in order to fix it in your mind, that Roosevelt left the White House, and the coat, therefore, was nineteen years old.

Turning the pages of some of my old ledgers recently brought Harry Lehr to mind vividly, and with that warmth that magically enlivens the memory of an old acquaintance.

In the days when Harry Lehr was helping Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish to leaven the rather dull lump that had been New York society, his costumes were a never-failing source of interest for the folks who lived far enough from New York and Newport to regard with awe anything connected with the mythical Four Hundred. If Lehr went abroad, there were sure to be cable dispatches about his clothes; in the yellow journals his clothing was sometimes an excuse for caricatures, and yet his expenditures for clothing were comparatively modest. Other men of that day were spending more, and less wisely. The point is that Lehr knew how to dress. I feel sure that he did not spend $1500 a year, including his purchases of hats, shoes, cravats and linen.

In the spring of 1903, for example, we made him a go-to-hunt coat for $90; a sack suit for $90 and another for $85; an evening suit for $125; a double-breasted sack suit for $85; a few vests and trousers.

A knicker suit in 1899, however, was as sensational as bobbed hair would have been on a woman, though no woman of society dared to shorten her hair or her skirts in those days.

Lehr wore an Eton jacket in 1904, but I am sure he wore it on some appropriate occasion. Harry Lehr came to New York from Baltimore in 1898, and became a patron of our establishment the following year, when we sold him those noteworthy knickers and a fur coat that could not be purchased today for less than ten times the $210 which it cost him.

Mr. Lehr's expenditure of $1500 a year was sufficient to create for him a reputation as one of the best-dressed men in America, but he would have a difficult time sustaining that reputation today on any such sum. I dare say it would cost him three or even four times as much today to achieve distinction in the field of men's dress.

For instance, Mr. Lehr's fur coat at $210 would certainly seem a bargain contrasted with the mink-lined double-breasted overcoat for which a man paid $3125 this year. Whereas Mr. Lehr and his contemporaries paid $125 for an evening suit, in recent years such suits have cost $225. Mr. Lehr's $90 overcoat would cost him about $160 if purchased today.

Robert Patterson, the late editor of the Chicago Tribune, paid $75 and $85 apiece for half a dozen suits in 1905; but sack suits today cost $150 or $160, and there was a time right after the war when a sack suit cost $200 or more. One Philadelphia man—and not a most lavish spender either—spent $2800 for clothing that was made for him last spring, and in the fall he placed an order for about $4600.

In our establishment we have a dozen or more customers who regularly spend in excess of $3000 a year. It is quite likely they spend considerably more for boots, hats, cravats, linen and other accessories.

I remember vividly what a delightful shock we received one day back in 1900 when a young man whom we had sized up as perhaps a broker's clerk when he strolled into the salesroom, began to buy clothes with the careless abandon of an Indian rajah on a spree.

He spent more than $3000 in that one visit. He was a young fellow who had just inherited a fortune down in Texas. He would have to spend much more than that to give us anything like such a thrill today.

Women generally, I have observed, are quite a comfort to a man when he is buying his clothes. Few women ever seem to rely much on any man's judgment where a hat or a frock is concerned, but some of the most powerful industrial executives in the country are meek little boys, I have discovered, when their wives tell them a certain fabric would not become them.

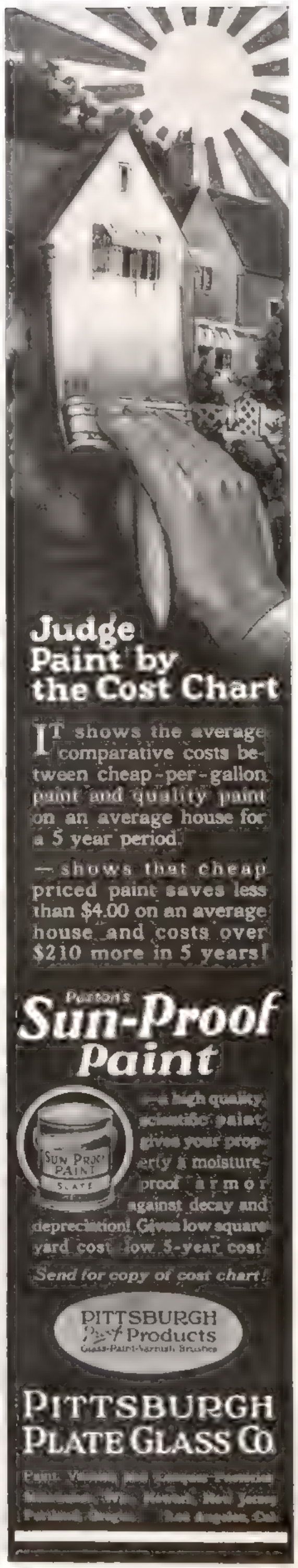
An Oriental Fashion Arbiter

A tailor must study the characters of his customers or lose them. There was one of our customers, for example, who would flare into a temper if he was invited to inspect any but gray fabrics. Year in and year out he bought thousands of dollars' worth of clothes, but we could never be sure of keeping his trade, because there was always the chance that some new clerk would go to wait on him without being coached, and would send him into a passion by the display of blue serge or brown herringbone cloth.

That customer died before I ever had a chance to discover what lay behind his aversion to all but gray fabrics. I think, though, that it was nothing more than a mild liking for grays, intensified by pique whenever his tailor failed to remember that partiality. Lots of people have vanity as tender as that.

Nowadays we keep a card index that may readily be consulted by the salesmen. It records the eccentricities of all our customers who have them. There is one who will buy anything his Japanese valet approves, and nothing else. A salesman who did more than display fabrics to that man and his Jap attendant might easily drive him away from us. There are other customers who buy so many suits that they would become confused if we did not bring out for their guidance a swatch of samples of all the materials we have previously made up for them. This is to prevent needless duplication in their wardrobes.

There are many customers, of course, who require their tailors to make two suits of every fabric they select. Some are men who spend part of their time in Pittsburgh and part in New York, maintaining homes in both places. They travel back and forth almost completely unencumbered with baggage, for they have precisely as many changes of clothing in one city as in the other. Some of these men with double wardrobes move between Philadelphia and New York, or Baltimore and New York, or Boston and New York. In every case that I know about, however, New York shelters one of the pairs of wardrobes.


Judge Paint by the Cost Chart
IT shows the average comparative costs between cheap-per-gallon paint and quality paint on an average house for a 5 year period.
— shows that cheap priced paint saves less than $4.00 on an average house and costs over $210 more in 5 years!
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—a high quality scientific paint gives your property a moisture-proof armor against decay and depreciation! Gives low square yard cost—low 5-year cost.
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2 minutes -- or 10 *to fill your bathtub?*

A full, clear flow from Anaconda Brass Pipe

Or

a *slow* trickle from rust-clogged pipe

RUSTED water pipes fill the tub with maddening deliberation, while precious minutes slip away.

Not only that—they often deliver murky, rusty water—instead of the pure, clean water which you pay for and have a right to expect.

This never happens if water pipes are of Anaconda Brass. Clean water flows freely, at the turn of a tap, always. No pipe leaks—no soaked ceilings—no repairs or replacement every few years.

Rust-proof your house with Anaconda Brass Pipe—gutters, rain-pipes and flashings of Anaconda Copper, screens of Anaconda Bronze. These Anaconda metals *cannot* rust. They save the owner of the average size house $62 yearly in upkeep

Learn the advantages of rust-proofing with Anaconda. The free booklet gives the facts.

ANACONDA BRASS PIPE

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY,
General Offices: Waterbury, Connecticut

Please send me your booklet on the advantages of rust-proofing my house throughout.

Name

Address

City *State*

ANACONDA COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE

As a matter of fact, that is not an extravagance. I regard it as an economy, because the clothing lasts longer. Packing suits tightly into a suitcase does not add anything to their life, you may be sure.

One of the cards in our index records certain data that have been gathered painstakingly from a customer who is devoted to aviation. Flying is such a hobby with him that he frequently decides on the spur of the moment to take a trip, and he takes all his trips in the air. He asked us to make him a suit that could be worn either on the street or in the air.

We did it, but he contributed a lot to the design. Naturally, for flying he needs a coat capable of keeping him much warmer than is ordinarily necessary or desirable on the street.

If an establishment can satisfy its cranky customers it is well on the way to fortune. It was a cranky customer who helped to steer our house into the profitable channel that brought us uptown. The firm was established by my father in 1873. It was during the year I joined my father that a man whom we will call Jones came into our shop bringing a suit that he wished to have copied exactly. It was a suit with a hand-sewed edge, and it had been made in London

Our new customer went to great lengths to impress us with the super-quality of the English workmanship that had gone into the fabrication of that suit. It did fit him beautifully and it was finely made, but there was no detail to which this customer did not call our attention.

A Sartorial Triumph

I found a fabric in our stock that suited him easily enough, because then, as now, we bought fabrics in London. If we could produce a suit as well made as the one Mr. Jones offered as a model it would be in every respect as good as a London-made suit, and Mr. Jones was one of thousands of New Yorkers of that day who regarded London clothes with the same awe and envy with which women still regard Paris gowns. The truth is, of course, that American tailors always have made better clothing than English tailors, and English tailors admit it.

"Won't he be a terror to suit?" whispered my father, calling me to the back of the shop to suggest that we had better not risk the danger of one of those tragedies of the tailoring craft that we know as misfits.

Well, we made the suit and when, after about four fittings, our meticulous customer expressed himself as fully satisfied, my father agreed that we seemed to have an organization as capable as at least one London establishment, and as it happened, one of the best.

Thereafter we went boldly after the seventy-five-dollar trade, which meant the men of the families of distinguished lineage, and we got them too.

I can remember very well what a triumph it was for us when E. Berry Wall first came to our growing establishment. He was one of Ward MacAllister's crowd, and his clothing was superlatively interesting to every man in New York who was anxious to be regarded as well dressed. He wore a drooping mustache and carried himself with a stoop; he was not an especially handsome person, but he was rated as a well-dressed one. Now he has his daily promenade on the Champs-Élysées, an old man past seventy who could lie successfully about his age if he cared enough; but until he forsook Fifth Avenue his daily appearances were a part of the pageant that did much to make that thoroughfare celebrated.

Wearing bright red or plaid waistcoats and a standing collar that followed the line of his chin, he had the manner of a great general temporarily without an army; and the sight of E. Berry Wall preening that fine sweep of mustache on his upper lip was something to be bragged about by any who returned from New York to Moline or East St. Louis.

Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that we were making the clothes of many of the most fastidious dressers among the men of the country, as well as the clothes of the most successful business and professional men, we had reached a state in which it was debatable whether we should be ruined by the volume of our slow-paying customers.

Just how the custom of treating a tailor's bill as a joke came into existence, I do not know, but certainly it is a fact that right down to the present moment there are plenty of men in the world who regard a statement from their tailor as an impertinence. As an active member of the National Association of Merchant Tailors of America, however, I have come to the conclusion that such men are going to learn to pay their tailor bills on the first of the month, as they pay their other obligations, or else go without clothes.

Only recently I impressed the son-in-law of one of the richest American families with the fact that a change has occurred in the tailoring business. He is a pleasant-mannered person, the soul of that sort of politeness that can be expressed by gesture and urbanity. Suppose we call him Major. You should see the Major lift his hat and bow as he passes a feminine acquaintance on Fifth Avenue, but for two years he owed us $2000. Finally we received a check, after one of our men had discussed the bill with his private secretary.

A week or so after the account had been cleaned up, in came the Major. He selected fabrics for half a dozen sack suits, for country clothes, evening clothes, overcoats and riding breeches. Then, after a fitter had checked up his waist measurement to make sure that he had not grown stouter, he left. But none of the fabrics he had selected were sent to the cutters

Saving Through a Loss

Instead, one of the men in the establishment who is skilful in handling such matters telephoned to the Major's private secretary, who is really a social secretary, and explained that we should be glad to cut the fabrics as soon as we received a deposit, and that we should deliver the clothes when we received a check for the balance. The secretary is a human sort of person who can be dealt with frankly

"I don't believe the Major could be induced to send a deposit," he said. "Why don't you go ahead like a good fellow and make the suits? You'll get the money sometime. He has it, you know."

"'Sometime' is too indefinite. We shall be glad to cut the cloth when we receive a deposit." We have not received the advance payment as yet; but then, neither have we cut the cloth.

The truth is that stern rules of management have forced us to give up the practice of making clothes for glory, no matter how grand the customer's name. Nowadays we want cash thirty days after delivery, or else interest at 6 per cent for the period of delayed payment. And we get it too.

A Scene in Ketchikan, Alaska

The mild, mellow flavor and velvety texture of Philadelphia Cream Cheese will give equally pleasing results in this salad when a variance of flavor is desired.

For this and other choice recipes write our Home Economics Department, 406 Rush Street, Chicago.

A Delightful Salad— with KAY!

WHILE Kay is considered without an equal as a spread for sandwiches, yet its use is becoming quite general as a part of some very appetizing and attractive salads. And when mixed with a French dressing—either Wright's or Milani's—it makes a rich, creamy Thousand Island Dressing.

But besides the appetite urge of its piquant flavor, there is a wholesomeness and stability in Kay that is both delicious and satisfying. That's because Kay for the most part is composed of cheese—white, fluffy Philadelphia Cream Cheese. To this we add only choice spices and relish (no meat or oils), and the result is a delightful surprise; a treat to the most backward appetite. Your dealer has it; ask for Kay.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company

SILVER BLONDE

Continued from Page 38

"Say, if you've got to know the truth," he said, "I wasn't invited at all. I was just throwing a bluff when I said that to you."

"But—but " was all that Helen could get out, her face absolutely empty with astonishment.

Mr. Montgomery did not give her any chance to collect herself, but hurried on with his own hotly embarrassed remarks:

"Listen, girlie, you've had me all wrong from the start. I'm no society guy. I've been running one of Nat Bernstein's ladies' clothing stores on Broadway. In the next two weeks I'm going to start a store of my own, and I had an idea I could get you to work with me. Be a buyer, maybe, after a while. That's how smart I've been about you up to tonight. Here's your pocketbook. I'm glad I remembered it. I suppose we won't see each other again "

In his haste he didn't wait for her to speak but pushed out. There she was, absolutely alone.

She thrust the purse in the front of her dress because she was too nervous to hold it. In fact, she put one hand in her mouth and held her forefinger in rather a hard bite in order to steady herself. Her distress evidently communicated itself to the gentleman next her.

"I wouldn't worry if I were you," he said. "Take my word for it, it's just some gag. They saw what a poor picture it was and they've taken this way to break it off amusingly. Very soon they'll suggest that we go in and dance."

"Do you really think so?" Helen asked.

"Had you brought that chap with you? It's embarrassing for you, isn't it? I'm on the next suspect list. At least, I imagine I was invited for professional reasons on account of the film."

That statement was somehow absurdly comforting. "Were you?" Helen asked.

"Yes. My name's Bill Hancock, by the way."

Helen supposed she should give hers. Fortunately Mr. Dangerfield cleared his throat just them.

"He's going to speak again," Helen said.

"I am absolutely convinced that this is some joke," Mr. Dangerfield declared also. "But really, it's going to be unpleasant soon. Won't you please end it, whoever is responsible? . . . Is it you, Cyril Chadwick?"

"That's an insult," the voice of the adenoidal humorist giggled. "I demand that I be searched!"

"That's what we're all going to demand," Mr. Dangerfield said gravely, "and it won't be fun for anyone."

"Except perhaps the searchers," the irrepressible Mr. Chadwick giggled again.

There was some laughter, but no other response to Mr. Dangerfield's plea. It was quite apparent that Mr. Dangerfield was no longer amused.

"I have asked," he stated, "that the cards handed in at the door be gone over. Has that been done yet, Muriel?"

From the entrance door came the feathery voice of the little cockatoo lady:

"It has, Scott, and the only queer thing is that the card sent to Ingrid Duchard was presented and Ingrid had called up to say that she never got it, so I left word with Brown at the door to let her in without one."

"Who got Mrs. Quentin Duchard's card?" Mr. Dangerfield asked. "Will whoever did stand up, please."

Why hadn't she gone before, when Mr. Dangerfield asked for the people who were brought uninvited, Helen Pegram demanded of herself. Why hadn't she done something anyway? If only the floor would open up and swallow her. She didn't know what kept her from fainting.

From the doorway came Mrs. Dangerfield's voice, very excited, as though the cockatoo had found a cobra in her nest.

"Is there a Miss Helen Pegram here, who brought a Mr. Montgomery?"

To faint—that was the only solution. Helen Pegram shut her eyes and relaxed with all her might.

"Miss Helen Pegram?" she heard Mr. Dangerfield repeat questioningly.

"A Mr. Montgomery who's being searched says he was brought by a Miss Helen Pegram," the cockatoo voice explained.

It would all come out—stolen letters, the clothes from Maxwell's. But at least she couldn't be blamed for not standing up. She had fainted

"Isn't Miss Pegram in the room?" Mr. Dangerfield repeated. "I suppose we'd better begin making arrangement to have everyone searched. The men can be done in the room with ——"

Then there was a loud "Good Lord!" from the man who had said his name was Bill Hancock.

"Hold up your arrangements for a minute, Scott," Helen heard him call. "The girl next to me has fainted."

Confused sounds surrounded her; above them Mr. Dangerfield's voice: "Who has fainted?"

"I don't know her name. Stop crowding around, everybody."

A sirocco of voices:

"Don't you suppose it must be this ——"

"I've never seen her."

"The air here is so vile that I should think ——"

"Hasn't anyone here smelling salts?"

"Smelling salts in this day and age!"

"What was the name they were asking for? It must be she."

"Don't crowd around her so, please." That was Mr. Bill Hancock. "Doesn't anybody know her? A silver blonde and a raving beauty!"

Then Helen was astounded to hear a pleasant, authoritative feminine voice saying: "Why, I do, of course. So do we all. What's the name now? You'd recognize her in an instant if I could think of it. She's just had her hair cut a different way."

"I never would have forgotten it," Bill Hancock remarked.

"How stupid of me. I've known her all my life. Here, child, can't you open your eyes?"

Helen Pegram never stirred her lids, but she had placed the voice. It was Mrs. Fahnstock's. Mrs. Fahnstock must still be remembering her just enough to know that her face was familiar.

"Can it be this Miss Pegram?" Mr. Dangerfield's voice queried.

"No, it can't," Mrs. Fahnstock called back. "I can vouch for that. It's just a child who can't stand this stuffiness and excitement. What shall we do with her?"

"That door in the paneling beside you leads into a small drawing-room. Perhaps she'd be better in there. Do you need a doctor?"

"Doctor Norton is with Julie Warburton Howard," Mrs. Dangerfield's voice piped, and one was sure she was flapping distracted wings. "I don't know whether any other doctors were asked. Are there any other doctors here?"

"We don't need a doctor," Mrs. Fahnstock's voice answered. "Can you lift her?"

She had evidently addressed Mr. Bill Hancock, for he said "Of course."

Helen felt herself taken up in careful arms.

"I'll manage her feet," Mrs. Fahnstock said.

"No need."

But Mrs. Fahnstock continued to support them, apparently to see to her dress, which must have pulled up in front, for Helen could feel it being arranged. In an instant they were out of the turmoil.

"This is perfect," Mrs. Fahnstock's voice said. "Put her down on that couch."

It was like being lowered to a cloud

"Have you ever seen anyone more lovely?"

"Never!" Mr. Bill Hancock's voice was emphatic. Someone was feeling Helen's wrist. "In a mystery story it would turn out that she'd been stabbed in some bloodless East Indian way," Bill Hancock remarked, "but her pulse is fine."

"Just give her a few moments and she'll be as right as rain," Mrs. Fahnstock assured him. "I suppose you'd better leave us. They'll be wanting to search you. We'll be here when they're ready to begin on the women."

"I'll tell them. I wish there was something I could do."

Helen ventured to open her eyes just a little. Mr. Bill Hancock, a concerned expression on his nice face, was just leaving the small, periwinkle-blue room where she lay. Mrs. Fahnstock stood with her back toward Helen.

"There isn't," Mrs. Fahnstock said.

The door shut after him. Mrs. Fahnstock glanced around the room, walked to another door, turned the knob and looked out.

The time had come to speak, Helen realized. "Mrs. Fahnstock!" she called her.

Mrs. Fahnstock jumped. "Good heavens, you startled me! Are you feeling better?"

"I was only pretending," Helen blurted out. "I may as well tell you right away that you're mistaken about thinking you know me. You've seen me, but not the way you think. I sold you that dress this morning at Benson's. I'm the Helen Pegram they're asking about, but I just didn't dare say so. I wasn't asked, of course. I just got Mrs. Quentin Duchard's card from the hotel desk and came. I thought the fellow I was with was invited. Who ought I go to and tell? I don't know anybody and I'm just scared to death. And I never even saw Mrs. Warburton Howard's pearls."

"Why, you poor child," Mrs. Fahnstock exclaimed with a kind of pitying amusement.

"They'll be coming in here in a moment for me," Helen went on in panic. "What ought I to do?"

"I'm afraid you've got yourself in rather a jam," Mrs. Fahnstock said. "I happened to hear Mrs. Duchard talking about those letters and she sounded distinctly unpleasant. And Muriel Dangerfield is so upset about this silly pearl episode that she wouldn't hear what you were saying if you did explain to her. Where did you get that dress?"

"I got it from Maxwell's on the strength of the letters I took. Just the way you got your dress on your letters. That gave me the idea."

"Heavens! You make me feel almost responsible. Now what should you do? Certainly, I think you'd better not try to explain tonight. There are too many people to explain to. The wise thing would be to just slip away as quietly as you can."

"But how can I? How can I even get out of this room?"

"I'll help you, if I can," Mrs. Fahnstock told her. "Just let me think for a moment."

"What's outside that other door?" Helen couldn't help questioning.

"The long gallery. But just at present it looks like police headquarters. Now what perfectly legitimate excuse could we have for leaving that mob inside? I have it! Do you think you can manage a laughing exit?"

"I guess so."

"Then come on."

With a gay little peal on her own lips, Mrs. Fahnstock pushed open the door that led to the gallery. Helen echoed it as best she could.

"Officer!" Mrs. Fahnstock called toward a group of men near the entrance of the room where the moving picture had been displayed. A big Irishman in uniform detached himself from it.

"Yes, ma'am."

"We've been searched," Mrs. Fahnstock informed him. "What are we supposed to do now? Have they any other games?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Will you ask, please?"

"Hey, they're through with these ladies," the Irishman called to a colleague. "What do they do now?"

"I don't know."

"I think we may as well go down to the ladies' dressing room then," Mrs. Fahnstock told the officer. "I feel as though I'd put on my clothes in a Pullman, don't you, Adele?"

Helen realized that she was being addressed. "Yes, I do," she agreed.

"This is the lift, isn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am." The officer himself rang for it.

Someone was coming from the far end of the gallery. Helen turned. The man in the dinner coat had been Eric Peterson! There couldn't be two people who looked like that.

"Helen!" she heard him say when he was still a long distance away.

She could only gasp, "Eric! Oh, Eric!"

"Here's the lift," Mrs. Fahnstock's clipped voice called her attention.

"But I want to speak to ——"

"You'd better come, my dear." Mrs. Fahnstock's strong hand encircled her arm. Helen felt herself drawn into the elevator. The door of it closed. By looking up she could see Eric's peering face until it was blotted out by the grilled ceiling.

In a voice that was quiet for the benefit of the elevator boy, Mrs. Fahnstock counseled her: "I would be rather careful not to do anything foolish just at present."

"But it was the man I came to New York to see," Helen protested, "and he doesn't know my address."

"I shouldn't regret that too much tonight."

They were down.

"And I don't know his," Helen complained.

Mrs. Fahnstock ignored the remark. "We'll have to get our things quickly," she said.

They hurried to the dressing room, which was deserted, and seized their wraps.

"Now we must walk, not run, to the nearest exit."

Helen could see that Mrs. Fahnstock was keeping her voice calm and gay with some effort.

They crossed the hall. A policeman stood by the footman at the door. "We've been searched," Mrs. Fahnstock told him. "May we go?"

The man shook his head. "Strict orders. Nobody is to go yet. I'm sorry."

"It isn't your fault," Mrs. Fahnstock told him good-humoredly. "I suppose we'll just have to wait." As she and Helen turned, however, Mrs. Fahnstock muttered a heartfelt "Damn!

"It was what I was afraid we'd run into," she told Helen.

"I wish we could be searched really," Helen said. "I wouldn't have them think I stole those pearls for anything in the world"

"It isn't a question of pearls," Mrs. Fahnstock declared. "And what does it matter about them anyway? Your conscience is clear. Our problem is how to get out immediately. And here comes that friend of yours down the stairs. I hope he hasn't talked."

Eric came straight to Helen. "What did you run like that for?" he asked. "I heard them talking about a Helen Pegram, but I didn't think it could be you."

"But I don't see what you're doing here either."

"This is my job," Eric answered. "I've got a job being Mr. Dangerfield's bodyguard and private detective like. He was my colonel during the war. It's a pretty good job."

(Continued on Page 69)

Once Man O'War was really challenged

A STOUT-HEARTED little colt—John P. Grier—moved into the lead on the "stretch" at Aqueduct and for a few fleeting moments thrilled forty thousand spectators into a benumbing silence.

For the first time in his racing career, Man O'War was really challenged. For the first time in his racing career, he felt the sting of a whip. He lengthened his stride a trifle—his action became a little smoother. He moved up in flying strides in time to win. He withstood his one great challenge—like the good thorobred he was.

To those who engage in industry, as to those who engage in competitive sports, challenges must sometime come.

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Associations have grown up about the name Duco. To you it may mean brilliant, flashing colors, the radiant, lasting beauty which Duco first brought the automotive industry. To another it means a beautiful, enduring surface which will withstand the onslaught of time and weather. To someone else it means a world of color in the home, or a clear, transparent surface that reveals the beauty of the natural grain. Duco has made these things possible, and today they can best be achieved by Duco. Over two thousand automobile refinishers in cities and towns and villages are now helping to fill the nation's highways with Duco's radiant and lasting beauty. On hundreds of home furnishings and articles of office equipment, in hundreds of fields of industry, Duco is providing an unbelievable term of service.

In fact, wherever color or endurance are assets Duco can be found today. Whatever you buy that will take a finish can probably be bought finished with Duco, but remember that only Duco gives Duco results. Ask if it is made by du Pont and look for the oval du Pont seal.

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CADILLAC CHANDLER REO FLYING CLOUD GARDNER SERIES 85 PONTIAC* LOCOMOBILE REO WOLVERINE
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*Not included in factory list price

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With all motordom centering its attention on greater riding comfort—with car buyers everywhere demanding it and car builders bending every effort to provide it—

—Delco-Remy presented the improved Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorber, a shock absorber which was readily adaptable to all cars, and sold at prices within the reach of everyone.

So spectacular was this achievement that in a few short months Lovejoy became the world's most popular hydraulic shock absorber.

More manufacturers have adopted Lovejoys as standard equipment in the past year than all other shock absorbers combined. More motorists are buying Lovejoys for installation on their present cars and more people are riding on Lovejoys than on any other hydraulic!

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—for Lovejoy working parts are completely enclosed, operate in oil and are protected from the wear and breakage caused by dirt and water.

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Crosses indicate points where Timkens are used in passenger automobiles

Make	Models	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Other Uses
Auburn	All	x	x	x		x
Cadillac	All	x	x		x	x
Chevrolet	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
Chrysler	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
Cunningham	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
[illegible]	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
Dodge	[illegible]	x	x			x
Durant	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
[illegible]	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
Elcar	[illegible]	x	x			x
[illegible]	[illegible]	x	x			x
Essex	[illegible]	x	x	x	x	x
[illegible]	All	x	x	x	x	x
[illegible]	[illegible]	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
[illegible]	[illegible]	x	x		x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
[illegible]	Eight	x	x			x
Jordan	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x

Make	Models	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Other Uses
[illegible]	All					
[illegible]	[illegible]	x	x	x	x	x
[illegible]	Jr. 8	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
	[illegible]	x	x			x
Peerless	[illegible]	x	x			x
	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	[illegible]	x	x	x		x
	[illegible]		x			
Reo	[illegible]	x	x			x
	[illegible]	x	x			x
Star	All	x	x	x		
[illegible] Knight	[illegible]	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker	[illegible]					
[illegible] Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
[illegible]	All	x	x	x	x	x
Willys-Knight	[illegible]	x	x	x	x	x
Overland	[illegible]	x	x	x	x	x
	[illegible]	x		x	x	x

The *Making* of Your Car

Sparks stream from the big grinding wheels at work in the Timken steel mill, where the wear-resistant special electric furnace steel is made for Timken Bearings.

You cannot see the bearings, but they very largely *make* the chassis, for they have the final responsibility for carrying the motion in cars, trucks and buses.

You may not want to go into the technicalities of Timken electric furnace steel, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken tapered construction—which mean utmost protection against friction, side-thrust, shock, weight, and speed.

But you do want Timken results in the differential, pinion or worm drive, transmission, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots and fan. You want the continued smoothness, quiet, surety and economy which make Timken Bearings the choice of the great majority of makers. Then *settle* the technical matters—see that you *get* Timken Bearings.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, O.

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 64)

"Thank heaven!" Mrs. Fahnstock cried. "Tell him everything. He'll be able to get you out."

Helen remembered Eric Peterson as he used to be, and wasn't so sure.

"Tell me what?" Eric was asking her.

"It will take a long time to explain," she said. "Is there some place we can go and talk?"

"Sure, there's the library. But how do you happen to be rigged out in those clothes?"

He was not so handsome as Helen had remembered him. There was a kind of thickness about his good looks. The task before Helen was not going to be any cinch. He guided Mrs. Fahnstock and Helen to a big, book-paneled room.

"It's all Ed Pegram's fault," Helen began. And she made as good sounding a story of it as she could, although she could feel Mrs. Fahnstock getting impatient, and once that lady said, "But surely he will take all that for granted."

Helen knew Eric wouldn't take anything for granted. And when she was all through she was not a bit surprised at the long, troubled face he was wearing.

"Gee," he said, "that's pretty bad, isn't it? Why, that dress is just as good as stolen, Helen. And the letters were stolen."

"Well, at least," Mrs. Fahnstock said, "you must see that the thing to do is get her out of here at once. If you don't she'll be in terrible trouble just for those little things."

Eric Peterson's face assumed the stubborn expression Helen had seen back in Mumford the look of a very handsome army mule.

"I don't think they're such little things," he stated

"Listen," Mrs. Fahnstock addressed him. "I promise to pay Maxwell's for that dress and coat myself the first thing tomorrow morning. Now does that satisfy your scruples?"

Eric considered the question.

"No," he concluded. "It's this Mrs. Duchard who has charges against her. I can't let her go until she has settled with Mrs. Duchard about those letters. Colonel Dangerfield wouldn't like it."

"Oh, give him the letters," Mrs. Fahnstock said impatiently to Helen. "Let him take them back to her and see if she won't be willing to drop the matter."

"She won't," Helen cassandraed as she fished out the purse.

"Wait a minute," Mrs. Fahnstock reconsidered. "I have a better idea. Bring Mrs. Duchard here and let me talk to her. Maybe I can do more with her than you can."

Helen hadn't any hope that Eric would agree to that, but he said, "All right. I want to help any way I can, but I've got to think of my job."

"Do you know Mrs. Duchard by sight?" Mrs. Fahnstock asked.

"Oh, sure. She's been here a lot."

"Then go to her quietly and lead her aside and tell her what you want. Don't do it before everybody upstairs."

"All right."

He left them in the library.

"Now that's the kind of a man I could murder," Mrs. Fahnstock remarked. "Are you really in love with him?"

"I don't know exactly," Helen answered.

Mrs. Fahnstock was not very interested in her maiden meditations. "What are those letters about"—she changed the subject—"that Mrs. Duchard should be so upset about them? Did you read them?"

"There's just a horrid one from her husband, and there's one that came with the card for this party, and one I didn't open."

"Give them to me," Mrs. Fahnstock said. "I may as well be as thoroughly prepared as possible."

Helen handed them over. Mrs. Fahnstock went to a table with a lamp on it and studied their contents.

Helen sat wondering whether she was in love with Eric. His being so honest was just the sort of thing that made girls in stories love men, but if he really cared anything about her —— He wasn't willing to take as much for granted about her character as wonderful Mrs. Fahnstock, who had barely met her.

There was the rattle of steel fringe from the hall, and Eric's voice saying "She's in here, Mrs. Duchard."

Mrs. Fahnstock turned and issued one sentence of command: "Let me do all the talking, my dear."

Helen had thought Eric Peterson was stubborn, but in comparison with the determination written on Mrs. Quentin Duchard's face he shrank to the character of a woolly lamb. It was amazing that so beautiful a young woman could look so much like a stone crusher as Mrs. Duchard did at the moment.

"It was awfully good of you to come, Mrs. Duchard," Mrs. Fahnstock greeted her.

"I'm sure I don't know why it was necessary," Mrs. Duchard replied. "I have never understood that one had to prefer charges in person. Are you the woman who took my letters?"

"I am not," Mrs. Fahnstock said. "You don't know who I am, and it's of no importance. I merely want to plead with you for this poor child. She's never done anything of the sort before and she had every intention of returning your letters tomorrow."

"Don't I understand that she's bought clothes in my name, using them for identification?"

"She expected some money with which to pay for them. They'll be paid for."

"It's not a question of money. It's that things belonging to me have been taken and my name used."

"You won't be nice about it then?"

"I shall certainly not be soft."

"I suppose you want your letters."

"Naturally."

"Here are two of them. Unfortunately, the third has been mislaid."

"Mislaid?"

"Yes, it's too bad, isn't it? If anything is done to Helen, I shall go over her things and, if I find it, I'll return it to you immediately, of course. Or to Mr. Duchard."

"Mr. Duchard? What has he to do with this?"

"Oh, nothing. Except that I felt he might be interested ——"

"What do you mean? Let me see those two letters."

"Certainly."

Snatching them, Mrs. Duchard glanced at their superscriptions.

"What was the third one?" she demanded.

"Haven't you any idea?"

"You mean it was from Ned Cameron? You may as well give it to me. I'll get it by law if you don't."

"To do so, I think you'll have to furnish the name of the writer and a general description of the contents. Would you enjoy doing that? But as I say, there probably will be no need. It will undoubtedly turn up and we'll send it promptly to Mr. Duchard."

"As a matter of fact, you are trying to blackmail me," Mrs. Duchard remarked.

"What a horrid word! Not at all. I was just trying to persuade you to be nice."

"And I'm in a position to be blackmailed." Mrs. Duchard concluded her own sentence sourly. "Very well, I suppose I'll be nice. Give me the letter."

"As I told you, it has been mislaid. Probably it's in Helen's room. It will be sent direct to you whenever it is found."

"And the clothes will be paid for?"

"Wouldn't you like to pay for those clothes, Mrs. Duchard? Just as a magnanimous gesture? After all, the child hadn't a thing to wear."

"Can I be sure that's as far as this blackmail will go?"

"Absolutely."

"Listen here," Eric Peterson interrupted. "I can't stand for that. If Mrs. Duchard wants to drop the charges, all right. I don't know what the rest is about anyway. But she isn't going to have to pay any money out."

"You prefer that I should?" Mrs. Fahnstock asked him.

"No," Eric answered, "I'll pay it myself. I've got enough money saved up. I was saving it for Helen, anyway. I didn't want to go back until I had two thousand saved up. But she needs this."

"I'll pay it back as soon as I can," Helen told him.

"No," he said.

Their eyes met, and his explained, "You shan't because we're going to be married and then you'll be my woman and it'll be my duty to pay your debts."

So it was not going to be necessary to decide whether she loved him or not!

"There!" Mrs. Fahnstock exclaimed. "You see the caliber of these young people. Isn't it charming? Are the charges dropped?"

"They're dropped," Mrs. Duchard answered.

"Then there's no need for you to stay away from the party any longer, if it amuses you. I found it extremely dull myself."

"Don't try to be smart to me," was Mrs. Duchard's only reply. And she strode from the room.

"Dear me, how violent!" Mrs. Fahnstock commented with a smile. She went to the table.

"Here's the other letter," she said to Helen. "Send it to her tomorrow."

"But you haven't opened it," Helen exclaimed. "How could you tell that it isn't just a bill? It looks like one."

"I presume it is one," Mrs. Fahnstock answered. "And I'm afraid Mrs. Duchard will be a little annoyed when she discovers the fact. That's why I held it up." Then she turned to Eric. "And now, will you please arrange for us to leave, with the monster guarding the door?" she asked him. "I'm simply exhausted and I think Helen has had enough of this party."

"All right," Eric agreed. "But tell me where you are living first, Helen. Will you go to the pictures or something with me tomorrow night? It's my night off."

"Of course." Helen gave him her address.

It was awful not to feel more elation at the idea of his coming to Mrs. Gillgallen's. Getting married was going to be just like paying off that fifty dollars to Miss Burgess.

"I'm so tired," Mrs. Fahnstock reminded him.

Helen had placed Mrs. Duchard's letter in her purse again. And as they went into the hall she thrust it into the pocket of the silver cloak. As she did so she was surprised at the presence there of another envelope. Could there have been a fourth Duchard letter? She drew it out. It was the one from Ed Pegram she had entirely forgotten.

Eric went into conference with the policeman. Helen slit the envelope.

Dear Sis: I'm going to wire you an advance of fifty dollars tomorrow. Things are going to take longer to settle up than I thought but I guess they may come out better ——

Helen didn't read any farther; she was too happy.

She didn't have to get married at all! That made it grand to have nice, stupid Eric back again. She was free, with someone to adore her. Two people probably, because now she'd call up Mr. Montgomery and take that job. It wouldn't be exactly the glamorous life she had dreamed, but it would be something like it, maybe as thrilling as a girl who only looked the way she did could expect.

"Why can't he be a little brisker?" she heard Mrs. Fahnstock fume.

Mrs. Fahnstock was watching Eric's conversation with the policeman with a look of supreme annoyance.

"If we aren't out of here soon," she continued, "the alarm is sure to come downstairs that we haven't been searched. It's a miracle that it hasn't already."

"He's always slow," Helen apologized, and stopped thinking about Eric, because Bill Hancock, in his overcoat and carrying a silk hat, strolled out of the men's dressing room, caught sight of her and hurried up.

"I've looked for you everywhere," he said. "Are you feeling better?"

"I'm feeling fine."

"Have you been searched and guaranteed? I have, and I didn't like it much. I'm going home."

"So are we." Mrs. Fahnstock forestalled an answer from Helen.

"What's your name?" Mr. Hancock questioned, his eyes making it quite obvious whom he was addressing.

"Helen Pegram." She felt a warning tug at her coat too late.

"You were the one they were calling for, then? Tell me about yourself. Are you ——"

"He says it's all right," Mrs. Fahnstock interrupted joyously.

Helen felt herself impelled toward the door and away from Mr. Hancock, who, however, pushed along beside her.

"I," she said, looking up at him—"I'm nobody much."

They had reached the door.

"It's all right for the ladies," the policeman said, "but how about you?"

"I've got my little card." Bill Hancock fished in his pocket.

"Are they issuing cards?" the policeman asked.

Mrs. Fahnstock fairly pulled Helen through the door, down the steps and along the crimson carpet.

"I think Mr. Hancock wanted to say something to me," Helen protested.

"Don't be a fool," Mrs. Fahnstock told her. "Once that policeman realizes that they're giving cards to everybody who has been searched ——"

There was a call from the doorway, but a car which had been stationed on the opposite side of the street shot across, the driver opening the door with a back-stretched hand.

"This is mine," Mrs. Fahnstock said, and she and Helen stepped in.

The chauffeur slammed the door shut and they were off in a second, across the Avenue into the gray and black of the wintry park.

"It was Mr. Hancock calling to me," Helen remarked regretfully.

Mrs. Fahnstock looked at her.

"Great guns! You don't know luck when it happens to you," she said. "Oh, well, we're out and all right. Where do you want to be dropped?"

"I'm going right home," Helen said.

"That's a little out of the way for me. I think I'll leave you at the Plaza. You can take a taxi from there."

The chauffeur made an abrupt turn north, and after driving a short distance, stopped and got down from his seat.

"What's the matter?" Helen asked.

"The tail light must have gone out or something. I suppose he turned into this road because there's less traffic. Isn't it pleasant to have all your troubles in the past?"

"It's grand, Mrs. Fahnstock. And I don't know how I'm ever going to thank you—not if I live to be a million."

"Don't try, please."

The chauffeur opened the car door. "Where you want to go?" he inquired.

"We'll stop at the Plaza, Joe."

"Then I'd better go around by Columbus Circle maybe."

"Just as you think best, Joe."

He nodded and shut the door.

"He had the automobile label with the figures in his hand," Helen commented.

"The number plate? It must have come loose."

The car started.

"I've got to try and thank you some, though," Helen said, resuming where she had been interrupted. "I'll choke with gratitude if I don't."

"I wish you wouldn't bother."

"How can I help bothering? Why, in all my life, nobody was ever so good to me. It isn't just that you got me away when I

(Continued on Page 73)

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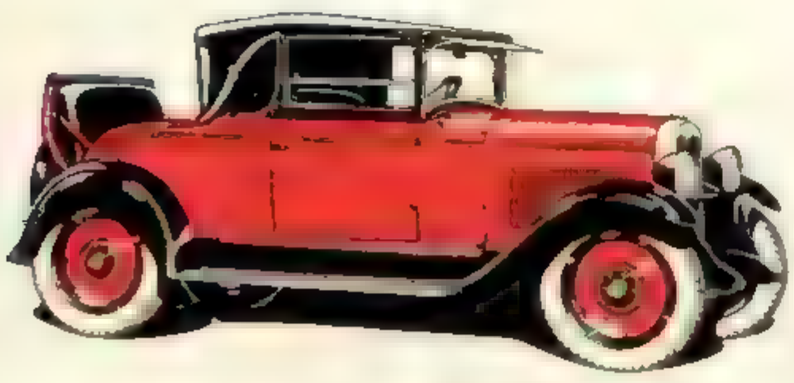
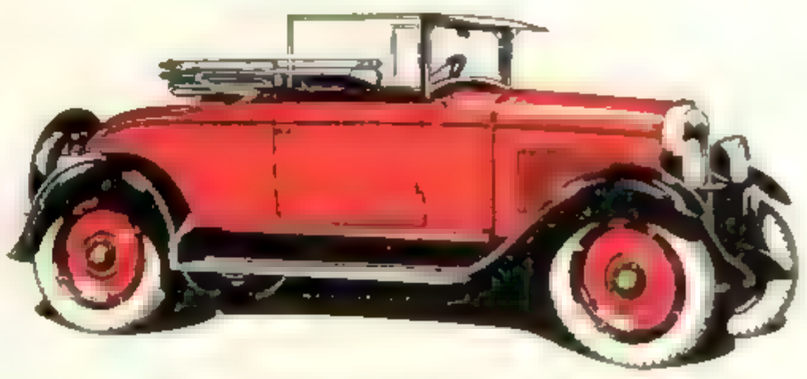


The new Convertible Sport Cabriolet, with its spacious, deep-cushioned rumble seat, accommodates four passengers in perfect comfort—a practical feature that is of the utmost convenience in a car of this type.



With the top completely lowered and the windows raised, the Convertible Sport Cabriolet offers all the conveniences of the open car—plus protection from the wind on all sides . . . adding immeasurably to the comfort of driving.

A NEW CONVERTIBLE SPORT CABRIOLET

Again, Chevrolet introduces into the low-price field an entirely new conception of style, distinction and elegance—

—a new Convertible Sport Cabriolet—a vivid, dashing, two-four passenger model that offers the practical comfort and convenience of the Sport Coupe, plus the smartness and distinction of the Sport Roadster . . . for the top is fully collapsible, and may be lowered completely at will!

Finished in Romany Red Duco, with black body beading striped in gold . . . and embellished with artistic touches of gleaming polished nickel—this distinguished new model is one of the most attractive cars to be seen on the streets and highways.

But equally impressive is the wide, practical utility of this latest Chevrolet achievement—a snug closed car for inclement weather . . . an open car for the warm days of summer . . . and ample room for two or four passengers, as the necessity may be!

And, of course, there is all the proved mechanical soundness, all the spirited, thrilling performance and all the staunchness of construction that have made Chevrolet the world's most luxurious low-priced automobile.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, *Division of General Motors Corporation*

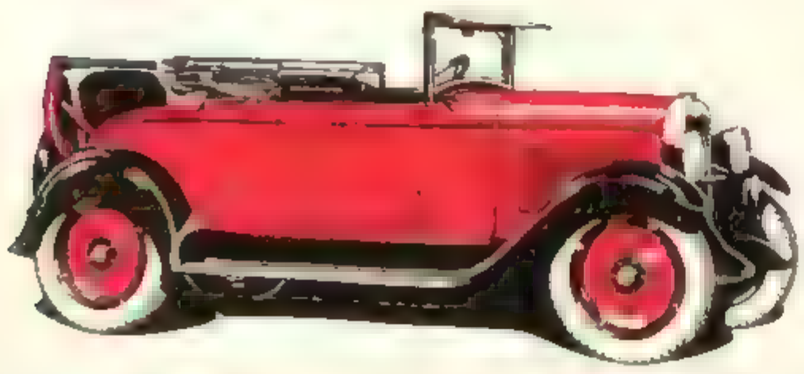
The Roadster, $495; The Touring, $495; The Coach, $585; The Coupe, $595; The 4-Door Sedan, $675; The Convertible Sport Cabriolet, $695; The Imperial Landau, $715. Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

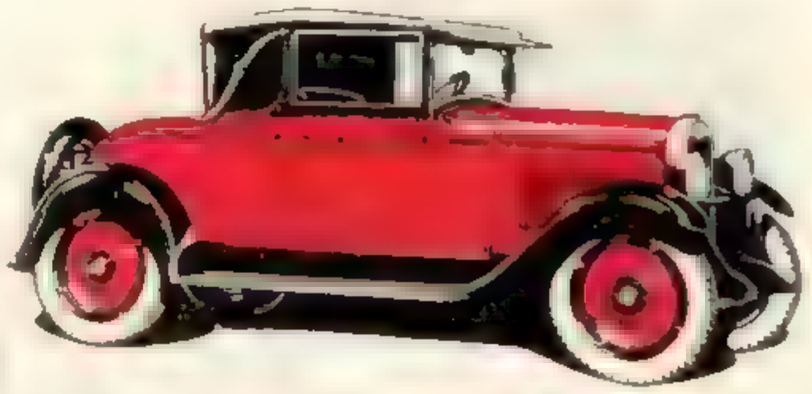
CONVERTIBLE SPORT CABRIOLET

$695

f. o. b. Flint, Michigan
Body by Fisher



The Convertible Sport Cabriolet may easily be turned into a distinctive Sport Roadster, as illustrated above. With the top and windows completely lowered, it is one of the smartest open cars to be seen on the streets and highways.



The illustration above shows the Convertible Sport Cabriolet as a beautiful snug Sport Coupe—ideal for inclement weather of any sort. Thus it is immediately adaptable to all purposes and every condition of weather.

Among those who have been presented with the

CROIX de GUERRE
for
AMERICAN ACHIEVEMENT

Gen. Lincoln C. Andrews
Admiral W. S. Benson
Mr. E. G. Burkam
Hon. Oscar E. Carlstrom
Hon. James M. Cox
Hon. John W. Davis
Hon. Richard P. Ernst
Mr. Claude H. Foster
Mr. J. B. Graham
Justice Samuel J. Harris
Mr. Edgar Watson Howe
Col. Chas. A. Lindbergh
Judge J. Willis Martin
Hon. Joseph W. Martin, Jr.
Mr. Graham McNamee
Mr. C. W. Nash
General John J. Pershing
Mr. Chas. Fuller Stoddard
Hon. John W. Tobin
Hon. W. A. Walsh

Such a son ... deserves this tribute

YOUR SON. Graduating! But is that all?

Is there no special reason why you should take particular pride in him on this occasion? For example, is he graduating with honors? Or is this a higher degree he is taking, a master's or doctor's?

Or during the four years just past, has he proved himself a leader among his fellows? Is he an officer of his class? Has he been a contributor to one of the college publications? Has he perhaps won distinction in athletics?

Then it is no ordinary gift that you should plan for him! His graduation gift from you should be a real mark of recognition.

We therefore offer this suggestion. There is one gift which has so often served as a tribute to highest merit that it has been called the "Croix de Guerre for American Achievement."

This Croix de Guerre for peace time achievement is the Gruen Pentagon watch. The title was first applied to the Gruen Pentagon by some one who had seen the list of its many celebrated wearers.

For the Pentagon has been selected by hundreds of organizations and individuals to honor important achievement in every field

This frequent choice must be attributed to the special merits of the Pentagon itself. Its shape is patented, protected from imitation.

But its five rounded sides give it more than beauty. The Pentagon can not tip over in the pocket. Keeping the upright position at all times permits its finely finished parts to operate with more constant accuracy.

No other gift can mean so much to your son as a Gruen Pentagon. No other gift can better express your approval of his college record, or serve so well as a reminder of one of the most significant days in his life

Any Gruen jeweler can show a large variety of Gruen Pentagons. Prices from $2500 to $75 —including the special Paladin model, illustrated above, at $250. An exceptional watch for unusual accomplishment! Ask this jeweler to tell you the complete story of the "Croix de Guerre for American Achievement."

The Pentagon is made by the Gruen Watch Makers Guild, a company of craftsmen pledged to maintain in modern times the old guild traditions of fine watchmaking

PRECISION
Trade Mark Reg.
Every Pentagon carries this GRUEN pledge mark, placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and finish. Made only in the Precision workshop

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.
Branches in various parts of the world
Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

This emblem is displayed by jewelers of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild

The Gruen Pentagon

(Continued from Page 69

never could have got away myself, but that you believed in me. You did even more than Eric Peterson, who has always known me. I don't believe he thought I stole the pearls, but he asked questions and things. And you didn't."

"I didn't have to," Mrs. Fahnstock replied. "And speaking about those pearls, I'll trouble you for them right now."

The words smashed flat in Helen's face.

"The pearls!" she gasped. "But I haven't got them! I swear I haven't! I never stole a thing in my life!"

"Who said you stole them?" Mrs. Fahnstock inquired with a little laugh. "I stole them myself. And I deserve to have been caught for having been so clumsy about it that that old porpoise must have felt it, and so, noticed that they were gone."

"You stole them? Where are they?"

"Pinned in the front of your skirt. I did it while you were pulling that faint. You've been a real help to me tonight, darling. If there are any thanks due, they are directed the other way."

"You mean that I've been helping to steal them?"

"And how!"

"And I've made Eric help?"

"Good hard work it was too."

Helen might not be in love with Eric Peterson, but to do this to him —— She thought about the honest, hard-scrubbed little boy he had been.

"Oh, it's horrible," she said.

"I'd soften that note of indignation if I were you," Mrs. Fahnstock advised. "Morally, there isn't a grain of difference between my having stolen the pearls and your having stolen that dress."

"But I was going to pay for it"

"That's a new defense," Mrs. Fahnstock commented. And bending over, she turned back Helen's wide velvet skirt. A great lustrous clump was fastened there. Mrs. Fahnstock withdrew a long pin and the rope of pearls was in her hand.

"Lovely, aren't they?" Mrs. Fahnstock asked. "I doubt if I shall make any great attempt to pay for them. You see, at least I'm honest with myself."

Helen didn't speak.

Mrs. Fahnstock changed the subject. "As a matter of fact," she observed, "the first thing you stole was my trick with the letters. It was useful to me, as I needed a luncheon frock badly. I was certain that if I went to luncheon with her, I could make a good enough impression on Mrs. Dangerfield to be asked to her party. And I did."

"How did you happen to be asked to luncheon, though?"

"It was a charity thing—twenty dollars a plate. Not a bad investment. Mrs. Dangerfield was a patroness. I told her how interested I was in motion pictures and that I had never seen anyone carry her head so beautifully, except the Queen of Spain."

"You knew there were going to be moving pictures at her party?"

"Yes, but how you'll never learn. That involves other people."

The car had been heading south for some time. They were almost at the glittering cliffs of Fifty-ninth Street.

"Does that mean you think I'm going to protect you?" Helen asked.

"I count on your gratitude for a little something"

"Gratitude!" Helen wanted to say. "Gratitude for what? I'd rather be in jail right now, with what little honesty I have left, than this way, with all of it gone."

She didn't see any point in talking, however.

Mrs. Fahnstock went on: "Moreover, it is now after twelve o'clock. And at three this morning I intend to vanish, and vanish rather thoroughly."

"But I know your name, Mrs. Fahnstock."

"Don't be silly. Mrs. Coleman Fahnstock has been in Europe for two years. If your head saleswoman had been observant, she would have seen that those letters were postmarked 1925. I found them in a desk at an auction salesroom. I am no more Mrs. Fahnstock than I'm Kriss Kringle. Can I count on you a little? There'll be something in it for you if I can."

Helen Pegram did not answer.

They were passing through the gates of the park into Columbus Circle. The after-the-theater traffic was on. They had gone only a few yards when they had to stop dead. Helen wondered if she could jump out if she tried. Of course she could, but she was going to be let out anyway. If she jumped and screamed out her story, who would hear her and act quickly enough to be of any help—the traffic policeman? Helen had had experience with traffic policemen.

As though she read her thoughts, the woman beside Helen resumed her subject:

"And if, by any chance, you should put me in a disagreeable situation," she said, "I should feel it my duty to tell that you were my accomplice: that I made a proposition to you at Benson's and you accepted it; that you used the trick I had taught you to get evening clothes and a card of invitation; that you fainted to help me get out of the moving-picture room, lied with me about having been searched, used that stupid friend of yours to get past the door, and that we then quarreled about the division of the spoil. How do you think you can disprove it? No, my dear, you'd much better be sensible."

Helen felt as though she were being submerged in quicksand. She couldn't even look at the woman, but turned her back and stared out of the window at the blank shoulder of the limousine next them.

"What do you say?"

"What can I say?"

If only traffic would let them get her to the Plaza. She felt she would stifle if she had to stay in that car much longer.

"Smart girl," the *ci-devant* Mrs. Fahnstock commented.

Some easing of the traffic enabled the driver to push forward, but only a few feet.

Instead of the shoulder of the neighboring limousine, Helen Pegram could see its window. And inside it sat Mr. Bill Hancock. If he would only look up and see her. Helen gazed hard and concentrated her thoughts on the desire that he should turn.

He did, saw her and lifted his hat. There was a shuddering movement of the traffic, but it stopped almost directly.

"How do you know those pearls are real?" Helen asked.

"Be good enough to remember the roar set up when they were lost. Besides, just look at them."

"They look too big to be real."

"And feel the weight of them."

They were in Helen's hand. With one spring she reached the catch of the car door, turned it. The false Mrs. Fahnstock fell on her from behind. The door opened and Helen fell out. The clutched silver cloak, which tore suddenly, made her fall from the step to the mud, onto her knees.

"Mr. Hancock!"

Just then the whistle blew for traffic to start. She would probably be killed there in the mud, ground into it, black velvet and silver, stolen pearls and all

The door of Bill Hancock's car burst open. Helen felt herself being clawed up, helped as best she could, and at last fell forward into a gray-upholstered interior.

"What's the matter? What's happened?"

She thrust the pearls at him.

"Take them. She'll say I was helping to steal them, but I wasn't."

"Who will?"

"She called herself Mrs. Fahnstock—in that limousine I was in."

"It's moved ahead and we've hardly stirred. Do you mean to tell me that these are the Warburton Howard pearls?"

"She'd pinned them in my skirt when I was fainting."

"While I was carrying you? Great guns!"

"What will they do to me?"

"They won't do a darned thing to you, except give you a reward, if you're interested. I'll see to that."

"I don't want anything," Helen moaned, "except to have them know that I'm honest."

Mr. Bill Hancock laughed, which was the best thing he could have done.

"Honest!" he said. "Why, you literally risked your life to return the fool things. You've told me your name, but now tell me who you are and what you are. I've felt I had to know ever since I laid eyes on you. Did you realize that?"

"Oh, I'm nobody you'd be interested in," Helen told him. "I work at a shop called Benson's. I don't know your kind of people. The only person I knew at that party was Mr. Dangerfield's detective. Maybe I'm going to get a better job being a buyer, but even if I did, you wouldn't care about knowing me."

"I wouldn't? Why, you're the type I've been looking for for two months—a silver blonde with dark eyes whose face doesn't look as though it were pinched out of marshmallow."

It was perfectly lovely to be told things like that, but it led to no good. Helen had been taught that, and she was afraid it was true.

"I guess I'm kind of engaged to Mr. Dangerfield's detective," she said, by way of chaperoning herself a little.

"Before you decide for certain," Mr. Hancock requested her, "can I make a proposition to you?"

It was terrible, but it was, she recognized with a slight thrill, what she had expected New York to be like.

"Don't say anything horrid," she begged. "I like you so much."

At that Mr. Bill Hancock merely roared with laughter.

"Those queries aren't just the dreadful earmarks of fine ways and city manners," he told her. "I'm an executive of the Famous Films-De Windt Company."

And then he leaned forward and asked the most beautiful question a man can ask a girl:

"How would you like a screen test?"

(THE END)

Files That Save Time

FILES
have a lot to do with the average golfer's score

Bill Creavy, pro at the Bonnie Briar Golf Club, Larchmont, N. Y., says—"We use your files to get just the angle on the head of the golf club that each individual golfer desires."

You can do hundreds of jobs faster with NICHOLSON Files. Their capacity for working at high speed accounts for their popularity in industry as well as the home.

At *hardware dealers'*.

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NICHOLSON FILE CO.
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A File for Every Purpose

This simple will alter the of lives . . .

SANKA COFFEE

A BLEND OF THE WORLD'S FINEST COFFEES

97% of the caffein removed

sentence course of millions

"The way has been found to remove the caffein from coffee"

SCIENCE has simplified our lives, lifted our burdens, increased our pleasures, and now, with incredible perfection, has stricken the old fear from coffee. At last the way has been found to remove the caffein from coffee, and there is available today a *perfect coffee* with 97% of the caffein removed! . . . Sanka Coffee is its name.

Sanka Coffee is, of course, all *coffee*. It is a delightful blend of the finest and costliest Central and South American coffees, with Mocha and Java. Nothing is added. The flavor that has made coffee the most beloved of beverages is there. The fear of caffein is gone. Sanka Coffee is as fragrant as the most seductive cup of old—as gloriously rich with vigor and charm—and yet *Sanka Coffee is* 97% *free* from caffein and therefore does not affect the heart, the nerves or rob the night of sleep.

To alter the course of millions of lives

Thousands of physicians here and abroad—among them some of the most prominent in the world—have given Sanka Coffee their whole-hearted approval. Coffee experts, too, recognize that no other blend of coffee in this country is superior to Sanka. Those two endorsements plus the great news that 97% of the caffein has been removed from Sanka will mark the beginning of a new era of health and better coffee in millions of homes.

Never again will it be necessary to give up coffee, or to cut down its use. Drink all the Sanka you choose, morning, noon and night—and begin today. Remember caffein does not even contribute that immediate sense of comfort you get from a cup of coffee; *that* comes from the warmth and flavor. Put Sanka Coffee on your grocery list right now and follow the generous terms of Sanka's introductory offer.

Your money will be refunded if SANKA COFFEE does not make good on every claim!

Buy a one-pound can of Sanka Coffee from your grocer or delicatessen. Give it a thorough trial. Serve it for several days. Judge it for flavor and aroma. Serve it at night. Drink all you want.

Then, if you are not fully satisfied with Sanka Coffee on every count—if it does not make good on every claim —*return what is left in the can to your dealer and he will refund the full purchase price.*

A new experience in coffee-drinking awaits you! Start now to get the benefits! Start using Sanka Coffee *now!*

If your grocer has not yet stocked Sanka Coffee, please send his name and address to Sanka Coffee Corporation, 1 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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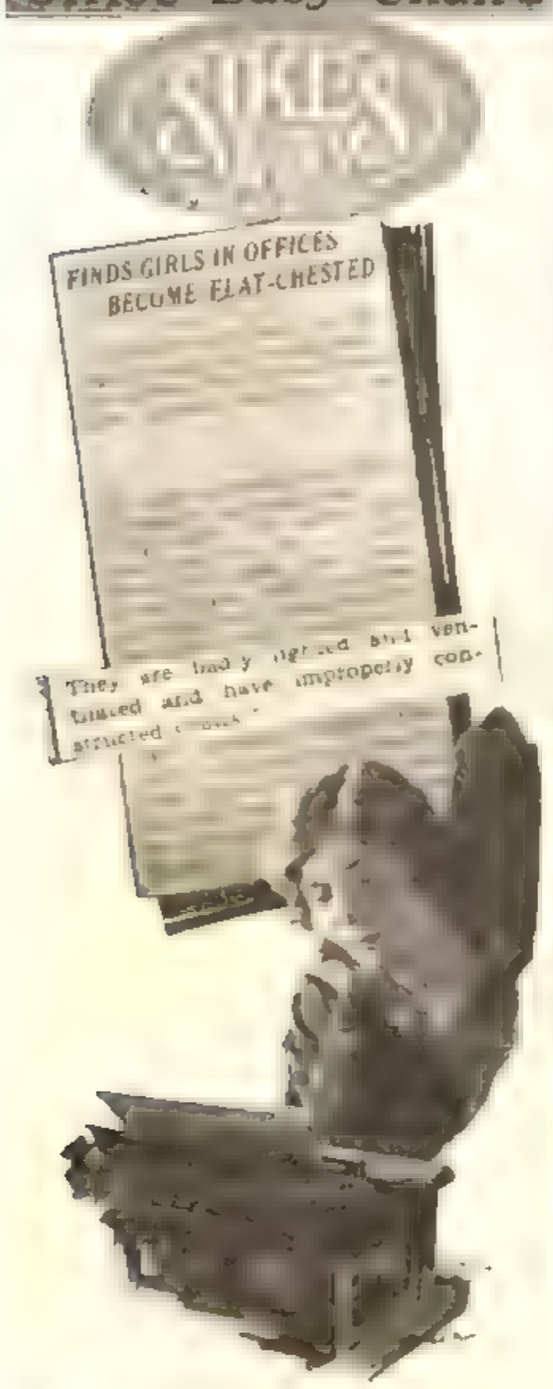
Office Easy Chairs



A Sikes X69½ Perfect Posture Chair Would Improve Her Health and Efficiency

A prominent physician says the office workers' death rate from tuberculosis is higher than that of factory workers, and as Assistant Medical Director of a large corporation he ought to know.

Overheating, poor lighting and poor ventilation are given as three of the contributing causes—*improperly constructed chairs* come fourth.

We can't help with the heating, lighting or the ventilation of your office, for these are problems you yourself can best dispose of. But we can correct the other evil by supplying you with a specially constructed chair created to promote the health and the efficiency of every office worker.

It's called the Sikes X69½ Perfect Posture Chair—and it is all of that, and more. As a saver of costly floor space it offers real economies, and from the standpoint of appearance you'll find it a true Sikes in beauty of design and finish.

Ask the nearest Sikes dealer to send one for a demonstration

Sikes

The Sikes X69½ Perfect Posture Chair

Is easily adjustable

Takes little room in use. When not in use it takes up no floor space—slides completely under the desk

Look for the Sikes Self-Lubricating Chair Iron, a feature of the Sikes X69½ Perfect Posture Chair and all Sikes revolving chairs

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

WAR AND ITS EFFECT UPON A MAN

(Continued from Page 5)

northerners who went down to Sicily to deliver Southern Italy from the yoke of the Bourbons. He, with superb eloquence, exhorted Italy to enter the war.

The spirit of the country was tuned up. The opposition of Giolitti brought about a quick decision. The crown, bound by parliamentary formulas and by the advice of its counselors, wanting to follow strictly the literal and orthodox interpretation of the constitution, told the personal representative of the Kaiser that Italy as an old ally had been kept in the dark and thus betrayed.

The insurrection of Milan in favor of war, the strong feelings of the same flavor in Rome, Padua, Genoa and Naples decided His Majesty Victor Emmanuel III to ask Giovanni Giolitti, then Prime Minister, to resign, and then he called Salandra to organize a new ministry. I felt that I had had a part in winning this battle. Still a young unproved man, I had already a record of untrammeled freedom and power.

The new ministry spelled war. Thrown aside was the "great deal" of His Excellency Giolitti: the question now was to choose the right moment and the right way to jump into the war. We were breathing hard, our hearts were ready, we were awaiting the great hour. It came May 24, 1915. Can anyone say what were my emotions at this moment of triumph?

I cannot try to narrate in one chapter all the events of the war on the Italian front. It is impossible. The war molded me. I was forced into its dramatic unfolding in the circumscribed viewpoint of a mere soldier of the war: I will tell what touched me most as a soldier and indirectly as a political man.

I made up my mind to be the best soldier possible from the very day that I wore again the glorious uniform of gray-green of the regiment of Bersaglieri—the best shock troops of Italy—in which regiment I had already served during the time of my compulsory military service. I wanted to be a soldier, obedient, faithful to discipline, stretching myself with all my might to the fulfillment of my duty.

Called to the Colors

In this I feel that I succeeded. My political position brought me plenty of offers of privileges and sheltered places. I turned them down.

I wanted to create the impression of a complete and rigid consistence with an ideal. This was not a scheming on my part for personal gain; it was a deep need in my nature of what I believed and still hold onto as my life's dedication—namely, that once a man sets up to be the expounder of an idea or of a new school of thought, he must consistently and intensively live the daily life and fight battles for the doctrines that he teaches at any cost until victory—to the end!

Time has effaced many things; the easy spirit of forgetfulness has erased so much. Victory, which came after forty-one months of hard fighting, has awakened many deep resentments.

As soon as war was declared, as I have said, I asked the military authorities to accept my services as a volunteer. They answered that I could not be a volunteer. That was a tragedy. They said that they refused on the ground that an article of the military by-laws considered as possible volunteers only those who had been rejected for physical unfitness, or were exonerated for other reasons from compulsory military service. I could not be accepted as a volunteer. I was to wait my turn to be called to arms until the order from my superiors should be sent me. I was disconsolate.

Happily, my turn came quickly. On September first, only three months after Italy declared war, I donned the simple uniform of a private Bersagliere. I was sent to Brescia, in Lombardy, not far from the raids of airplanes, to drill.

Almost at once I was, to my great relief, dispatched to the thick of the fighting on the high Alps. For a few months I underwent the hardest trials of my life in mountain trenches. We still had nothing to soften our hardships in the trenches or in the barracks. We were simply stumbling along. Short of everything—carrying on—muddling through! What we suffered the first months—cold, rain, mud, hunger! They did not succeed in dampening in the slightest degree my enthusiasm and my conviction as to the necessity and the inevitableness of war. They did not change the direction of one hair of my head, one thought in it.

I was chosen to be amanuensis of headquarters. That I refused. I refused flatly. I amused myself instead by joining the most dangerous expeditions of reconnoiter. It was my will and my wish. I gained through that. Within a few months I was promoted corporal by merit of war action, with a citation from my superior in these words: "Benito Mussolini, ever the first in operations of courage and audacity."

In the Trenches

My political past, with the suspicions of cautious and sometimes unseeing authorities, still followed me; it was enough to keep my superiors from sending me to the training school for officers at Vernezzo. After one week of leave I went back to the trenches, where I remained for months. The same life, feverish, adventurous, desperate—and then typhoid fever sent me to the military hospital at Cividale. When I was better I was packed off to Ferrara for a brief stupid period of convalescence. From there I again took my place on the high pinnacles of the Alps, where at night one looking into the dark sky with its shimmering stars felt nearer to the great dome above.

My battalion was ordered to an advance post on the Carso—Sector 144—to take up the offense. I was then made one of the company of soldiers who had specialized in hand grenades. We lived only a few dozen yards from the enemy, in a perpetual and sometimes, it seemed, an eternal atmosphere of shell fire and mortal danger that would be our life forever.

After the first period of hardship I became perfectly and almost comfortably accustomed to all the terrible elements that life in the trenches involves. I read with hungry eagerness the Popolo d'Italia—my newspaper. I had left it in the hands of a few friends. Precipitously separated from it, as one leaves suddenly a beloved relative, I had given orders to keep alight the lamp of Italy's duty and destiny.

I commanded: "Continue always to call for war to the end."

I wrote often to my friends. Never did I let myself indulge in writing all my true feelings and opinions, because I was first of all a soldier, obeying. I found my recreation in the trenches studying the psychology of officers and troops. Later on, that practice in observation became invaluable to me.

In my rough heart I held a persistent admiration for the soldiers from all corners of Italy. Many ordered to the eastern front were not convinced of the historical basis for the war; yet they knew how to obey their commanding officers with admirable discipline. Many of those officers were students of the colleges and universities. It was fine to see them striving to emulate the regulars and to prove that the old-time valor was still alive in the new Italian generation.

The fact was that war, with its heavy toll of man and matériels, and with its terrific hardships, surprised us. It was far away from our Garibaldian conception of what war was. We were compelled, in breakneck haste, to modify our ideas, to change our systems of fighting and our methods of offense and defense. My heart was gladdened to see that the capacity of adaptability of our race brought marvelous and quick returns. The headquarters and all the auxiliary military organizations, particularly the medical, worked with a precision which I never have forgotten. But often, as I went over the political situation back of our armies, dark doubts were in my mind. The work and actions of the men in power and of the political organizations centered in Rome caused me deep fears. The parliamentary world seemed unable to free itself from its old faults.

The poisonous currents of nonintervention and neutrality were still spending their last strength upon us. They would not fairly face their defeat. I knew they were doing their utmost to minimize the energy and elasticity of our fighting efforts.

The foolish babblings and fears of the coffeehouse strategists, the slackers whose presence offended the families whose sons were in the war, contributed to depress the spirit of resistance. As a plain soldier, I could not understand how, for instance, Rumania could be dragged into the war with a few hundred machine guns. How could Greece be persuaded to march against the Turks, influenced by a classic dance that Isadora Duncan performed at the Pirea?

I was following, day by day, the movement of our army—the Battle of Isonzo in 1916, the fights on the Alps. With less interest, I followed the fortunes of war in France, the unfortunate failure at the Dardanelles and the developments in the eastern section. As for Italy, never for a minute did I doubt that victory would finally come to us. Though war were to last longer than the longest estimate, though our economic power was tottering under the effort and weight of the conflict, nevertheless I was sure of a final victory.

The Italian Army in its various actions was led, by a method of successive assaults, to shake the efficiency of the enemy. In spite of all the hardship, discipline remained intact throughout our lines. The invasion attempted on the plateaus of the Alps in 1916 was soon thrown back. The soldiers of the Carso, where I was, had all the appearance of seasoned veterans.

Between Two Fires

In such a gigantic drama, when thousands of our brothers fell, it is absurd to speak of oneself.

However, to prove once more what miseries were woven into the Italian life of politics, I was compelled from time to time to give out in the newspapers news concerning myself. This was in order to smash the suspicions of those persons who thought me hidden in some office, distributing mail and entertaining in my mind doubts on the possibility of our winning the war. I was compelled to offset this slander and to state over and over what I had done and what I was doing. I was then major corporal of the Bersaglieri and had been in the front-line trenches from the beginning of the war up to February, 1917, always under arms, always facing the enemy without my faith being shaken or my convictions wavering an inch. From time to time I sent articles to the Popolo d'Italia exhorting to endless resistance. I pleaded for unshaken faith in final victory. For reasons of military discipline I used a *nom de plume*. Thus I found myself fighting in two ways—against the enemy without and in front of me and against the enemy of weak spirit within and behind me.

On the morning of February 22, 1917, during a bombardment of the enemy trenches at Sector 144—the sector under the heaviest shell fire of the hard-pressed Carso—there happened one of those incidents which were daily occurrences in trench life. One of our own grenades burst

Continued on Page 79

TO BE THERE—always among the things that represent the real values—is high tribute to the kind of service Generals give. Long mileage is a well-known habit of Generals, and freedom from trouble is a feature of top quality that is worth much more than the few cents difference per tire it costs to obtain.

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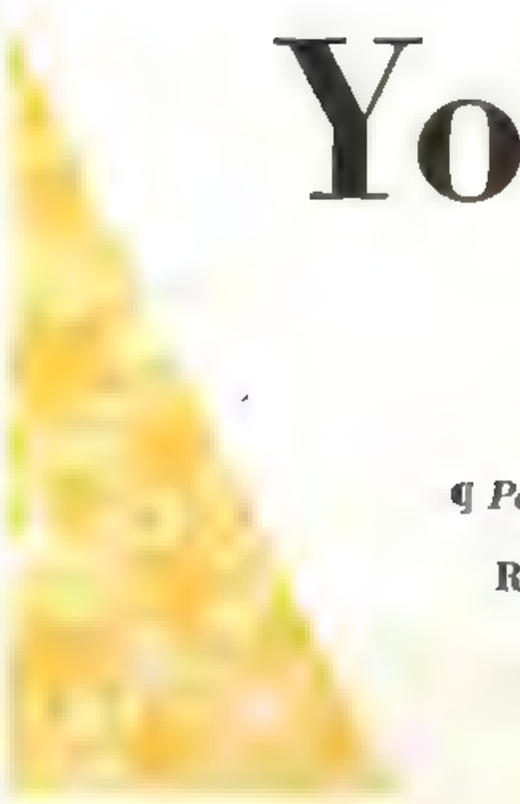
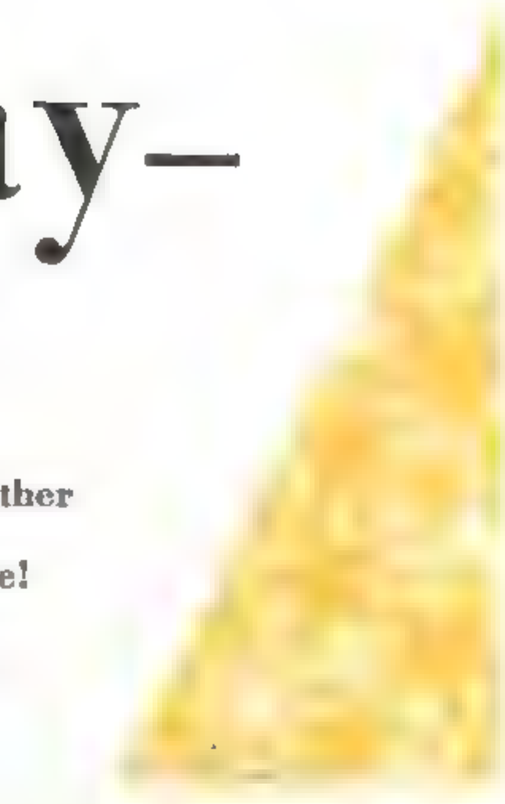


FAY WRAY and GARY COOPER



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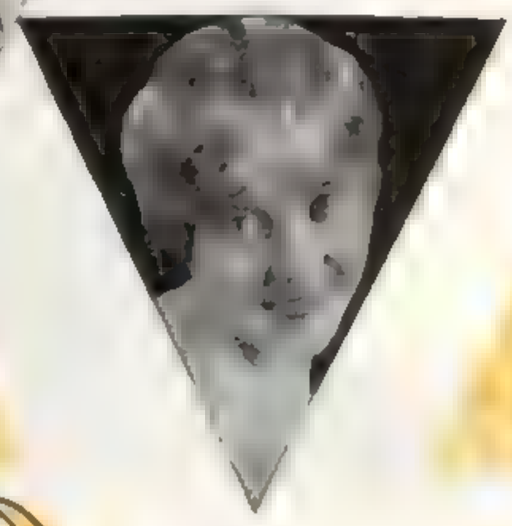

RUTH TAYLOR

Paramount Pictures

Paramount Pictures

(Continued from Page 76)

in our trench among about twenty of us soldiers. We were covered with dirt, smoke and torn by metal. Four died. Various others were fatally wounded.

I was rushed to the hospital of Ronchi, a few miles from the enemy trenches. Doctor Piccagnoni and other surgeons took care of me with the greatest zeal. My wounds were serious. The patience and ability of the physicians succeeded in taking out of my body forty-four pieces of the grenade. Flesh was torn, bones broken. I faced atrocious pain; my suffering was indescribable. I underwent practically all my operations without the aid of an anæsthetic. I had twenty-seven operations in one month; all except two were without anæsthetics.

This infernal life of pain lasted until a furious bombardment burst into pieces one wing and part of the central building of my hospital at Ronchi. All the wounded were rushed to a far-away refuge, but my condition would not permit my removal. Unable to move, I remained for days under the intermittent fire of the enemy guns among the dirty jagged ruins of the building. I was absolutely defenseless.

In spite of all, my wounds began to heal Better days and relief came. I received numberless telegrams of solicitude and once His Majesty the King called; his warm sense of humanity toward all soldiers and toward the victims of the war will never be forgotten by me or by Italy.

After some months I found myself in a war hospital in Milan. In August I began to walk with crutches, on which I swung about for many months. My limbs were too weak to support my weight.

I took my place as a fighter in my newspaper office. The acute situation created by the incredible and inconceivable failure of the Russian front was putting upon us new duties. It was necessary to face them. To all this there was added a subtle propaganda in the land. That despicable poison had as a slogan the vile sentence of a socialist member of parliament: "We will desert the trenches before the winter comes."

There was need to fight to a finish these mysterious forces which were playing upon the sentiments and sufferings of the people. Soldiers, after a fortnight's furlough, were returning to the trenches in a sullen frame of mind. Life in the cities had all the characteristics of revelry. It was the psychological moment in which it was necessary to have the people feel highly the strength of authority. It was necessary that the government should stand up in its shoes.

I do not choose to make posthumous recriminations. The weakness of internal politics in 1917, the feeble parliamentary situation, the hateful socialistic propaganda, were certainly preparing the ground for events that could prove to be ruinous. And the blow came in October, 1917; it took the name of Caporetto.

Victory Through Defeat

Never in my life as an Italian and as a politician have I experienced a sorrow equal to that which I suffered after news of the defeat of Caporetto.

This episode, compared with other defeats in the various theaters of the Great War, certainly did not have an exceptional importance, but it was a terrific blow for Italians. This sudden breaking down of our front let a wedge of the enemy army penetrate into the high valley of the Isonzo. In the first rush of the war we had gone over the borders into old Austria, carrying on our warfare on enemy ground. We had withstood in 1916 the attack on the Alps of Asiago. We had conquered the plateau of Bainsizza. We had been ten times victorious on the Isonzo. Our sensitiveness and tormented souls were now shaken to the depths.

The moment was fearful. The Third Army, surrounded on the other side of the Isonzo, must be saved. It was impellent to stand at all costs on the Piave and to resist like stone on Mount Grappa to save the north of the Venetian provinces from being cut off from the rest of Italy. The rally of the army, followed by quick action, took place in almost no time. On Mount Grappa the Army of Iron withstood. On the Piave the enemy could not pass by. A new strength entered into play. One could feel it coming. A new spirit of war took its unfaltering stand. Once more we saw the enemy face to face, after losing Gorizia and two provinces, Belluno and Udine. We were deeply wounded, and we lived dramatic moments which seared my heart. But we may now be sure that Italy did not go through the tragic hours that many armies and other countries underwent. Compare with our disaster the general picture of the Great War—the loss of three provinces with the Battle of the Masurian Lakes, the invasion of Königsberg, the many invaded departments of France and the flooding of Belgium.

A Jump Ahead of the Enemy

I am proud that during that year of desperate moments my paper gave a higher note to the political life of the country. We raised the fighting spirit of the soldiers.

Helped by the mutilated, the wounded and the pro-war veterans, I began an active campaign of Stand to a Finish. With fiery style I demanded on the part of the central government severe action against slackers and whosoever undermined the spirit of war. I called for the organization of a volunteer army. I asked for military rule in the north of Italy. I insisted on the suppression of socialist newspapers. I asked for a more human treatment of the soldiers. I campaigned for war discipline—first behind us and all over the land, then at the front. This campaign developed by degrees in the newspaper, then in public meetings, in gatherings at the front. It brought results far beyond my highest hopes. The government seemed to be tugged after us by our efforts, toward resistance and victory.

Thus the winter went by. With the coming of the spring the whole Italian people stretched out their energies toward the front on the Piave and that on the Grappa.

At last! A spirit of national solidarity, deep and alive, had become the common property both of the soldiers and of their families. A high spirit of duty and sacrifice was the rule of life in our Italy!

We were ready in 1918 on the Piave with a heroic army. The Arditi, the first shock troops, composed of volunteers who went over the top with hand grenades and daggers, was giving a unique dramatic appeal to our aggressive spirit. In everyone there was the deep desire to efface the memory of the days of Caporetto. We were to go back—back to where our brothers, dead and alive, were waiting for us! The remembrance of our dead, above all, was calling to us. Surely the wish of our adversaries to cross the Piave could never be; it was an idle hope, to be met and crushed by our own offensive.

Aviation continued to give service of reconnoitering and bombardment. I could feel the soul of Italy stretching toward victory. Necessity had sharpened the more brilliant minds. June came and with it the dawn of the enemy's attack.

Our secret service succeeded in knowing exactly the time that the enemy would start his drive. Following sound war strategy, our supreme command decided to surprise the enemy, and just a few hours before the enemy was ready to move, a deluge of every description fell on his front lines as well as the supporting lines behind. His plans were smashed. He threw bridges across the Piave, but every one was destroyed. The Sul Montello, which was once the key of that front and which the enemy intended to take and use as a pincher against our army, we held with dogged tenacity. There were oscillations for a few miles, but the battle raged on without a stop. Our counter attacks came back always, again and again and again. Thus after the first three days the enemy felt that this time the Italians were like an unbreakable wall which they could not scale or batter down!

Near Zenzon the adversary succeeded in crossing the river as far as Monastie of Treviso, but a rapid counter attack of a few of our brigades threw him back on the Piave again. It turned into a disaster for the enemy, as the river, flooded, washed away bridges and soldiers toward the sea. On the twenty-third of June, five days after the beginning of the big battle, our supreme command assured Italy that our resistance was bound to hold. I felt that it was a sure sign that victory was at hand. I believe to this day that the Battle of the Piave was one of the most decisive of the World War.

The enemy suffered loss beyond reckoning. About 100,000 Hungarians were sacrificed on the Piave. That brought about deep resentment in Budapest. Among the people of the various races in the Austrian Empire there began to be discussions about the burdens that each nationality in that empire had to suffer. For them the enemies—each nationality felt that its treatment was becoming intolerable.

News leaked out to us from Austria-Hungary. It was clear that internal difficulties there were growing every moment. The enemy's army, however, was still holding together and under the goad of necessity was sharpening the work of oppression on our two provinces which still remained under the weight of occupation and misfortune.

It was at this time, right after the spirit of exhilaration of victory, that I observed strange tendencies in the Italian political world. Evil activity was at hand. It needed to be exposed and suppressed. It was cloaked under the appearance of humanitarianism. It was planning to give a series of national rights to peoples who never had the consciousness and the dignity of nations—to peoples who had been for more than a century instruments of oppressing the Italian elements under Austria, under the instigation of the despotic empire. The sun of our victory was rising, but to be a complete victory, a victory that would carry our soldiers on the road to Vienna, it must not falter through false sentimentality.

The Final Drive

This crisis was sufficient to inspire many great men still under the influence of antiquated and rusted democratic ideas to start discussions about the problems of racial differences. They always tended to favor our worst enemies. The spirit of our nationalism was attacked and dwarfed by sophisticated and pernicious applications of sentiment, irritating to our deepest feelings and to our most legitimate susceptibilities. Voices of the Italians began to say that every time Italy was on the verge of living its hour of joy, glory and victory there were always those who soiled the moment, and this often not in good faith.

Summer went by, and in October, 1918, our supreme command, with fifty-one Italian divisions—to which were added three British, two French divisions, one American regiment and a few Czecho-Slovakian volunteers—determined to make a decisive and final drive on the Austrian front.

The strategic plan was a very wise one. The enemy's front was pierced at Sernaglia; our army rushed through the break. We started a surrounding movement, one to the left toward Trento, and one to the right toward Udine and the lower Piave. The ardent dash of our soldiers and the ability of our officers brought these movements to full success and crumbled to pieces the whole front of the enemy. The War Bulletin states the enormous number of prisoners, guns and war material that fell into our hands.

The army of Austria-Hungary was defeated. Its navy had suffered tremendous losses. We landed at Triest. We occupied Trento.

The final victory was not only a victory of a war. I saw more than that. It was a

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NO PEN would write without the slit extending from the point to the "pierce" between the shoulders of the nib, or gold point.

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High authority has corroborated this: Carbonic Gas, such as you absorb in pure Bottled Carbonated Drinks and Sodas, is a digestive aid and body stimulant, supplied by Nature to nursing babies in mother's milk. It relieves fatigue. Also it has germicidal action, and, therefore, is a purifier.

For these same reasons, Carbonated Drinks are a daily benefit to millions, young and old. And are frequently prescribed by doctors because of the beneficial effect of the gas. Children, expending much more energy, need more nourishment than grown-ups. Therefore let them have their bottled drinks and sodas *every day*. Doctors, dietitians and other food authorities will agree.

And these bubbling, effervescent beverages are stimulating, appetizing and nutritious also, due to the caloric-content of pure syrups and the salts and acids of fresh fruit juices.

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Liquid RED DIAMOND is a *brand* of Carbonic Gas made by the world's largest manufacturers of Bottling equipment and Soda Fountains—The Liquid Carbonic Corporation. More than half of all the carbonated beverages consumed in America are charged with Red Diamond Gas.

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Favor the beverages charged with this healthful gas. Have your children do it. Bottlers who make them and dealers who serve them are endeavoring to give you what is best. Return the compliment by giving them your trade.

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Chicago, Illinois

World's largest makers of Carbonic Gas, Bottlers' Machinery, Bottlers' Extracts and Soda Fountains

Liquid

We Quench the Thirst of Dry America —Yet Make No Drinks Ourselves

victory for the whole Italian race. After a thousand years we, awakened, were again giving a tangible proof of our moral and spiritual valor. We were living again on warlike tradition. Our love of country had bloomed again. We felt our formidable weight in the future of a new Europe. New generations of Italians rejoiced, for the Italian cities were once again rejoined to the country. Trento and Triest, as our race had wished so long, now were within the borders—the natural borders which Dante had prophesied and defined in the fourteenth century.

In every corner of the land the church bells rang, saluting the new day.

War, so long and so taxing, had ended!

It ended with a full undeniable victory of Italy in spite of the bankruptcy of Russia and of the abominable work of slackers and professional destroyers of ideals. For me, every family wore the badge of a dear one dead or wounded. Widows and orphans of war were proud to show the symbols of sadness and glory. We were in Trento and Triest. Fiume was half conquered, while Dalmatia was still in the scale.

Over Italy reigned almost supreme a spirit of pride and of serenity typical of those who have won. War had lasted longer than we thought, had diminished our wealth, had supposedly reduced to the minimum our future.

Victory, however, warmed our hearts and our souls. It exalted Italians and spurred them to higher work, honoring the dead as well as the living. From October to December, 1918, Italy seemed like a factory working in full blast in complete accord with progress. War had left beyond its inevitable griefs a deep poetical vein in our national life. No one sensed it better, no one seemed more of a part in it, than I.

It was in this great historical moment immediately after a victory achieved with untold hardship that our young nation—younger as a nation than America—with traditions not yet seasoned by age, in spite of having thrown into the ardent brazier of the conflict men and wealth, was treacherously deceived. Its fundamental trustfulness was played upon in the making of the Treaty of Versailles.

This is the awful toll that Italy paid in the Great War—652,000 dead, 450,000 mutilated, 1,000,000 wounded. There is not in our country one single family which during the forty-one months of the war had not placed in the holocaust, on the altar of the country, a part of itself. I know every day, ten years later, that the mutilated, the wounded, the widows and orphans of war form a vast proportion of our population, inspiring the respect and homage of the multitude.

I never forget. We have gone through a thousand phases of internal troubles, from aberrations to a purifying revolution, yet—from Mount Stelvio to the sea, in our mountain cemeteries which the hand of time slowly effaces—there remains the most powerful citadel of the fortune of our nation and of our people. I never forget.

I had been the most tenacious believer in the war. I had fought with all my warm soul of Italian and soldier. I lived the joy of victory. I lived in the midst of the unrest of after-war. But in every event, happy or sad, I have always had as a touchstone, as a lighthouse, as a source of every advice and of deep wisdom, the memory of the dead. They are from every region and from every walk of life, even those who were under foreign yoke or emigrated to other countries. They gave their blood and were willing to offer the supreme sacrifice for the mother country. Until the time when a nation has the right of sitting with proud head among other nations, the surest sign of its strength, the highest title of its nobility, the vital food needed to reach greatness, will always be given by those who laid down their blood and life for their immortal country.

These are the marks that war made upon one's body, one's mind and one's soul.

Above all, it gave to one, who was still young, an understanding of the essences of mankind.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of reminiscences by Premier Mussolini. The next will appear in the issue for June second

THE GREAT FAT FIGHT

(Continued from Page 33)

into direct touch with those representatives of France and Italy who were directly responsible, and secured a complete reinstatement of the French and Italian pork programs for January. This amounted to a total of 220,000,000 pounds.

He cabled to the Grain Corporation to purchase 25,000 tons of pork products for the subsequent relief of liberated nations. He placed an additional 20,000 tons for the Belgians and suggested to the governments of Switzerland and Sweden that supplies which had been withheld from them could now be furnished. He asked Great Britain's Food Minister, by cable:

"Is an order being given by the British Government for 12,000 tons of pork products in replacement of resales to Holland?"

Each of the Allies had given its express agreement to replace with further American purchases such reëxport sales to neutrals, and with this agreement—as was indicated by the resale to Holland—Great Britain had shown no disposition to comply. Hoover added:

"The refusal of the British authorities to accept the cuts prepared in accordance with their declared programs for January and March cannot but precipitate a situation which will do the most infinite damage."

To the Food Ministers of all Allied Governments he directed, on January second, the following:

"No guaranties of any character have ever been at any time required to produce foodstuffs for the supply of our own people. All guaranties have been solely for the purpose of creating surpluses for the European Allies. . . .

"Viewing the world's food situation as a whole, there is now manifestly no surplus, even of American production, if the import of food into enemy, neutral and liberated countries were released on a normal scale. There would, in fact, be a shortage of some commodities. . . .

"With literally hundreds of millions of underfed human beings in the world, the spoilage and waste of a large quantity of food in the United States cannot for a moment be entertained, either by the American public or by the Allies."

The letter proceeds to inquire exactly what foods the various Allies will need for the next six months; presses the food commissioners of these countries to throw their influence toward a removal of the blockade, and concludes:

"The President has directed me to present these recommendations as matters of the utmost urgency and the key to many settlements which are to be presently attempted."

President Wilson was now in Paris at the Peace Conference. On January eighth, in the midst of strenuous efforts to have the British renew their orders, or at least to replace Belgian resales, Hoover addressed him, in a memorandum, thus:

"The British position is that they have sufficient supplies to last them for some weeks and that they wish to reduce their stocks.

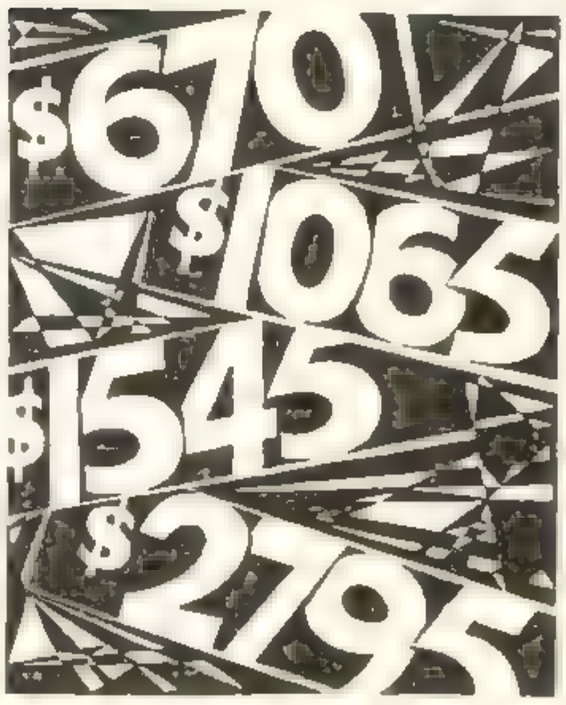
"If there should be no remedy for this situation, we shall have a debacle in the

(Continued on Page 82)

Are Chrysler Prices Lower?

PEOPLE showed, from its very beginning four years ago, that they considered the Chrysler, at the prices which then prevailed, the greatest motor car offering the world had seen up to that time.

They recognized then, as they recognize now, perfectly plain evidences of greater style-and-performance-value—distinct *differences* between the Chrysler and other offerings—which make Chrysler, in each of the four great price classes, actually *the world's lowest priced producer of quality cars.*



In the early days Chrysler had not won from the public the great volume of production which prevails today, with its inevitable lowering of overhead.

Chrysler had not then perfected the principle of Standardized Quality, which spreads the cost of each and every Chrysler car over four cars in four great motor car markets.

So Chrysler is more than ever, today, what the public judged it to be from the very first—in point of what it gives and what the owner gets, the soundest, finest and most saving motor car investment available anywhere in the world.

In that respect its leadership is recognized now in Europe as well as in America.

No matter where you go, the very name Chrysler is spoken with a special emphasis, a special significance, a special warmth which indicates unmistakably the conviction that there is nothing offered which compares with Chrysler in first cost, last cost, and in supreme satisfaction.

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN

--and BLUE *keeps marching on!*

The ranks of "the boys in blue" may be thinning in Memorial Day parades--but the blue of *Middishade* Blue Serge Suits gains many a recruit among the spectators. Whenever you see the *Middishade* label, you'll see a blue serge suit styled with smartness--priced at a figure specialization makes possible. Plain, stripe and unfinished. Look up a *Middishade* clothier--it's worth while.

THE MIDDISHADE CO., Inc., *Makers*, Philadelphia

Fadeproof
MIDDISHADE
The specialized blue serge suit

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Continued from Page 80

American markets, and with the advances of several hundred million dollars now outstanding from the banks to the pork-products industry, we shall not only be precipitated into a financial crisis but shall betray the American farmer who has engaged himself to these ends. The surplus is so large that there can be no absorption of it in the United States.

"Mr. Norman Davis, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and I have endeavored for the past six weeks to forfend this situation. We have suggested that the British Government should join with ourselves in the purchase of the necessary amount of fats at our assured price, to be resold to the liberated and enemy territories to prevent the above debacle, and this they have finally refused. . . .

"With Mr. Davis, I have prepared the attached memorandum, and I would like to suggest that you present it to the Allied premiers at the earliest possible moment, as I cannot conceive that men of their visions will tolerate for one moment the action taken."

President Wilson at once presented this memorandum to the premiers. They could not be induced to accept its proposals. They said, in effect, that they were not to be held responsible for America's war surpluses; as for Germany, until she signed the peace treaty she must suffer. Hoover was meantime appointed Director General of Relief, to take charge of relief to the liberated countries of Europe, and kept moving shipment after shipment of food to ports as close to Germany as the blockade allowed. He proceeded similarly to rim with food as yet unordered the other blockaded and famine-stricken nations of Central Europe.

And he now carried directly to the British the question of those repudiated pork agreements; appealing by cables, in letters, in endless conferences and in interminable interviews, there at Paris, to the British sense of fair play; reiterating Britain's moral obligation to play fair with "those fellows back on our American corn and hog farms"—so he put it in one long interview at which I was present—"those Corn Belt farmers of ours who did what you asked them to do."

Looking for Lower Prices

There was, considering the tensity of the situation, a remarkable lack of bitterness or personal enmity between those of us on the American side of the argument and those of the British with whom we were thus brought face to face. Our arguments sometimes became edged with a terrible frankness. One English representative, I remember, after hours of talk, said suddenly:

"There's no use. You want too much. You've got all our gold. You've got us in debt to you up to the hilt. Now you ask us to save your farmers, swollen with prosperity, by going more deeply into your debt.

"We can't do it. We have damned well got to break your markets or you will break us. We've paid you war prices for five years. Now the only moral obligation that we can see is to our own people. They are racked by taxation almost beyond their capacity to bear. Their debts are stupendous. Many of them are underfed. Our only obligation, as we see it, is to get food for them at the lowest price any market in the world can provide."

Englishmen are not much given to rolling up their pants and showing you their sore legs. So with this personal outburst we could readily sympathize, because we knew what he had been through.

And it was doubtless exactly such sentiments as his, muttered throughout Great Britain among the people at the time of the Armistice, that had forced, in a sense, its representatives to that repudiation of American imports, so suddenly, so belatedly announced.

The fact remained, however, that such a repudiation was unwise and unjust, and that certain English minor statesmen and one or more major figures on the British diplomatic scene were playing a far deeper game than at first appeared.

They said they had from fifteen to sixteen weeks' supply of fat reserves in store. Our information was that they had barely ten weeks' store. Racing such ships as were available to the Argentine and to Australia for cheaper supplies, they frankly acknowledged the move. But our information was that in reality they were counting upon cheaper supplies primarily from us. By holding together the Allies in all purchases and refusing American pork for a while, they had not overlooked the possibility of breaking the American market and then coming back strongly as large buyers at the reduced price. The condition of their shipping and of their credits at the time was certainly not sufficient to bring them food enough from such far-away sources as South America and Australia.

Buy or Let Others Buy

That a drive for credits, particularly, entered into the British attitude toward American pork is unquestionably true. They had been paying for the food bought from us by money borrowed from our Treasury. With the end of hostilities our Treasury had announced a demobilization of foreign credits. Now Britain wanted more money loaned her. She needed more money, some for food, some for other factors in reconstruction. And it was beyond doubt the intention of some of her statesmen to apply pressure upon our Food Administration for the loan of more money from our Treasury.

That and certain other interesting aspects of the controversy will be indicated by the following excerpts from wires, letters and memoranda that accumulated in the files of our Government.

The following message was sent by Hoover to Sir John Beale, British representative on the Supreme Council of Supply and Relief in Paris, under date of January twenty-second. At this time, the January surplus cleared without British help, Hoover was negotiating for British help on a February surplus apparently otherwise beyond hope of clearance. This is the message:

"*Dear Sir John:* I cannot help but feel that there is a certain moral obligation resting upon the Allies to join us in a liquidation of these obligations. More particularly do we feel that because of the programs laid down by the Meat Executive and ratified by the Inter-Allied Food Council for our guidance, we created raw materials, facilities and manufactured products, and in so doing, undertook large moral obligations to our farmers. . . .

"The only one of these obligations which we are unable to liquidate ourselves alone is pork products, which are perishable. . . . I feel . . . that we are justified in asking for joint action on this matter. February orders must be telegraphed before the twenty-fifth instant, and I do hope you will give me an early indication. Yours faithfully, HERBERT HOOVER."

No answer. On January twenty-fifth, to the British Food Ministry, London, there came from Hoover this secret message:

"The time has urgently arrived when the British Food Ministry—in justice to the American farmer, who has, at so great effort . . . complied with the urgent requests from the United Kingdom for the provision of an adequate supply of fats, produced these fats far beyond any commercial justification of his normal market—should either:

"1. Accept the moral obligation acknowledged by many of its members and make such purchases for the month of February as will protect the American farmers' prices under the arrangements by which the

(*Continued on Page 84*

PLAY IN THESE SHOES

- for your hours away from work

GOLF - MOTORING - DANCING - VACATION

Selz FAIRWAY

A VERY practical model, full leather lined, with red rubber soles, of tan Elkmoor calf. A blucher that opens wide, making it easy to put on or off. Fits snug at the ankle - gives firm support at the instep.

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AFTER the game and the shower. The dress-up shoe - with your flannels. The custom model of white elk, black trimmed. Wing tip, smart making in every detail. For the beach, cruise or club dance.

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FOR the 36-hole man, who begins when the dew is yet on the grass. The semi-moccasin of viscolized Norwegian leather - soft, and a pleasure to wear all day. All leather sole with calks and rubber heel.

Many models retail from $6 to $12 *Some with Goodyear Rubber Heels*

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GOOD street pavements are one of the most important of modern civic improvements. Nothing else your city does is so promptly reflected in added safety, comfort and convenience for you and other citizens as is street improvement.

The visitor's impression of your town also turns largely upon the adequacy and condition of your streets. No other public utility is so forced upon his attention. Your streets are certain to be either praised or condemned. They cannot be ignored!

Of what avail are fine public buildings, beautiful parks, modern stores, attractive residential sections, if wide, safe arteries of traffic do not connect them? The modern, progressive city is known first by its streets!

Are narrow, dangerous, congested streets holding back your town? If your streets are still horse and buggy streets, now is the time to start improvement. It will never be cheaper to widen them—if your town grows. And proper, modern pavement, designed for motor traffic, soon pays for itself.

If you would like to know what to do to start the move for better streets in your town or city, write the

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PORTLAND CEMENT
CONCRETE
FOR PERMANENCE

(Continued from Page 82)

American packer is compelled to prepare these products at a profit to himself of not more than one-quarter of a cent a pound.

"2. Or, on the other hand, the whole market of Europe should be thrown open to the American farmer without restrictions, and the governmental"—Allies—"buying agencies in the United States be immediately withdrawn. . . .

"I cannot imagine any situation that will cause more criticism than for the British Government at a later stage, through consolidated buying agencies like the Allied Provisions Export Commission to enter the American market and acquire large quantities of produce at a depreciated price, this price being the result of a maintained artificial commercial condition."

A reply came from Sir John Beale to Hoover, on January twenty-eighth. A second letter, from Hoover to Beale, had meantime been sent, concluding: "The situation has been under discussion now for nearly two months, and as grievous as is the wrong done to millions of people who have exerted themselves on behalf of the Allies, I have not any doubt that our people are strong enough to stand this and many other financial shocks." Here are excerpts from the Beale response:

"Definite and repeated announcements of the United States Treasury of their determination to demobilize, immediately, the wartime financial arrangements, have greatly added to the difficulties of Food Controllers on both sides of the Atlantic. . . . It must be remembered that our excessive"—pork—"stocks are the result of large purchases which helped the United States position in the later months of 1918. . . . I must remind you that resales"—to neutrals or enemy countries—"do not necessarily bring us dollars and that the possibility of replacement of purchases may still have to depend on the action of your Treasury. . . .

"We acknowledge with gratitude the success of your country's efforts to provide food and deeply and sincerely regret that the otherwise satisfactory change in the situation should have placed the United States producers in such difficulties. . . .

"But, if I may speak frankly, the first step seems to me to be so secure that the United States Treasury will continue the whole-hearted coöperation in the general effort which has had such splendid results in the past. . . ."

Credit Not Asked For

The following was sent by Hoover to Beale, on January twenty-ninth:

"The real issue is whether the British Ministry will meet what we must conceive to be an obligation to complete the purchase of the January-February program of fats that was supplied to us, and which our farmers and packers have prepared for you. . . .

"I can imagine that you contemplated, when asking for these programs, that the United States Treasury would finance them as in the past, and if our Treasury refuses, I can understand your feeling of release from the obligation. Our Treasury informs me that no application for finance for food has been made by the United Kingdom."

This passage of arms reflects another outbreak of opposing ideas, at the moment successfully mediated, on the home front, back in the States. On January second, Carter Glass, Secretary of the Treasury, had written to Edgar Rickard, Hoover's right-hand man ever since the days in Belgium and now acting for him at the Washington office of the Food Administration.

Glass told Rickard that foreign credits were about to be discontinued and asked if there were any final matters of food finance to be taken into account. Rickard, having taken counsel with Hoover by cable, replied to Glass on January thirteenth:

"Our strong view is that, for the present, the principle of extended credit should be adopted by the Treasury to all governments who already have received loans from the United States. . . . The British . . . have already given acute example of the danger involved in indirect credit. . . . If our prices break in consequence, we shall have established a price level for our commodities below the cost to our producers. . . . Credit freely given to Allies for food will greatly reduce this danger."

Glass sent the following message to Rickard, on January sixteenth:

"If Great Britain can dispense with the foodstuffs in question, I am clear that the Treasury should not make loans to induce her to take them. It is the view of the Treasury that a fall of food prices, while causing some loss of profit to the raisers and packers of food, would be a benefit to the general community and have a stimulating effect on industry."

A Poor Excuse

To which, on January twenty-fourth, Rickard replied:

"I am instructed to state, in accordance with cables received from Mr. Hoover, that . . . a withdrawal of foreign purchases for one month would not mean that prices would take a normal level; but, due to the large proportion of exports, it would mean that the price of hogs to the American farmer would decline $5.00 a hundred from the level of $17.50.

"The withdrawal of the British Government from the hog market for the month of January does not mean that their people have ceased consumption of pork, but merely that they will return to the market at a later date, and presumedly at an artificially depressed price.

"Happily, Mr. Hoover was able to repair the withdrawal of the British orders in January by securing some partial amelioration of blockade conditions and increased shipments to neutrals. Had it not been for these unsupported January orders, it is probable that a price level 35 per cent below present prices would have been established, and this will take place in February unless a solution can be found.

"No one has been more solicitous during the entire period of the war to secure moderate prices to consumers than has the Food Administration, but to secure low price levels at total injustice to the American farmer and possibly including the collapse of financial institutions and business organizations in the United States is something one cannot approach without fear.

"We are not interested in supporting the profits of the packing industry in any way. We are interested in preventing injustice to American farmers by the play of international action excusing itself as lacking coöperation from the American Treasury. . . .

"Advances for February and March from the United States Treasury to Allied Governments, probably not exceeding, in the final balance, more than forty to fifty million dollars, would save the American swine producer that amount in February alone."

A message from Glass to Rickard, January twenty-ninth, indicated that, as far as helping Great Britain fulfill her February program for American pork was concerned, he was ready to support Hoover, and concluded:

"I would add that the Treasury had not received from the British Government, since the last credit was established early in December, any request for additional credit to be applied to the purchase of meats and fats."

It was this information that Hoover communicated somewhat brusquely to Sir John Beale on January twenty-ninth, in response to the protestations in Beale's letter of January twenty-eighth. Then, despairing for the moment of inducing the British to take up their February obligations in full, he concentrated his efforts on a large tonnage of American pork which they had in the meantime sold to Holland, and

which they were definitely bound, by Treasury agreements, to replace by purchase from the United States. What happened was that, with the war over, the British naturally wished to decrease their reserve stocks of food and proceeded to sell it to the neutrals, thus again reducing the purchasing in the United States.

Acceptance of this responsibility to make corresponding purchases in the United States as against any immediate sales of stocks was made after many evasions and delays. It bound the British to follow the same principle in all their future resales. Then the fight for the February surplus began all over again. Already, with tremendous advance orders placed virtually to himself, in the name of the United States Grain Corporation, Hoover increased such advance orders still further, and also carried full stores of fats for the Belgians. With the same promise—that any surplus should be sold to Germany as soon as the market was open—he persuaded the Italians to increase their February pork purchases by some 44,092,000 pounds.

Striking right and left, he succeeded in placing additional quantities of fats with neutrals and in getting most of it through to them, despite every possible hindrance and restriction on the part of the Allies, particularly the French, who were alarmed lest some part trickle through to Germany. And he got the American Army to continue purchases on the basis of anticipated needs.

Thus the February price of hogs was maintained at $17.64 a hundredweight. But storage stocks now had risen to a height never before even approached at that time of the year. Such orders as had been secured to carry the February surplus could not, it was plain, be induced again in March. The only possible way out now was to break the blockade on Germany, at which Hoover had been toiling unceasingly.

The British were becoming less obdurate to the idea of feeding Germany in accordance with the promise in the Armistice agreement three months before. The British became frightened of Bolshevism in Germany. Not so the French. Nor was it now only French objections which stood principally in the way of provisioning Germany.

Germany, baffled, had also turned obdurate. She had gold to pay for food, but the French did not want that gold paid out to America; the French had that gold earmarked for reparations. Germany had ships to rent the Allies in consideration of the food a certain portion of those boats would bring her. In accordance with Hoover's early suggestion, the Allies, at the second Armistice conference—Treves, January sixteenth—had proposed that Germany hand over for use a designated number of ships from her merchant fleet on that plan.

For Economic Ends

Germany held back and haggled. Promised food, she still was starving. Now her enemies wanted to rent her shipping fleet—almost her last resource. She doubted—not without reason, as subsequent demands showed—that "loaning" her ships would be the last that she would ever see of them. She held back, evaded, finally refused. The Treves Conference closed in a deadlock.

The French now insisted that the Allies—which, under existing circumstances, practically meant America—loan Germany money with which to buy food. Since this meant pouring more American money into Europe—and unnecessarily, as the country in question, Germany, obviously had resources of her own and could pay in gold if need be—this suggestion could not be considered.

Conference followed conference, evasion followed evasion. On February fourth Hoover wrote President Wilson, a part of which letter follows:

"There is no right in the law of God or man that we should longer continue to starve neutrals, now that we have a surplus of food. The French, in the attempt to compel us to loan money to Germany for the feeding of Germany, have defeated every step so far for getting Germany the food which we have been promising them for three months. . . .

"The blockade against neutrals and the southwest is being used today purely for economic ends, when its sole justification was for the protection and furtherance of military operations, which justification is now gone. . . .

"I can see no hope of securing the removal of these restrictions except by a direct and strong intervention through yourself and mandatory orders given by the Supreme War Council."

A conference at Spa, on February sixth, yielded nothing but further futile wrangling between German and Allied spokesmen. How much food, asked the Germans, for how many ships? . . . That would not be enough. And so on.

Obstacles in the Way

Hoover, in Paris, proposed that, all other schemes of finance proving unacceptable to some one or another of the powers, the Germans might open credits in South America. The French objected. To send German emissaries to South America, they said, might breed dangerous and secret political results.

"I cannot believe," said Hoover grimly, "that two Germans, carefully searched, could possibly upset the political equilibrium of the world any more than it is at present unbalanced."

February nineteenth he sent a memorandum to the American Commission to Negotiate Peace:

"The Supreme War Council passed my recommendation for a monthly ration to Germany of 200,000 tons of cereals and 70,000 tons of fats, as basic consideration for the use of her merchant marine. All these things were agreed to some months ago and the ships are now coming in. . . ."

But:

"Up to date not a single pound of food has been delivered to Germany. . . . The French have placed every possible obstacle in finance and we are totally unable to proceed. . . . They demand that we participate in credits to Germany, these credits to form part of the ultimate indemnity. . . .

"The uses to which this blockade on foodstuffs is being put are absolutely immoral. They are entirely foreign to the whole purpose of the war, and I do not feel that we can, with any sense of national honor and dignity, longer continue to endure this situation. . . .

"I have been set up, with the consent and approval of the Allied Governments, as the central figure in the amelioration of the food supply of Europe as a whole, including enemy countries. I have as yet accomplished nothing except so far as I have been able to draw on United States resources, which I have poured in to the last penny of our ability. . . . The time has come when we should make some public declaration that will save the honor of the United States in this situation."

Another conference with the Germans was held at Spa, March fourth. Nothing came of it. But Hoover's resolute communications to President Wilson, to the American Peace Commissioners and to the Supreme Economic Council bore all the earmarks of a coming American ultimatum and had provoked bitter discussion. The situation now came to a head in Paris, at a meeting of the Supreme War Council in Monsieur Pichon's room at the Quai d'Orsay at three P.M., March eighth, 1919.

All the leading Allied statesmen were there: Clemenceau, growling like a bear; Lloyd George, boyish and alert; Wilson, worn and anxious; Foch, Lord Robert Cecil, Lansing and Hoover.

Continued on Page 88

HIT 1,965 TIMES IN 360 HOLES OF GOLF

a single Kro-Flite Golf Ball comes through with scarcely a mark on it!

AS YOU hear, from time to time, examples of the astounding number of holes played with individual Kro-Flite balls, bear in mind this important fact—Kro-Flite has not sacrificed a yard of distance to gain this tremendous durability. It is one of the world's longest balls. It is also the world's toughest ball, as Mr. Leon Mendleson, of Albany, N. Y., will testify.

Over the Sacandaga Park course, Mr. Mendleson played 360 holes of golf on twenty consecutive days with a single Kro-Flite. Averaging between 96 and 100 strokes per round, Mr. Mendleson hit this one ball about 1,965 times. To quote from his letter, "The ball has hardly a mark on it."

We have a complete file of letters received last year, telling us of outstanding instances of Kro-Flite's durability—ranging from 192 holes to 507 holes played with a single Kro-Flite.

AND AS FOR DISTANCE . . .

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OIL . . . the Secret of

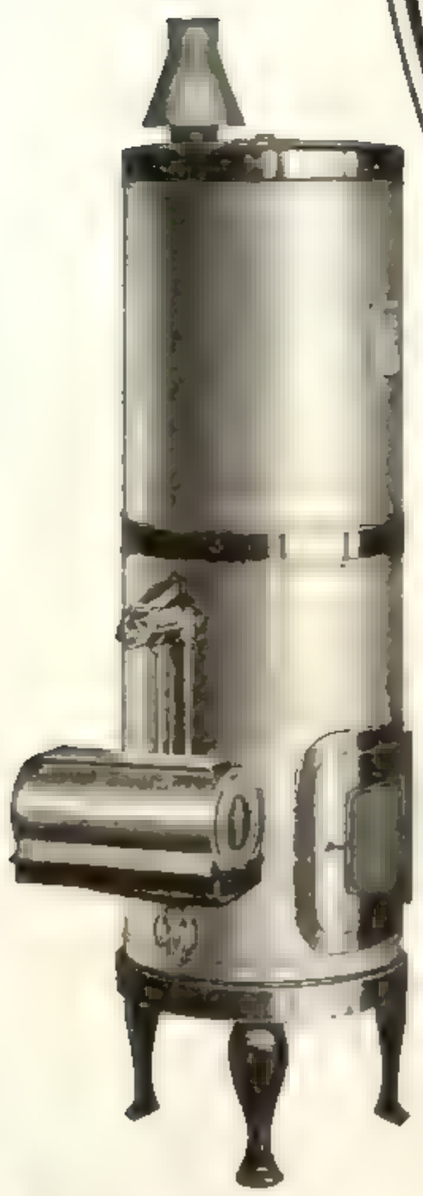
Hotter than City Gas

Here, at last, is an oil stove hotter than city gas—the New Florence Kerosene Pressure Stove. It has every advantage of city gas—*including its safety.*

This revolutionary range not only burns kerosene as a fuel but requires only kerosene for starting. Yet, if you wish, you can burn gasoline equally well and without any adjusting.

It is simplicity itself, absolutely safe, most economical, *the* stove you have long wanted.

Florence stoves are now finished in beautiful two-tone gray, also in black.



Constant Hot Water

The cost of having constant hot water with this newest of all heaters is so low that it is almost nominal. Kerosene is the fuel and the heater is controlled by a thermostat with pilot light. Light it and forget it except for an occasional filling of fuel tank. This new Florence is a complete unit including insulated storage tank.

F · L · O · R

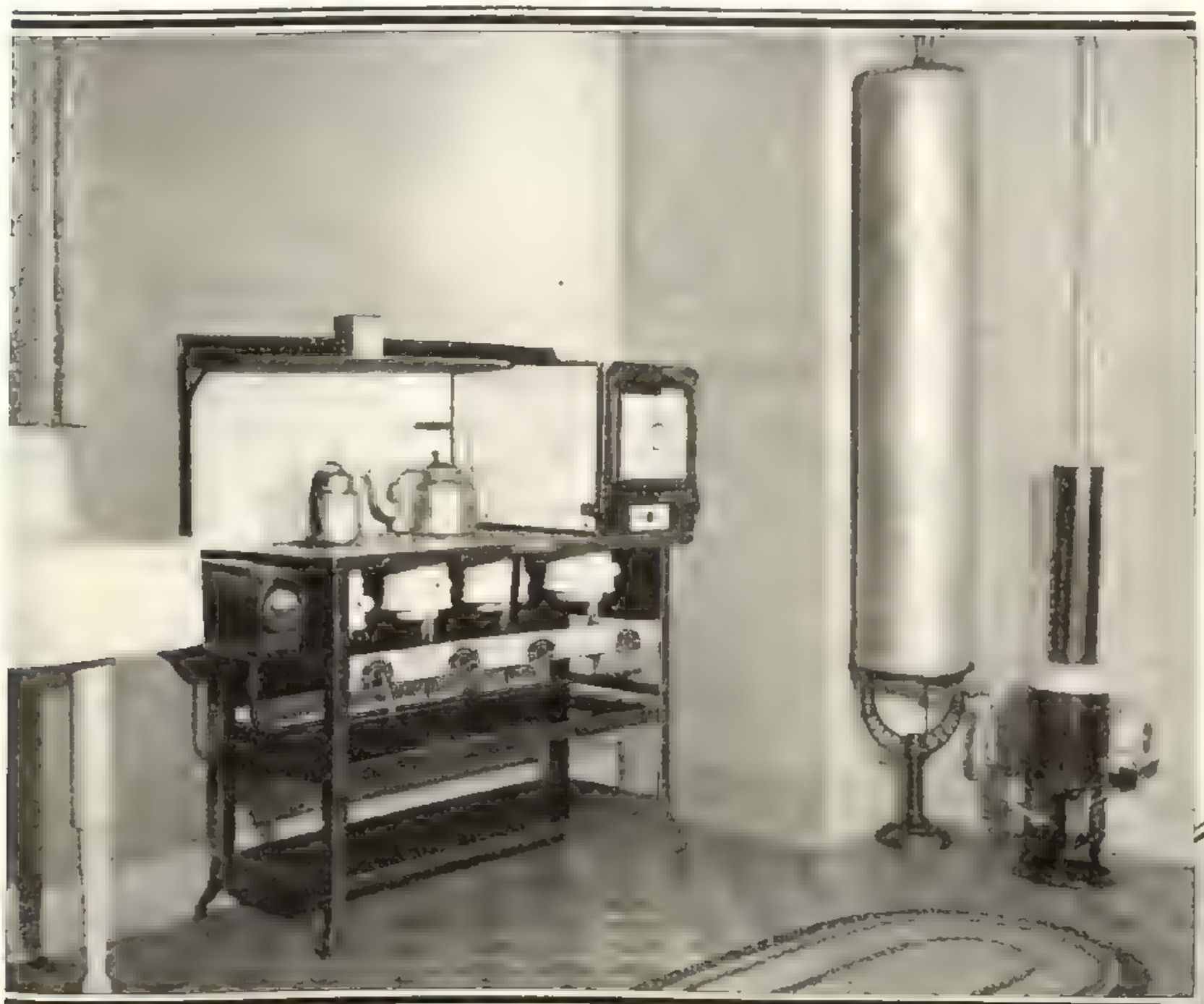
Your MODERN KITCHEN

NO woman wants to spend more time in the kitchen than she has to, particularly in torrid weather. And all women—all the family—revel in the comfort of a constant supply of hot water. Florence products provide the perfect answer to both problems.

The Florence Oil Range gives quick, intense heat for cooking when—and only when—it is needed. It is without odor and without smoke; absolutely safe and most economical. Kerosene is about the cheapest of all fuels and always easy to obtain.

A constant supply of hot water is yours when you have a Florence Automatic Water Heater in your kitchen or cellar. It requires no attention on your part and the cost of kerosene is only a few cents a day.

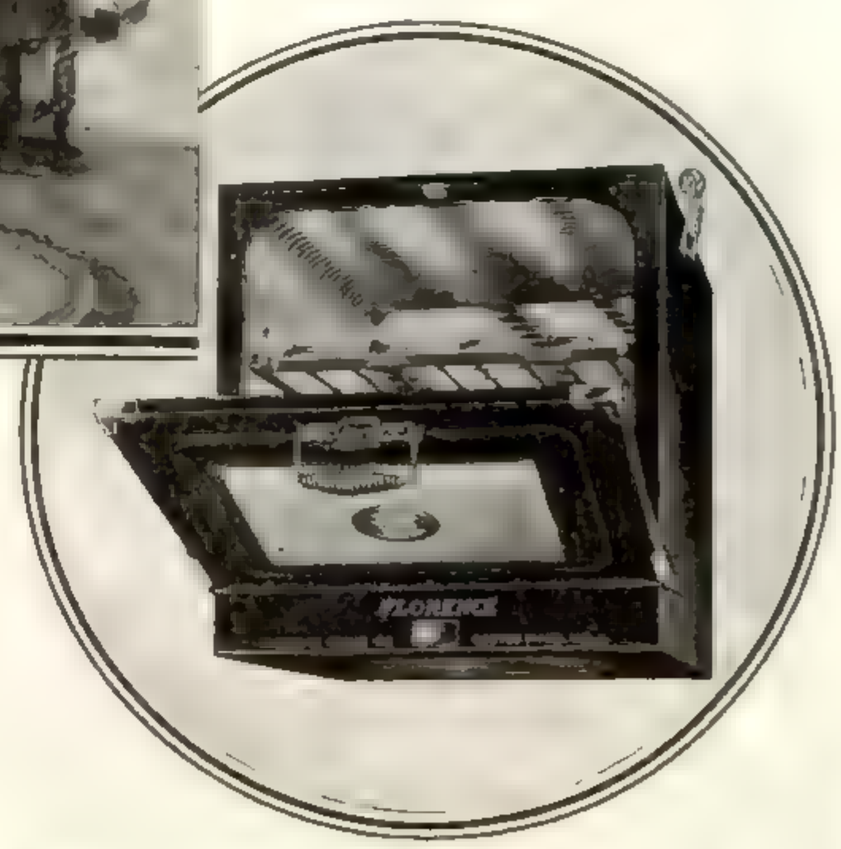
Do not postpone a day longer the happiness of a modern Florence kitchen. What else could possibly afford your family more real satisfaction?



When You Use

"The Baker's Arch"

Notice the curved corners of "the Baker's Arch" at the top of the Florence Oven shown in the circle below. They prevent heat pockets when hot air is directed upward by the patented heat distributor. Food never burns on the bottom, but is browned evenly all over. You can bake anything —*better*—in a Florence Oven.



This photograph shows a modern kitchen containing the famous Florence "F Model" Oil Range that cooks with *focused heat;* and a Florence *Automatic* Water Heater that assures, with no attention on your part, a constant supply of hot water.

. . . . . .

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Getting on Top . . . of your JOB

All of us can do it, according to this star SALESMAN

THIS man's commission check is always bigger than any other salesman's on the staff. He's a wonder! When he breezes into town after a gruelling business trip—with a bunch of orders in his pocket for the boss—he's always as fit as a fiddle. And just rarin' to go off again.

How does he do it—living on trains—snatching hasty meals at railway counters and small town restaurants? Forever on the jump.

If you could see him pack his bag for a trip, you'd know. A bottle of Nujol always goes in. Nujol keeps body functions normal, even under abnormal régime. Keeps hasty meals and indifferent food from upsetting you. Wards off the bad effects of change of water and climate. For Nujol not only prevents any excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming, but also aids in their disposal.

Whatever your job is—you need health and energy to ride it. Take a tip from this star salesman and take Nujol regularly. You'll be amazed to find how much more clear-headed and all 'round efficient you feel. Keep up this treatment faithfully for 3 months and you'll feel like a million dollars. And you will have taken the first step toward getting it.

Isn't Nujol worth trying? It was perfected by the Nujol Laboratories of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). It couldn't possibly hurt you, anyway. (Nujol contains no drugs or medicine.) And if you're like other people, it will do you a world of good.

Be sure you get the genuine.

MEN aren't the ONLY ones

MAYBE you aren't paid in commission checks. Perhaps you don't draw down a regular salary at all. But practically every woman these days has *some* sort of job or hobby or activity that calls for health and energy.

Keeping house and bringing up a family—well, there's no more trying job in the world. They say the average man would be ready for an asylum after a week of it.

EVEN being socially active is a strenuous business nowadays.

The modern woman manages to do a thousand and one things all at once—why does she look younger than ever? More exercise, for one thing. Better diet. More sensible clothing. And regular habits with Nujol. For thousands of women have found that the regular use of Nujol brings about better health and spirits in a surprisingly short time.

Nujol is especially necessary for women. Their systems are easily thrown off balance and refuse to function normally. And at those times when exercise has to be curtailed, even the healthiest woman needs special measures to make up for it. A spoonful of Nujol every night for several days helps greatly.

Nujol can't upset you or disagree with you because it contains no drugs or medicine. Even women who ordinarily never take a drop of medicine, take Nujol at regular times. Try it yourself.

(Continued from Page 85)

I summarize from the minutes of the Supreme War Council now before me. Lord Robert Cecil presented Hoover's resolution: To relax the blockade and to permit Germany to pay for food with the boats, gold and foreign securities in her possession. The resolution provided, further, for five months' provisioning under these terms.

Monsieur Clémentel spoke for the French. A month at a time, he protested, would be enough. Germany should be told, moreover, that she might have food only in exchange for raw materials. If she must eat, let her work for it and pay in goods.

Foch spoke. Erect, military, he declared that to pass this resolution would be equivalent to disarming the Allies.

Hoover rose to reply. He said that actual starvation would overtake the German people within a few weeks; that unless the Allies fulfilled at once their Armistice promise to Germany and gave her food, the Allies would, within sixty days, have no established German Government with which to deal. He emphasized the fact that the honor of his own Government, as to promises made, and its standing before the tribunal of future world opinion, was at stake.

Lloyd George arose. He said that the Germans had accepted our Armistice conditions, which were sufficiently severe, and they had complied with the majority of these conditions. But so far not a single ton of food had been sent into Germany. Their fishing fleet had even been prevented from going out to catch a few herrings. They were being allowed to starve while at the same time hundreds of thousands of tons of food were lying at Rotterdam, waiting to be taken up the waterways into Germany. The Allies, Lloyd George exclaimed, were sowing hatred for the future; they were piling up agony, not for the Germans but for themselves.

Clemenceau and others for the French objected. The debate continued for many weary hours. It was finally agreed that German representatives be called to Brussels the week following, there to hear conditions read to them by just one man—a British admiral.

First Smash the Blockade

Hoover's entire hope for a clearance of the American surplus for March and the months following now rested on this conference. His troubles had been complicated by a further and final ruction on the home front. On February eleventh President Wilson, sitting in conference with the Allied premiers at Paris, had been handed a cable from Glass, his Secretary of the Treasury.

Glass wired:

"Mr. Hoover is naturally impressed with the international phases of the food situation and with the problem of fulfilling the moral obligations he feels he is under to food producers and securing the best possible prices for our food products in foreign markets. I am convinced that the broader national aspects of the question are far more important. . . .

"I have submitted this cable to the Cabinet and they unanimously recommend immediate removal of artificial food prices. . . ."

The cabinet suggested further, by cable, that with the immediate discontinuance of all price stabilization Congress appropriate money to indemnify producers, packers and dealers for their losses. To which Hoover, addressing Wilson, replied:

"In order to do this, Congress would have to make provision in advance for liquidating payment to probably 15,000,000 individuals in the United States. Unless this advance provision were made there would be a most disastrous financial collapse. Furthermore, taking a world view over the next four months, while some drop in prices might follow removal of control, the world situation on the few remaining commodities is such that even higher prices than the present might rule."

In other words, to smash the system now, with the blockade still intact, would be to bring on a crash in American prices and financial ruin to millions of Americans who were depending upon controlled prices until there came a more general opening of the markets of the world.

On the other hand, first to smash the blockade and open these markets, then to scrap the system of price control, would avoid such disaster. With open markets the hitherto thwarted demand for our foodstuffs would sustain prices naturally, without artificial control, and probably even raise them.

Glass and the cabinet were speaking in what they considered to be the interest of the American consumer and American general finance. Hoover was speaking in behalf of the men who had provided all that food, and to whom he had given his personal promises. He saw, too, that a present collapse, such as the cabinet now so insistently proposed, could react, with the blockade intact, neither to the benefit of American bankers and financiers in general nor to the ultimate benefit of the American consumer. In the crash that would be certain to follow, all ranks, all callings, he held, would suffer losses far beyond the possible compensations of a haphazard indemnity.

An Agreement Reached

Confident now, from inside advices, that the Brussels Conference would result in immediate relaxation of the deadlock, he fought desperately for time. He wanted, if possible, to continue price control throughout March. The very last of the spring pig crop, for which he had given assurances to American farmers, would not reach Europe until that time. He knew, though, that if he could continue price control until the blockade was penetrated and the supplies moved in, prices would then stand alone, his long fight would be won, his obligations to the farmers, packers and dealers would finally be fully and honorably discharged. President Wilson indicated that he would take no action for the time being.

To that conference at Brussels, on March thirteenth, went Hoover. Also, to the Brussels Conference went Henry M. Robinson, shipping adviser; Thomas W. Lamont and George Whitney, United States financial representatives; Hugh Gibson, diplomatic adviser; Lewis Strauss and myself, of the Hoover staff. This was the American representation. The entire Allied delegation totaled thirty-one.

Edler von Braun, a somber, heavy man with bristling hair, was chief spokesman for the Germans. A British admiral presided—Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, severe and precise. He opened the meeting abruptly. There were the terms offered. Had the Germans abided by the terms of the Armistice?

Von Braun, his eyes fixed at a spot on the table, his answer apparently addressed to no one, curtly replied "Yes."

Around him were grouped his fellow representatives, sixteen in number, a pitiable lot. Most of them had been officers, more than one had moved in military splendor, as conquerors, down the corridors of this very Hotel Astoria. Now, haggard, clad in misfit civilian clothing of makeshift texture, the doors guarded by Belgian soldiers to see that the Belgian populace did them no harm, they sat slumped on their chairs, defeated, suing for food.

With voices subdued by a terrible hopelessness and detachment, they remarked quite casually that child mortality in Germany had trebled in the past three months. Might they not have an enlargement of certain proposed imports—of condensed milk, for instance?

"I regret that the world's shipping does not make this possible," said Admiral Wemyss. He read a one-page typed memorandum. Germany was to hand over her

(Continued on Page 90)

New Spark Plugs Are Real Economy

The pronounced saving in oil and gas pays for new spark plugs in a few months' driving

It is easy to understand why you should install new spark plugs once a year. They quickly save their cost in gas and oil, and improve car performance. Here is how your engine operates—

The gaseous mixture from the carburetor is drawn into each cylinder by the downward stroke of the piston, then compressed by the upward stroke and ignited by the spark plug.

The compressed gas burns with great rapidity —it does not "explode"—and expands to many times its former volume, forcing down the piston and developing the power.

The full, efficient spark, delivered at the firing points of the spark plug, assures rapid and complete burning of the gas, with maximum expansion, and full power.

But if the spark is weak the burning is much slower and only partially complete.

Unburned gas is wasted through the exhaust. Some is condensed and works by the pistons to dilute the oil in the crankcase. Power is lost. Engine performance is seriously impaired.

For these reasons it is real economy to install new spark plugs every 10,000 miles, or once a year.

No matter how well a spark plug is made it is bound to deteriorate under the tremendous stress imposed by modern engines.

The higher compression actually delivers hammer-like blows. The excessive heat imposes terrific strains. Destroying chemical reactions take place.

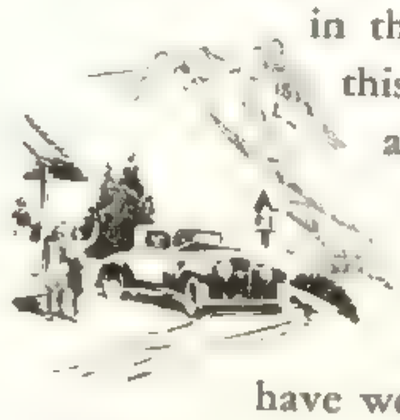
That spark plugs continue to function under the extreme conditions to which they are subjected is a tribute to the great advance in spark plug design and manufacture.

And in this advancement Champion has always played the major part—always pioneered and anticipated the requirements of engine designers.

Champion—in the Blue Box—for all cars other than Model T Ford, and for trucks, tractors and stationary engines—75c.

The Proud Privilege of *Outselling* throughout *the world*

PROBABLY not more than ten American products have earned the proud privilege of outselling all others throughout the world—and in the forefront of this fortunate list are Champion Spark Plugs.



Champion Spark Plugs have won this world-wide dominance as the result of perfectly plain, easily recognizable structural and operative superiorities which make Champion the better spark plug.

Champion is the better spark plug because it has an exclusive sillimanite insulator specially treated to withstand the much higher temperatures of the modern high-compression engine. Also a new patented solid copper gasket-seal that remains absolutely gas-tight under high compression. Special analysis electrodes which assure a fixed spark-gap under all driving conditions.

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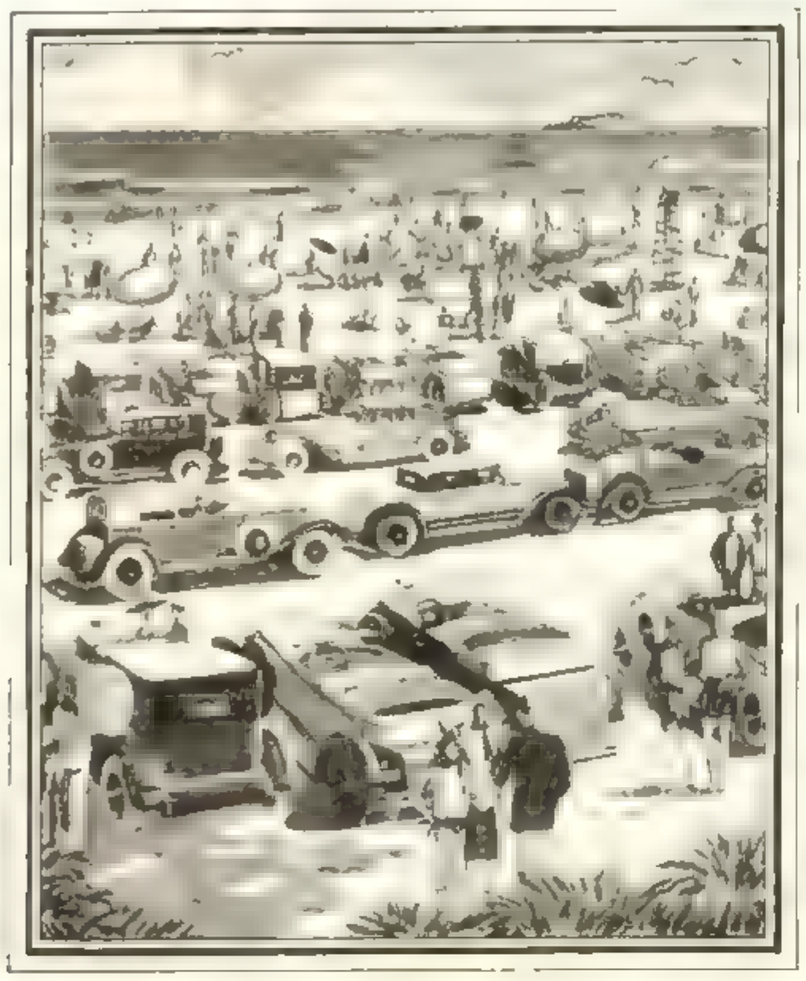
Jacksonville Beach.. the longest, finest driving beach in the world!



Other states and other nations have their bathing beaches. But Florida has more *driving* beaches than all the rest of the world put together. A single one of them, Jacksonville Beach, beginning 17 miles east of Jacksonville, curves southward without a break for 40 miles. From Jacksonville it is reached in thirty minutes, over a wide modern concrete thoroughfare which at night is an electric white-way. Two hundred yards wide, fronted by the tumbling, white-capped sea, it forms a natural roadway as smooth as if it were paved. . . . And what an experience it is to drive your car on this beach! Fanned by salt ocean-breezes, undisturbed by intersecting traffic, gliding over clean, hard-packed sand—it is more like riding in an aeroplane than in an automobile!

Fernandina, Cocoa, Daytona, St. Augustine—each has its own driving beach as well as Jacksonville, along the Florida East Coast. Thousands of motorists consider these beaches among Florida's greatest attractions. Other thousands spend long, lazy mornings in surf-bathing or water-sports. Golfing over year-round green courses . . . tennis . . . yachting . . . hunting and fishing . . . swimming . . . horseback riding—a round of games and pastimes draws visitors every day here into the warm, mild out-of-doors.

Join the thousands of people who will visit Florida this spring! Drive your own car, with good roads all the way, and with 5000 miles of paved roads after you reach Florida. Make Jacksonville your headquarters from which to tour the entire state. Whether you come for an extended vacation or not, bring your family with you!

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Believers in Jacksonville

"AN ASSOCIATION OF REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS MEN INCORPORATED FOR THE SINGLE PURPOSE OF COMMUNITY ADVERTISING. AFFILIATED WITH JACKSONVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

(Continued from Page 88)

merchant fleet at once. The Allies would at once deliver, as Germany's first month's ration, 661,000,000 pounds of bread grains and 154,000,000 pounds of fats; this arrangement to be continued until the next harvest, provided Germany continued to abide by the Armistice.

The Germans accepted. The conference—a short one—adjourned. The terms accepted were those for which Hoover had worked so hard and long. And he settled that milk question in favor of the Germans. Finally, almost at the last possible moment, when the structure that he had erected had seemed almost certain to collapse, he had won.

Weeks before, I had said to him: "What if the Allies don't replace their orders and open the blockade? What will happen to you, and to us, with all this food on the water and nothing to pay for it?"

For the first time in weeks I saw a really genuine grin on his face.

"Well," he said, "all the money that all of us have in the world would not be a drop in the bucket in paying for it; and if we are going bankrupt, it certainly will be a big bust."

Of another day about that time, Oswald Garrison Villard—whose publication, the Nation, does not think well of Hoover—has since written: "His attack on the British rubber trust was unsound and emotionalized, but, I repeat, it must be written in golden letters to his credit that his emotions are deeply moved, as one should expect a Quaker's to be, by suffering anywhere. I was with him at the Hôtel Crillon on that day in March, 1919, when he got the French to agree with the English and the Americans to permit the German fishing fleet to get fish for the starving women and children. It was a joy to hear him tell of his final success after four months of effort."

The conferences of which Mr. Villard here speaks were among those leading up to the concessions at Brussels. Even after Brussels, it must be understood, the blockade was not completely lifted. That did not take place until after the signing of the peace treaty. But there at Brussels, on March thirteenth, enemy territory was opened to our products, and from that time forth the restrictions to Hoover's general relief program throughout all Europe were progressively reduced.

In Less Than No Time

On March third, ten days before Brussels, President Wilson had yielded to cabinet pressure, ordering discontinuance of all Food Administration price control as of March sixth. But that was all right, for by then we knew, as certainly as one could know anything, what the outcome of the Brussels Conference would be. The markets of Europe were reopening. Our foodstuffs were needed everywhere. With opening, eager markets, prices could henceforth be permitted to arrange themselves.

The first relief ship had left New York six days after the Armistice. All this time they had kept coming. When Hoover sat down across the table from those German delegates there at Brussels, four months later, it was with the knowledge that he had sixty-five ships of food sailing the Atlantic Ocean, Mediterranean, Black and Baltic Seas, bound for seventeen different European ports.

As soon as the first German ship left port to be turned over to the Allies, Hoover started moving foodstuffs long stored at the borders of Germany down her rivers to her starving people. He diverted, moreover, by wireless, ships elsewhere bound, sending the West Colfax, flying the American flag, directly into Hamburg harbor on March twenty-fifth, and following her with ship after ship bearing supplies. These first boats discharged their cargoes before the gold had been delivered. They were received with joy and wonder by a population who could now hardly believe that the Allies really meant to keep their word and send them food. Germany gladly paid gold for it as soon as her gold stocks could be banked at Brussels.

Hoover dealt similarly with the other starving people of Europe. There was a long, involved conference, I remember, in the Supreme Economic Council, about getting food to what used to be Austria—Czecho-Slovakia. It was all beautifully arranged, finally, that one country was to patrol the River Elbe at this point and another at that point, and so on, so that the ships might be safe from the hordes of hungry people. They asked: "And now, Mr. Hoover, how long will it require, do you estimate, to have the food ships start up the river?"

Hoover said: "I have had them going there for two weeks."

Most of the food that he moved into enemy and other hunger-stricken territory throughout March and April was from those stocks which, through the Grain Corporation, he had long since procured, largely at his own personal risk and responsibility.

A Story That Might Have Been

During the Armistice year his relief importations from America to Europe totalled in value $870,000,000. Of this, a large part was taken in cash. To Germany alone, between the relaxation of the blockade in March and the beginning of the 1919 harvest, was delivered 2,460,000,000 pounds of foods, including 385,800,000 pounds of fats and milk. In excess of $250,000,000 in gold and securities came out of Germany to cover the long line of shipments that entered all her ports.

I have here set down as directly and plainly as possible exactly what happened when, within barely seven weeks after the victorious conclusion of the war, our associates in the war abruptly repudiated orders and pledges, which repudiation, had not Hoover fought victoriously, would have meant immediate, undeserved and almost illimitable disaster to hundreds of thousands of our farmers.

The slightest public knowledge, indeed, of the threat under which, in the early months of 1919, our farmers and farm banks stood, might well have been enough to precipitate disaster. I wish, in now publishing these facts, to make grateful acknowledgment to those accredited correspondents—American newspapermen—who knew the whole situation in confidence, which they never broke. That is one of the finest things about those desperately anxious months. Hoover had their constant advice and not one of them printed a word. But what a story it would have been! And what a tragedy if printed then!

Now that there is no useful purpose to be served by secrecy, I have told all I know without reservation. The facts are as I have here set them down—documented. They shed light, I hope without heat, in a number of directions. As to Hoover's attitude toward agriculture, for instance—a question now much discussed; and with more heat than light—I am entirely willing to let Hoover's own actions speak for him; adding only this:

For all those months, with no expectation of public knowledge or applause, he, almost alone, carried America's Corn Belt agriculture on his shoulders to rising markets and just rewards. After that, with control withdrawn, it was none of his business. Yet, despite subsequent unwise reinflation and reckless speculation, the hog market did not break until twenty-one months after he had yielded control.

His, however—and very definitely—was the problem of, and the responsibility for, the Armistice surplus. And in the disposal of that surplus no man, I think the record shows, ever worked harder or with more vision; ever gave more of his life to American agriculture, to the whole American structure, to the service of humanity, than Hoover.

Editor's Note—This is the second and last of two articles by Mr. Baker.

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We may now converse with each other from practically any point in this country to any other, and may talk beyond our borders and across the sea. That is measurable progress in widening America's telephone horizon.

A TOOT FOR A TOOT

(Continued from Page 25)

Plenty of time to return the diamond ring. Smiling broadly, Epic dropped his hand into his pocket to assure himself that everything was all right.

Quite suddenly, and with comprehensive completeness, the smile vanished from Epic's countenance and in its stead there came an expression of abysmal consternation. His fingers fumbled frantically and he was stricken by a chill.

"Oh, whoa is me!" he mourned as the potentialities of the situation were thrust upon him. "That ring has went!"

Gone—vanished—completely and absolutely departed somewhere else!

It required less than a split second for Epic Peters to realize that he was in a horrid dilemma. His distaste for the fat man in Section Six now flamed to a violent and aggressive hatred.

He had found the ring, and the fat man had seen him find it. Bulwarked behind the knowledge of his own honesty, he had taken his own time about reporting the discovery to Cap'n Sandifer, and the fat man had made a bad matter worse by suggesting to the Pullman conductor that Epic intended to steal the ring.

Now the ring was gone, and Cap'n Sandifer knew that he had found it. Sooner or later Sandifer would ask for the ring, and Epic groaned at the prospect of telling him that it had disappeared. Sandifer might believe Epic, but by the same token the conductor would make a report of the whole affair to the company officials. In addition to that, the fat man would also see to it that the matter came to the most unfortunate ears.

There would be an investigation—perhaps a trial. Epic knew that he would be dismissed from the service—kicked out of the profession to which he had devoted his life. The very least that could be proved against him was gross carelessness, and there was grave danger that he might be convicted of dishonesty.

The spirit of Mr. Epic Peters groveled. He hit bottom and continued going down. "Oh, gosh," he moaned, "ol' man disaster has sho slapped me right in the face!"

At first Epic was unable to do anything but reflect upon the ghastly situation. Then he commenced to hunt. He hunted violently for that ring, searching every nook and cranny of the car. The fat man was regarding him sneeringly. And the beady eyes of Danny the Dip never left the wriggling figure of the distraught porter.

The ring was nowhere to be found. Epic now was in terror lest Cap'n Sandifer choose this inopportune time to demand it. To avoid such a catastrophe, Hop Sure retired to the unoccupied drawing-room. He desired solitude and lots of it. He left the door open, but managed to keep out of sight.

He commenced thinking. Never in all his eventful career had the brain of Mr. Peters functioned with such amazing speed. Logic hammered insistently. The ring was lost. It hadn't jumped out of the window, it wasn't on the floor of the car, nor was it concealed in the upholstery. Unquestionably, however, it was still in the car.

Epic's thoughts flashed to the fat man, but he immediately discarded the thought that that person had anything to do with it. Then he remembered the ratlike individual in Section Eight.

From the very first moment that he set eyes on Aloysius, Epic had felt an antipathy to that gentleman. He knew there was something wrong about Danny the Dip—something fearfully and radically wrong.

He cocked his head on one side so as to command a view of the car. Danny the Dip was undoubtedly planning to get off at Charlotte. The significance of this impressed Hop Sure.

The man had a ticket to New York. Why, then, should he suddenly alter his plans and leave the train in North Carolina? Something queer—dawg-goned queer too. Instinct informed Epic that Danny the Dip was in some manner connected with that ring. He thought Danny had witnessed the finding. He wasn't sure, but he thought so. Apparently Danny had been looking out of the window at the time, but Epic had a hunch that those beady eyes hadn't missed much.

Epic remembered something else. He recalled the queer actions of Aloysius near the water cooler. Danny the Dip had accosted him and engaged him in conversation about matters of no importance whatever. During that conversation the Dip had stood very, very close to Epic—so close, reflected the porter, that he could very easily have slipped nimble fingers into the capacious pocket of Epic's coat and extracted therefrom the diamond ring.

Epic set his feet squarely on the floor. He felt certain that he had hit upon the correct solution; facts dovetailed perfectly.

Mr. Peters was desperate. He knew that he had only a few minutes of grace. Very shortly the train would be in Charlotte and Aloysius would leave. Once away, Epic knew he'd never again set eyes on the man or the ring.

Mr. Peters was spurred to drastic action. He summoned a genial, disarming smile and plastered it on his face. Then he approached Danny the Dip.

"Gittin' off at Charlotte, boss man?"

The ratlike eyes darted to Epic's countenance.

"Yes."

"Lemme brush you off, suh."

Epic held a whisk broom insinuatingly before the eyes of Aloysius. The wiry little man hesitated, then rose. Immediately Epic stepped toward the end of the car.

"Right this way, cap'n, so's the dust won't bother nobody."

Aloysius frowned but followed. To have reseated himself might have attracted attention.

Epic stopped at the door of the drawing-room and motioned Aloysius to enter. The professional pickpocket hesitated briefly, then stepped inside. Immediately Epic extracted a cloth from his pants pocket and knelt on the floor before the little man. He polished his shoes assiduously.

The heart of Mr. Peters was pounding. Ordinarily none too well supplied with physical courage, he was now daring everything to avert personal disaster. He rose, pocketed the dust cloth and turned.

His slim, angular body functioned smoothly. One skinny arm reached out and slammed the drawing-room door. Well-trained fingers snapped the lock. Then Hop Sure turned upon the astounded Danny an expression which had lost all of its mild good nature.

Danny the Dip stepped back defensively. His eyes narrowed to pin points and the color drained from his cheeks.

"What the ——"

"Just a minute, white folks!" Epic's words came like drops from an icicle. "You got somethin' I want."

"Why, you ——"

"No need swearin' at me, neither. I never aim to be nothin' but respectful, an' my rule ain't gwine be broke, but you got somethin' that Ise gwine have, no matter how you forces me to git it."

Danny was thinking swiftly. The lengthy porter showed no hint of weakness or lack of courage. Epic spoke again. Words seemed to restore his fast-ebbing bravery.

"Gimme that di'mond ring!" he commanded harshly, extending his hand.

"Wh-what diamond ring?"

"Don't try no fumadiddles with me, white folks. You know good an' well what di'mond ring you has got. An' I crave to have it."

"You're talking crazy."

"H'm, I reckon not. Mistuh, I ain't no fool—honest I ain't. Somethin' seemed wrong with you right fum the first, an' it don't look reasomble to me that no man would buy a ticket to New Yawk an' git off at Charlotte less'n he had a good reason. So if you just gimme the ring ——"

"I won't give you anything."

Epic shrugged.

"A'right, mistuh. If you won't, you won't, an' I ain't gwine argufy."

Danny the Dip stepped forward. "Let me out of here."

"Not so's you could observe it, mistuh. Heah you stays until you gimme that ring or else until the police gits you."

"Police?"

"You di'n't misunderstan' me none. I said police, an' b'lieve me, mistuh, I meant police."

"But but, porter ——"

"I don't aim to git butted, neither. If you gimme that ring I promise to let you leave the train at Charlotte an' not say nothin' to nobody. If you refuse I han's you over to the police right at the station. An' don't think I won't tell 'em why."

"Now, listen." The voice of Aloysius had taken on a whiny, wheedling note. "A little cash ——"

"Cash don't mean nothin' to me, or even less than that. It's di'mond ring fo' Hop Sure or jail fo' you. Now, which?"

Danny's lip curled. "If I had a gun ——"

"Man, tha's the most thing I was scared of when I brung you in heah. You ain't never gwine know how frightened I was of that. I sho despises to git kilt."

Aloysius glanced out of the window. The train was slowing down. Already they were within the corporate limits of Charlotte. Epic interpreted the thoughts of the man and grinned cheerfully.

"Take all the time you want," he invited. "But the minute us stops at that station with you still havin' that ring, I yells fo' the police."

Aloysius knew when he was beaten. Threats, cajolery and bribery had failed.

"You promise you won't even hint to anybody?"

"Gosh—yes, I promise. All I crave is that jool."

Danny the Dip probed into his watch pocket and extracted therefrom a gleaming diamond ring. He placed it resentfully in Epic's palm.

"There!" he rasped. "And if you break your promise I'll get you if it's the last thing I do."

"Don't you worry, mistuh. I woul'n't break that promise if I wanted to."

Intoxicated with happiness, Epic sped to the platform, where he busied himself arranging suitcases for the departing passengers. He felt the need of company and lots of it. Aloysius would never dare start anything while others were watching.

The train stopped at the station in Charlotte. A half dozen passengers alighted, and foremost among them was Danny the Dip.

Epic was on the platform, and it was he who handed Danny's suitcase to that slender gentleman. The pickpocket grabbed it from the porter and strode swiftly away. Epic gazed ruefully after him.

"Well, I'll be dawg bit! He didn't even gimme a tip."

The train pulled out. As Epic reëntered his car he was conscious of the fishy, suspicious glance of the fat man in Section Six.

But that glance failed to annoy Mr. Peters now. He felt an enormous disdain for the fat person. Interfere in his affairs, eh? Reckon he'd show him something!

Epic settled into the seat recently vacated by Danny the Dip. And suddenly he felt the ghastly effects of what medical men technically term a nervous reaction.

Mr. Peters was cold and limp all over. He had battled bravely through a crisis and achieved victory, but the strain exacted its toll now, and Epic could actually feel the strength flow out of his finger ends.

His mind dwelt on terrible things. Suppose Aloysius had drawn a gun. Suppose Aloysius had attacked him. Suppose—oh, most horrid of thoughts!—suppose he had been wrong and Aloysius had not possessed the ring.

But it was all over now. The sun was shining and the little birdies were warbling their gayest tunes. Mr. Peters planned every little detail of the triumphal moment when—before the suspicious eyes of the fat man in Section Six—he would present to Captain Sandifer the gorgeous diamond ring which had caused him such agony.

He had it again, safe and sound. Brain had triumphed over dishonest cunning. Epic permitted himself to smile as he slipped his right hand into his pocket and felt for the diamond.

He blinked—he blinked again. He sat up straight in his seat, conscious of a terrible sinking sensation at the pit of his tummy.

"Great wiggilin' tripe," he gasped, "that ring has gone again!"

And now Mr. Epic Peters knew that all the suffering which he had already experienced was mere rehearsal. For every ounce of misery which had been his before reaching Charlotte, there was now a ton to rack and torture him. He thought of the nimble-fingered Aloysius—gone out of his life forever—and of the diamond ring for which he had blithely risked total extermination.

Epic uncoiled himself and searched the section in which he sat. Then he crawled the length of the car on hands and knees. A sweet-faced old lady questioned him.

"What's the matter, porter?"

Epic raised a haggard face.

"Ev'ything, ma'am."

"Lost something?"

"Lady, I sho has. Seems like I has los' my least on life."

The ring did not appear. More and more certainly the conviction grew upon Epic that Aloysius had double-crossed him. He returned to the vacant section and flung himself down on the seat. Forlornly he plunged his hand into the pocket of his coat.

The index finger touched something. A hole!

Instantly an expression of eager hope crossed the troubled brow of Mr. Peters. With decisive strength he ripped the hole to several times its size. He dropped his entire hand into the cavity which existed between coat and lining.

And then something startling happened to his countenance. His jaw sagged, his eyes popped, a cold perspiration stood out on his brow.

He withdrew from his pocket a hand which trembled with an excess of excitement. Slowly he opened his fist. Sunlight, streaming in through the window, was reflected dazzlingly into the eyes of the lengthy Pullman porter.

Gleaming gloriously in his hand there lay not one diamond ring but two. Two rings! Two diamonds! Two platinum settings!

"Great sufferin' stew meat," gasped Epic, "the ring has done twinned!"

Captain Sandifer appeared. Epic did not hesitate. He slipped one of the rings into his trousers pocket as he rose to full length.

He accosted the conductor, and before the disappointed eyes of the fat person in Section Six, Mr. Peters extended to his superior the identical diamond ring which had been discovered early that morning in Lower Seven.

"Cap'n Sandifer," he announced in a bored tone, "heah's a li'l' trifle I found this mawnin' while I was perform.n' my chores."

Sandifer accepted the ring and thanked Epic. Then he flashed a gleeful glance at the thoroughly cowed fat gentleman in Section Six. Words seemed unnecessary. But Epic Peters insisted on speaking.

"Cap'n Sandifer!"

"What is it, Hop Sure?"

"Is you willin' to do me a favor?"

"Certainly."

"Some folks is always th'owin' away aspersions. Would you mind walkin' th'oo

(Continued on Page 97)

A Springtime Message

Let Happiness and Health Be Always Yours

WHEN the fragrance of Springtime comes creeping over hills, and fields and hillsides glow with a thousand hues, there is kindled in our hearts a longing for a home to call our own; a home with a bit of green around it . . . flowers and blossoming trees . . . all blessed with peace and love. It's homing time!

And then we spy the home of our dreams! Smiling in the sunshine, it echoes back each inward thought, each hope, each dream. You can make that home your own. You can make your dream come true!

When Winter Comes, Keep Springtime in Your Home

And never let that dream be shattered. In warm and beautiful Maytime you are likely to forget that Wintertime will soon be here with its driving sleet and icy gales. Will you be prepared for it? Will your home still be the place of Springtime warmth and cheer that it now is?

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(Continued from Page 93)

the train an' askin' ev'ybody if they has lost a di'mond ring?"

"But I'm sure this was lost by the lady in Lower Seven."

"Yas-suh, boss, so'm I. But I want to feel sure there ain't nobody else in the train lost no other di'mond."

More to discomfit the man in Lower Six than to please Epic, Captain Sandifer agreed. He canvassed the train and was back in ten minutes.

"All clear, Epic," he announced. "Nobody else on the train has lost anything."

"You got that positivel, cap'n?"

"Absolutely."

Epic trailed the Pullman conductor the length of the car. They stood together on the vestibule platform.

"Cap'n Sandifer," said Epic, "I craves to ask you a question."

"All right, Hop Sure. What is it?"

"It's just this, cap'n. Suppose while I I was porterin', a passenger on my car happened to give me—of his own free will an' discord—a swell di'mond ring—just give it to me! Would that ring belong to me, or should I turn it in to the company?"

The conductor grinned.

"If he gave it to you, Epic, it would be yours."

Mr. Peters nodded beatifically.

"Thanks, cap'n. Tha's all I yearned to know."

The Pullman conductor passed on. Epic stood motionless, busy with his thoughts. He understood everything now. He even understood why Danny the Dip had left the train at Charlotte. Danny had seen trouble brewing, and being a professional crook, was not desirous of being discovered among the passengers should police be called upon to investigate.

Mr. Peters gazed at the gorgeous stone which glittered up at him. Then his lips twisted into a smile.

"All I got to do now," he reflected happily, "is find a gal to fit this."

SEVEN IN A ROW

(Continued from Page 13)

The first few times it makes me sore to have this Peggy kid tagging along, but after that I got so I like her pretty fair. She is just a year younger than me and about my height, and she loves to dance the same as me, so we get along good together. Marge likes to go out and eat where there is music all right, but would sooner set around and listen to somebody tell her how she is good-looking than get out on the floor and shake a hoof like a sensible person.

For a couple of months after he goes away, Marge keeps asking me about Buddy Nolan, but I always let on like I don't even know is he alive. Which is not the strictly truth, as the little swell head never overlooks sending me the New York papers any time he cops a race. And the racing down there must be awful soft, as he wins pretty often and has his picture printed every oncet in a while.

But I never tell Marge that I so much as hear tell of him, and by and by she quits asking, and even if I happen to mention his name, she changes the subjects.

And I am doing so grand at my profession and kept so busy that by the time the summer is over I have near forgot the little pest complete. So you can imagine what a pleasant surprise I get when he walks into Riley's house last Saturday evening, just when Peggy and I and Marge are ready to step out to a dance. Pleasant, like getting left at the post on a three-to-five favorite, what I mean. I would just as soon saw a snake walk through that door, but of course I don't make no disturbance but act polite like always.

"Hello, useless," I say to him, kidding like. "What are you doing around here? Do they get wise to you at last and set you on the ground for life?"

Buddy sticks his beezer up in the air and looks at me as if I am dirt or something.

"Why, hello, punk," he says, most insulting. "Are you still disfiguring the scenery? I thought you was dead."

Now I ask you, mister, was that a decent way for to greet a old friend which you hadn't saw for months, or wasn't it? But then that Buddy Nolan never did have no more manners than a paddock judge.

He is the hottest thing you ever seen, all dolled up disregardless, and smells like a perfumery department in a earthquake. He explains to us, very haughty, that he has been riding so wonderful good that his boss has gave him a week's holidays so that he gets rested up before the start of Maryland. He comes with us to the dance, and from the time we get there I don't see a thing of him or Marge till it is time to go home again. Not that I waste much eyesight looking.

I might of knew what was going to happen to me the minute I laid eyes on him, but Thorncliffe has always been one track I have did good on; and as I have a lot of real mounts lined up, I am expecting to have a big week to wind up the season here. But starting on the Monday afternoon, the old jinx gets to working again and I can't do a thing right. I ride like some green punk and blow at least eight races I should of win, and the papers pan the life out of me.

I think that more than anything it is the sight of Buddy posing and parading around the lawns and paddock that gets my nanny. He isn't taking any mounts, but wears a different suit every day, each one louder than the other, and carries gloves and a cane and smokes cigarettes from a holder about a foot long. Between races he comes strutting into the jockey house and explains to me, very condescendent, all about the mistakes I been making and the way I should of rode. For a fact, he gets my teeth so on edge that I want to chew a scantling or something.

He is at Riley's every night too; but as I see more than enough of him daytimes, I always tear off with Peggy to the pictures or go dancing somewheres. I guess he puts in the evenings telling Marge all about the sights of the big city, being a inexpensible way of showing a girl a wild time, and Buddy hasn't never been known to spend anyways freely excepting on hisself. In fact, he has always been so tight that the shock near kills me when he announces that he is going to blow the four of us to a swell dinner Friday evening.

And it is even more of a shock when he brings us to the Prince Henry Café, as that is a joint where it costs you dough to even spit, and a one-arm lunch or a automat is more like Buddy's regular speed. But he does everything in style, and when he gets the bill of fare he starts right down the line, ordering the whole works.

"Hold on," I says. "Leave me call my own shots. All I want is a small steak, rare, and some spinnage and dry toast."

"What's the matter with you?" Buddy replies. "Did that bum riding you were doing today make you sick or something?"

"No," I says; "but I got to ride that Converter colt in the Cup tomorrow at a hundred and ten, and it will be hard enough to make it without packing in no big meal."

"Why," he says, "you were riding that low today, weren't you?"

Now I had already told Buddy earlier in the week about my trouble keeping down to weight, but I never think of that just then.

"Yes," I answers him; "I was a hundred and nine this afternoon, but tomorrow morning I'll be back to a hundred and twelve again, worse luck. I pick up three pounds regular overnight, no matter what I do. I guess I must just breathe them three pounds onto me. And that's as much as I can run off and not leave myself weak as a kitten."

Buddy starts to laugh scornful. "You don't mean to say," he sneers, "that you are still rube enough for to depend on that old stuff of exercising to take off weight!"

"It's the only way I know," I answers, "outside of losing a arm or a leg. Sweating it off in a turkey's bath isn't healthy if did too regular. Why, what other way is there?"

He gives another of them sarcastical laughs. "You don't imagine," he says, "that stars like Verne Fator and Georgie Fields and the rest of us big-timers would be wasting our mornings running our dogs off to make weight, do you?"

"What do you do then?" I asks. "Overweight is overweight, on the Big Apple or out in the sticks."

"Why, we use the old Sure Shot, of course," he replies.

"Sure Shot!" I says. "I have knew many's the horse that had to have a shot before he would do his stuff, but I'm not taking any of that hop in the arm for mine."

"Don't talk so ignorant," Buddy says. "This Sure Shot I mean is pills which take the weight off you like water running off a roof."

"That don't do me no good," I answers, "because I haven't got none and don't know where to get none either."

"Well, I have a box of them in my bag," he says, "and tonight I'll give you some and in the morning I'll guarantee you'll wake up easy two pounds lighter than you been in a month. So go ahead and eat a real meal for oncet and maybe it will give you enough strength so you can set on a horse without tying yourself on."

And the thought of having a regular feed, after half starving all that time, is more than I can resist from, and the idea of eating same at Buddy Nolan's expenses is awful tempting too. So I grab the card and order a dinner which has the waiter near bowing a tendon carrying it to me. Gee, I never do enjoy victuals so much since I am born!

After we are through eating, I and Peggy get up and dance a while; and when we come back to the table again, there is Marge and Buddy holding hands. I don't say anything then, but the next time we come back they are doing the same thing and staring into each other's eyes so loving it's sickening. I guess I must of gave Marge a kind of a rotten look, because right away she asks me what is the matter with me.

"Nothing much," I says. "Only I don't hardly think it looks nice for a fellow's steady company to be holding hands with another guy, especially right out in public."

Marge goes straight up in the air. "Me your steady company, you poor idiot!" she says. "Why, I wouldn't want to be found dead on the same street as you!"

I manage so as to keep my temper under controls. "Do you really mean that, Marge?" is all I replies.

"Do I really mean it!" she snaps back. "Why, you stupid fish, I and Buddy are going to be married this coming Christmas, aren't we, Bud?"

Buddy looks sort of tooken back, but he nods his head and admits it is so.

"Then, that being the case, Marge," I says, "I wish you a heap of joy from your bargain. And as you're going to marry him, prob'ly he wouldn't want you to be wearing my diamonds no longer."

Marge gets red clear to the scalp at that and bites her lip so it almost bleeds. You could see that she hasn't thought about parting from the diamonds, which she is terrible proud of. But she is game enough, and grabs the ring off her finger and unclasps the pin from her dress.

"Here, take your cheap glass," she says, flinging them on the table. "I only wore them till I could get me some real ones."

My mouth is open for to shoot something just as hot back at her, but Peggy grabs me by the arm and we go off and

(Continued on Page 101)

Now Jim can *have his shower –*

since $70 brought *RUNNING WATER to their home*

Jim liked a hard-driven shower! It seemed to set him right for a tough day at the office. His shower and vocal practice were part of his morning ritual. And then Jim and Mrs. Jim moved to a new home beyond the city water mains—and Jim's shower couldn't go with them.

Something seemed wrong in Jim's life until Mrs. Jim purchased a Fairbanks-Morse Home Water System for only $70 and secured a shower for Jim and untold convenience for the whole family. She says it's the best investment she ever made.

For only $70 you, too, can secure a complete, self-contained, electric automatic Fairbanks-Morse Water System that will deliver 210 gallons per hour any place you want water. Think what it will mean to your family's greater enjoyment of its home. Then go to a Fairbanks-Morse Dealer and ask him to show you this wonder-unit that costs so little and gives so much.

EASY TIME PAYMENTS
As little as $20 puts this unit in your home—balance in monthly payments. Ask your dealer

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Price shown is for 210 gallon per hour size. A 420 gallon per hour system is available at $100. Both sizes for use where source of water is not over 22 feet below the pump.

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Expert advice and counsel on water service problems FREE on request.

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A *Good Buick* since Bu
building Automobile

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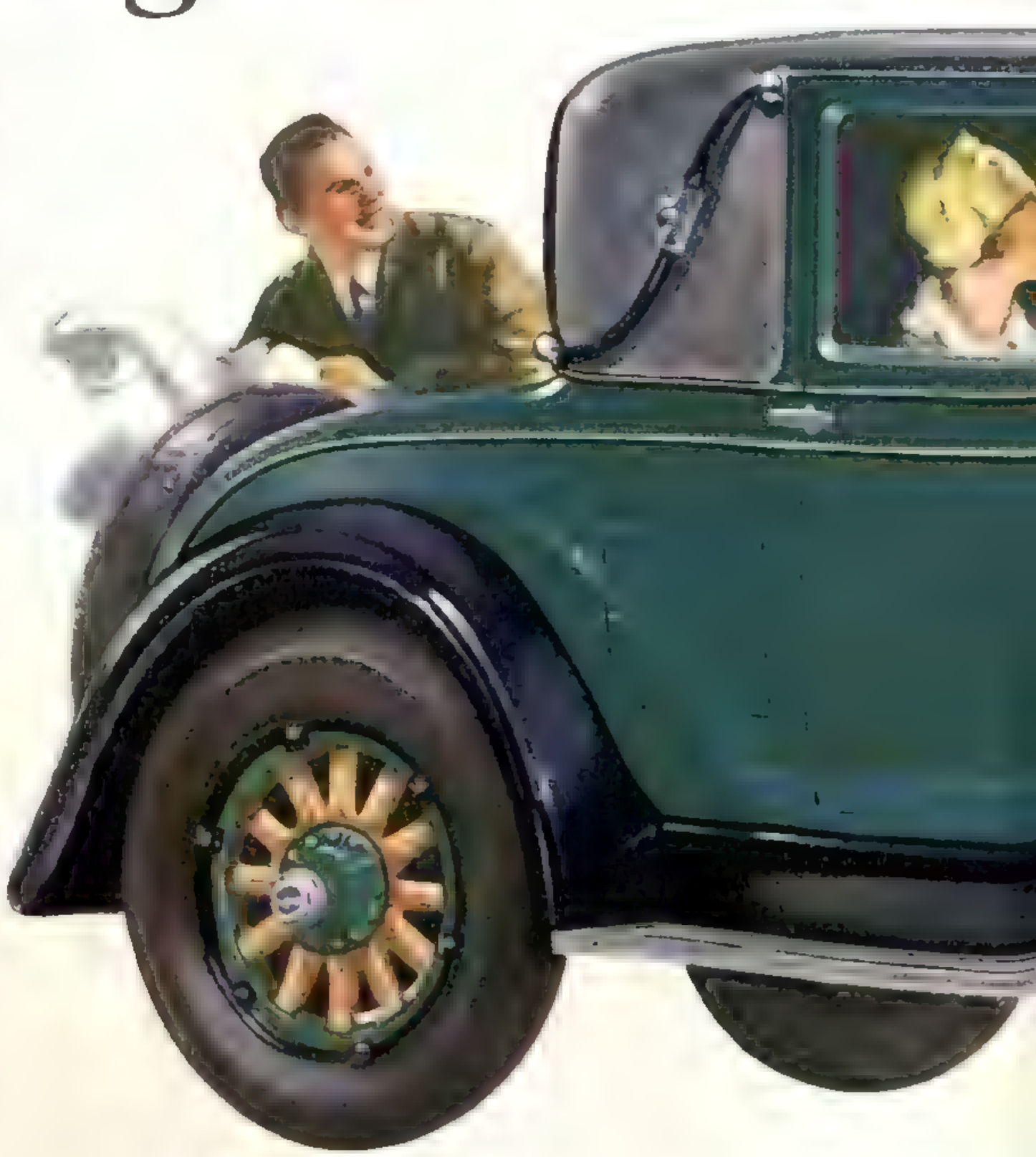
These things mean even more than Buick's vivid beauty—or its luxurious comfort—or its masterly performance—because they testify to the fundamental goodness of all Buick manufacturing practices.

These are foundation things—proofs of the solid quality underlying Buick's modern beauty and advanced engineering—guarantees of satisfaction not to be duplicated in any other car—vital reasons why demand for Buick sets new records year after year.

Buy a Buick! Buy it with the knowledge that it provides the highest degree of performance, appearance and riding luxury.

Buy it with the knowledge that it offers unrivaled value due to unrivaled popularity in the fine car field.

Buy it with the knowledge that every Buick has been a good Buick since Buick began building automobiles!



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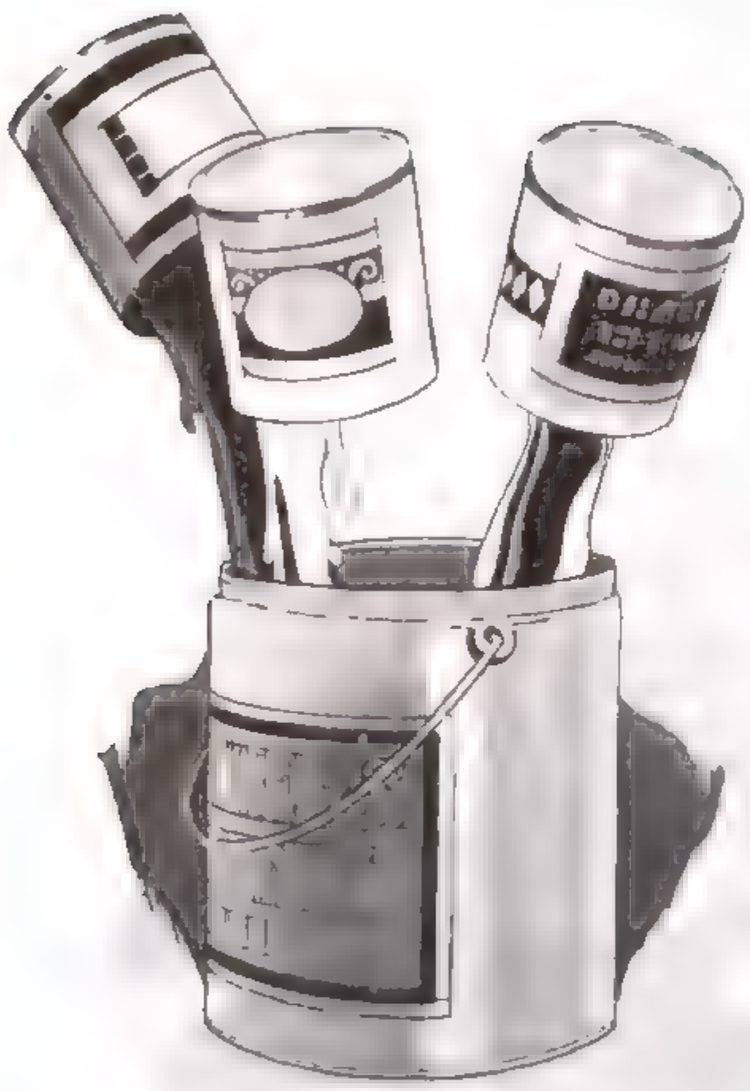
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

These "Dividend Makers" *make no dividends for you*



IF you're like most of the rest of us, a paint job on your house is a real item in the family budget. It runs into hundreds of dollars. You expect it to last for years.

But *will it?*

Do you know that you pay just as much to paint your house with paint that will last two years *as with a paint that lasts twice—even three times as long?*

Here are the facts every home-owner should know

The kind of paint that spreads further and lasts longer contains two pigments—lead and zinc.

The kind that takes more gallons, needs more coats and requires repainting sooner contains something more than this. It contains certain pigments known technically as "silicates."

Pigments that look like lead and zinc in the can but that act very differently on the side of your house!

"Dividend Makers" they are sometimes called *—but they make no dividends for you!*

For they cut down the "covering power" of the paint—mar its beauty—and reduce its ability to give your home the *protection* good paint should give. In a short time they make repainting necessary again—with all its trouble and expense.

No wonder thousands of home-owners have found that it pays to insist on Devoe.

For Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint contains not one ounce of these silicates—or any other "filler."

It is not 80 percent or 90 percent lead and zinc. It is 100 percent pure white lead (carbonate of lead) and pure white zinc (oxide of zinc).

This famous Devoe formula makes possible the most amazing guarantee ever made for paint of any kind. Read this guarantee before you paint your house. Ask your nearest Devoe agent for complete details of this offer.

Devoe saves you money in two ways

Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint saves you money in two ways. It not only cuts the cost of repainting but it is actually guaranteed to cost less for each square yard of surface covered. It costs you less at the start and less in the long run.

The famous Devoe formula was perfected with just one idea in mind—to make a paint that would give the longest and best service it is possible for paint to give.

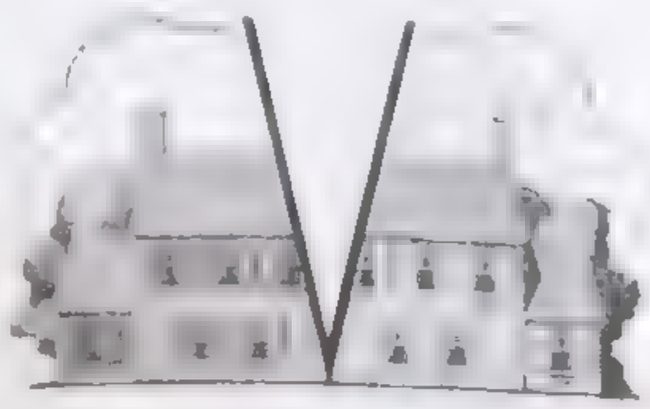
Back of Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint is the oldest paint making experience in America—174 years of testing, experimenting, checking results in tens of thousands of homes

To get the best paint job use a Devoe Brush.

The same quality that makes Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint superior is found in every Devoe paint and varnish product.

Insist that your painter use Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint. Or ask the nearest Devoe agent to put you in touch with a painter who standardizes on Devoe.

Devoe & Raynolds Company, Inc.
The oldest paint and varnish house in America
174 years old . . . founded 1754



81 WORDS—*STRONGER THAN A THOUSAND ARGUMENTS*

Paint half your house with Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint and paint the other half with any ordinary paint you choose.

If Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint does not take fewer gallons and cost less money per job, we will make no charge for Devoe.

If Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint doesn't wear one or two or three years longer—longer and better—we will give you free of charge enough Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint to repaint your entire house.

Free booklet. A booklet that will help you save money when you paint your house. Mail the coupon

Devoe & Raynolds Company, Inc., Dept K
1 West 47th St., New York

Please send me your booklet giving complete information about House Paint.

Name

Address

If you want name of nearest Devoe dealer check ☐

DEVOE HOUSE PAINT

A Devoe Paint and Varnish Product

Continued from Page 97

jazz around some more. We stay away for three or four numbers and when we return back again Buddy insists on ordering some supper. He acts very soothing and polite, asking me all about this Converter colt I am to ride, and so forth, so that there isn't any battle between Marge and me, but everything nice and friendly, on the outside anyways. Finally he says that him and her are going home and that us two can come along when we feel like it.

"But what about them pills?" I says, suddenly remembering about them.

"That's all right, Morris," he answers. "When I come back to the hotel I'll get your key at the desk and leave them on your dresser without fail."

By the time I get to my room it is real late, as I and Peggy have had a lot to talk about, one thing and another. But sure enough there is a envelope on the dresser and on it is wrote: "Here are the pills, take two of them and they will do the trick." So I take three to make certain, and then hit the feathers, so tired I forget to wind my alarm clock or leave a call. They are little black pills and taste just like lickerish.

It is after ten when I wake up in the morning, and you can gamble that the first thing I do is weigh myself. This weight business is always on my mind so much that wherever I am I have a set of scales right in my room. I get on, fair holding my breath for fear of what I might see, and then near do a back flip for joy when the beam doesn't even tremble at a hundred and eight. The Sure Shot pills have did their work just like Buddy promised.

So I get dressed and go and eat breakfast, and after a while I meet Buddy and stick around with him till time to go out to the track. He still acts awful interested in the Converter colt, but outside of advising him to have a little ticket on him to win, I don't open up much. I intend for to have a nice bet on this trick myself and don't want Buddy to know how real good he is so he won't go spreading it around and spoiling the price.

But if ever there was one that appeared to be a cinch, it is this same Converter. The Herberts Brothers, and they are real smart people, have been nursing him along for months just for this Cup race, which is the big two-year-old affair of the year. He hasn't ever win a race, but it isn't because he couldn't of did so if he'd been turned loose. I have worked him so fast it's a scandal, and he has been to the post just often enough so he knows what it's all about. And on account he's still a maiden, he gets in at a weight where he should be able to kick dirt in the faces of all the rest the whole way round the track. I don't see how he can lose, and although I have a mount in every race that day, I would sooner win with him than all the rest put together because of the honor it is to a jock to cop a real big shot like this Royal Cup.

I don't suppose I need to tell you, mister, that the rule is that all riders must weigh in at the jockey house before two o'clock each afternoon. It is about half a hour before that when I go to do so, and I give you my word that when I climb on the scales weight is about the last thing in my mind. I know I am bound to be under a hundred and ten, and as that is the lightest I have to make all day, I'm not worrying a little bit. And when the assistant sec'tary sings out, "One hundred and fifteen," I'm dam near paralyzed and make him weigh me twice more before I'll believe he isn't kidding.

Even then I don't really get the whole idea. I send right away for Mr. Jim Herberts to tell him the bad news, and it isn't till he shows up with Buddy Nolan trailing right after him that I begin to have suspicions.

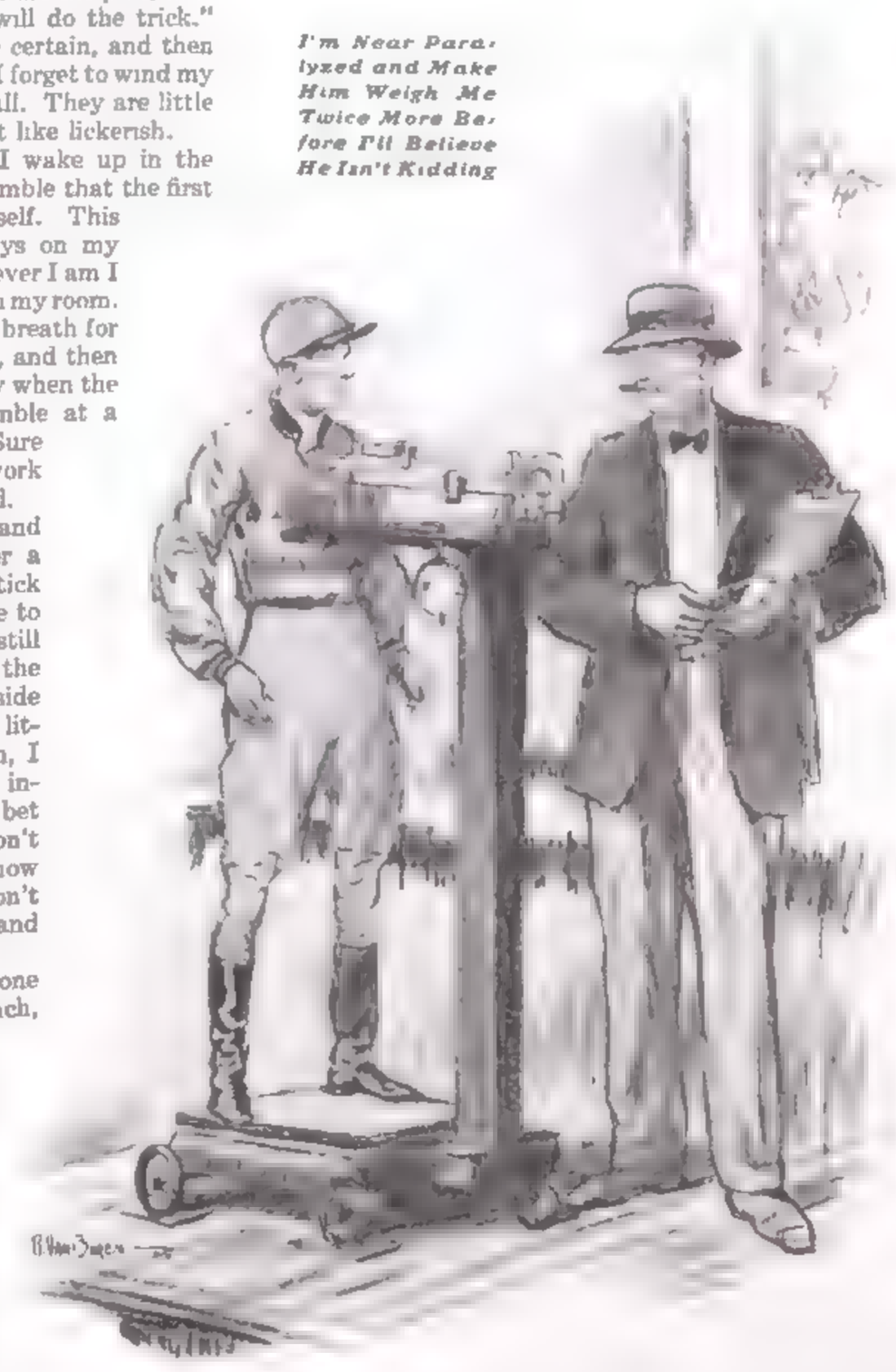
"Mr. Herberts," I says, "I'm terrible sorry, but I guess you'll have to get permission for me to ride five pounds overweight in the Cup."

"Five pounds!" he says. "You must think I'm foolish in the head. If you can't make the weight, I'll soon get a boy that can. I'll teach you to try and make a monkey out of me!"

But he don't act near so surprised as I thought he would, and when I look from his face to Buddy's I see that I have been framed.

"Who are you going to get then?" I asks. "Every boy at the track that can ride worth a dime has a engagement in the Cup."

I'm Near Paralyzed and Make Him Weigh Me Twice More Before I'll Believe He Isn't Kidding



"Nolan, here, gets the shot," he answers. "I heard that you haven't been taking care of yourself and I came prepared."

With that I take a leap for Buddy's throat, and if Mr. Herberts and some of the rest don't tear us apart, all the riding he does that afternoon would of been in a box.

And now I know that maybe you won't believe this part of it, but it's the gospel that I go out there and win the first four races in a row without ever knowing what I'm doing. Folks tell me that I never looked better in all my career. I beat the gate twice, and when one hound tries to go dead on me in the stretch I pick him up and carry him under the wire by main strength. But I don't know a thing about it at all. I might of been in China. Everything is just a sort of a red blur in front of my eyes, and all I am thinking about is how I am going to beat Buddy Nolan to a pulp as soon as I can catch him alone. I never did know before that anybody could get so raging mad and not burst.

There is a iron fence you have to go through to get from the track to the jockey house, and after my fourth straight win a couple of the boys stop at the gate and sort of delay me getting past. But I brush by them rough, and as I do so my britches catch on a sharp spike. As I yank away I can feel something rip, but I don't pay no attention. But the minute I get up to the room old Henry spots it.

"Oh, Morris," he says, "you've went and tore your britches bad and you'll have to put on another pair."

"The britches be damned and you be damned, too, Henry," I answers. "If I want to ride bare naked I'll do so and I'd like to see the guy around here that can stop me."

Then I get down on a bench with my head in my hands, feeling rotten. The tear in my britches is a big three-corner one, and a flap of the cloth is flying loose and my hide shows through. But I don't care. I just set there, saying nothing, and pretty soon the jocks go trooping out to the paddock to get their mounts for the Cup Race. There is nobody left in the room but three or four young apprentices and a couple of old has-beens—and me.

A minute or so later old Henry comes over to where I am and says, "If you don't want to change your britches, Morris, leave me stitch up the hole in those. I can't have one of my boys going out looking like a tramp."

Now nobody can't ever be really mad at old Henry. He's been around race tracks near all his life and he must be close to seventy now. He's on the pay roll as a valet, but he's more like a mother to the boys, especially the younger kids. Gee, I've even knew him to do washing for some young punk that didn't have the dough to pay for his laundry!

So I let Henry lead me over to a window, where the light is better, and he gets his tools and goes to work. He can't see good enough to thread a regular needle no more, but with one of the big darning kind he can do as neat a job as any tailor.

From where I'm setting I can see them lining up at the sixteenth pole for the start of the Cup. There is a big field and a lot of mean actors amongst them, and they are milling around wild and the hoofs are flying. It ain't long before I see a boy go sailing through the air, and a minute or so afterward the ambulance goes on the track. All the other riders climb down and start walking their horses around.

"Somebody gets hurt, Henry," I says. "I wonder who it is. I couldn't make out the colors."

"You just hold still, Morris," old Henry replies, "or I'm liable to jab you in the leg."

Just then somebody comes running up from the track and when I see his face I am acrost that room in one jump. I grab a set of the Ellins silks off a peg and am putting them on as I am tumbling down the stairs, four at a time. As I go I can hear old Henry hollering something after me, but I got other things to think about. I meet Mr. Mort Ellins just as he gets to the front door.

"Here you are, Mr. Ellins," I says. "I'm the boy you're looking for, all dressed up and ready to go."

He is cert'nly astonished when he sees me wearing his colors. "That's surprisin'ly quick work, my boy," he says, "but I'm glad to see you just the same. I came here to see if there was anybody I'd trust to

(Continued on Page 105)

Makes the Best Drink Taste Better

JUST IMAGINE—iced tea without lemon, plum pudding without hard sauce—salad without dressing. It's almost as bad to serve drinks without straws. At home as well as at soda fountains, Stone's Straws make the best drink taste better.

It's so easy to keep Stone's Straws in the home for use at parties, meal-time and for serving milk and other drinks to children. The handy 10c Home Package contains a liberal supply.

Not only do straws make the best drink taste better, they also prevent gulping and thereby aid digestion. Stone's Straws are machine made, therefore absolutely sanitary. The best soda fountains and restaurants always use them. Get the 10c Home Package today at your druggist's.

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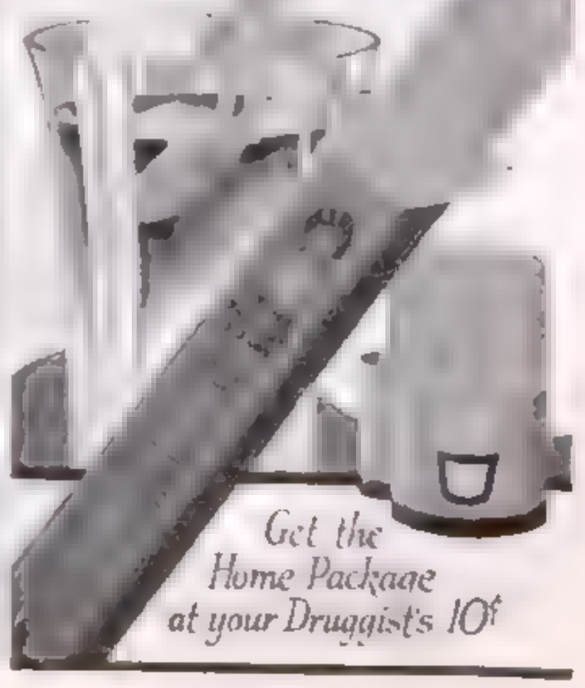

Now..for American Women a NEW Form of Soap

made in tiny thin-walled "beads"

Remarkable new soap discovery offers many advantages not found in other forms of laundry soaps... Dissolves instantly... rinses completely. Gets clothes whiter... leaves no soapy film on dishes

A NEW way to make soap has been discovered. A way that banishes once and for all the hardest part of dishwashing drudgery.

It's an entirely new type of soap called Super Suds . . . that dissolves instantly. Gives suds in a *flash!*

Makes dishes sparkle and glasses glisten . . . in far less time and with less work.

No drying is necessary . . . dishtowels aren't needed for china and glassware. Leaves no soapy film.

Keeps hands dainty and soft . . . without a trace of redness or coarseness.

First bar soap—then chips—now Super Suds

Years ago women had only bar soap. How hard it was to rub the clothes with the soap and to rinse out those clinging soap particles.

Next came chips. Many women changed to this form of soap because it could be *stirred* into a cleansing solution. But clothes and dishes still had to be rinsed in order to get rid of the undissolved soap particles.

Now comes Super Suds, and women are changing to it by thousands in preference to all other forms of soap.

Super Suds is not a chip . . . not a powder . . . but a remarkable new form of soap in tiny hollow beads so thin they burst into suds the instant they touch water.

Four times as thin as chips, Super Suds is the thinnest soap made.

Why Super Suds is better

In this new soap, women have discovered two distinct advantages:

First, Super Suds is so thin it dissolves instantly . . . saves time and trouble. Second, Super Suds dissolves completely . . . no undissolved soap to leave spots on clothes or film on dishes.

Women like Super Suds because it does the work faster and better than any other form of soap ever invented.

AMAZING *Beads of Soap*

We took the picture on the left to show you how Super Suds looks under the lens of a powerful magnifying glass. Note how incredibly thin are the walls of these hollow beads of soap. That's why they dissolve like a flash the instant they touch water.

* * *

Whiter clothes with far less work

Super Suds cannot harm the daintiest fabric . . . it washes lingerie with complete safety. And for the heavy work on washday, it is absolutely without a rival.

There's no need to use your washboard now. No need to scrub and rub until your back just aches from the strain. Leave it to Super Suds to soak loose the dirt.

You simply won't be able to realize that a mere soap could make such an amazing difference in the whiteness of your clothes.

Super Suds is surprisingly inexpensive . . . it's the biggest 10-cent box of soap on the market, so you can afford to use it lavishly. Simply in fairness to yourself, Madam, put it on your grocery list today.

An Octagon Soap Product. Every box of Super Suds carries a coupon. Save them for valuable premiums.

A PATENTED PROCESS. Super Suds is made by a process covered by exclusive patents. (Products, process and apparatus covered by U.S. Letters Patent Nos. 1,031,441; 1,090,740; 1,600,503; 1,634,640; and Reissue 16,749.)

Best of all, Super Suds won't hurt your hands a single bit . . . never makes them red or rough, in spite of three dishwashings a day.

* * *

This marvelous bead soap works wonders on washday... gives you the whitest, cleanest clothes you ever saw.

Super Suds

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Just pour Super Suds in your dishpan. You'll be astonished to see the marvelous little "beads" burst into suds as the water strikes them. Phone your grocer today . . . ask him to send you a box at once.

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EVERY day, all over the country, more men are asking for Dollar Topkis than any other Union Suit. Comfort, fit—long wear—lasting satisfaction, Topkis is truly the choice of millions!

Fine quality fabrics, finished for extreme coolness—perfect tailoring and stitching, built to give extreme comfort—full, generous cut, designed to fit without feeling it—all at the right price, ONE DOLLAR!

No wonder that men are buying more Dollar Topkis, no wonder we are making them by the millions—for here is the universal choice of men all over the nation!

Fine, durable fabrics—plain or fancy weaves. Men's Union Suits $1.00. Shirts and Drawers, 75c each. Boys' Union Suits 50c and 75c. Children's Waist Union Suits 50c and 75c. Misses' Bloomer Union Suits, 50c and 75c.

Topkis Togs—Our new line of "athletic shorts" called Topkis Togs comes in white and assorted color combinations—tailored the correct Topkis way. Topkis pleasers come with them.

TOPKIS BROTHERS CO., Wilmington, Delaware
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One Dollar

TOPKIS

Bend . . . reach . . . twist . . . stretch! The Topkis Stabilizer gives you unlimited freedom. Launders perfectly. 100% fabric stretch—no rubber—that's the secret!

ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR

AT THE TOP OF UNDERWEAR FAME STANDS THE TOPKIS NAME

(Continued from Page 101)

ride my filly before scratching her, but I never expected to get a boy as good as you this late in the day."

On our way down to the track he tells me all he can about this filly. "She has a world of speed," he says, "and has a real chance to give a good account of herself if she isn't crowded. But she's a free runner and won't extend herself in close quarters. You keep her away from interference and she might be up to get a portion of the purse, anyway."

"Listen, Mr. Ellins," I says, "she'll get the whole pot if I have to slaughter every dog in the race to do it."

But he just smiles. "You just do the best you can, my boy," he tells me. "I don't expect she'll run for you as well as she would for Collins, who has had her since she was first saddled; but with him out of it with a smashed kneecap, there isn't anybody I would rather see on her than you, and all I ask you to do is try hard." Now I ask you if a man which will talk like that, in the spite of a real tough break in the luck, is a real honest-to-God gentleman or isn't he?

They throw me up on the filly, and we line them up oncet more. She acts nice for me, but when the start comes she don't step away from the gate very fast, so I ease her back where she will have clear sailing. She moves and feels as if she is a right smart chunk of a horse, and when I am on one of that kind I always believe in giving them plenty of time to get running good anyways. So we trail along well behind the pace around the bend and into the back stretch, where some of the chicken-hearted ones begin coming back to us.

At the five-furlong post I cluck to her oncet, and she lengthens her stride and begins traveling. At the half-mile ground we are among the first six, and as we head into the last bend there are only two in front of us. One of them is a big bay belonging to Frank O'Donnell and the other is Converter—my mount, by rights—running on the rail and stepping fast and handsome

Knowing what Mr. Ellins has told me about the filly, it was my business to have took her to the outside, where she would have all the room she needed. But there is something else which I know, too—and it is that Converter's only fault is that he simply won't run close on the turns. Every race he's been in he has swang wide, and realizing that the filly's only chance for to beat one as good as him is to save every inch of ground, I decide I will go through on the rail.

I shake her up and knock on her oncet, and she responds like a game one. Sure enough, just as Converter turns into the straight he heads for the outside, carrying the bay with him, and like a shot out of a gun I have the filly's head poked into the hole and get ready to go to work on her.

And right that instant the hole closes up, or pretty near. Thinking I know everything about Converter, there is something I have overlooked. I don't know that Mr. Jim Herberts has decided that very day to put a bur on the colt—same being a little dingus which pricks a horse on the right side of the face if he tries to run out. Converter feels the touch of the bur and don't like it, and Buddy Nolan straightens him away before he goes more than three feet wide—and there I am between the colt and the rail, tied up like a buzzard in a canary cage on a filly that don't like to run except in the clear.

But if she don't like to run, she has somebody on her back that is going to make her, like or no like. I don't use the bat on her a single time, but if ever there was one grand exhibition of hand-riding, it is the one I give then. For the whole last quarter I hold that filly together when I know that all I got to do is let up for a split second and she'll go to pieces.

But the best I can do isn't quite good enough. All Buddy Nolan needs to do is keep the colt running straight and true and he has me licked. If I ease off and try to go round him, the filly loses her stride and is beat anyway, and she hasn't the foot or the strength to force her way through that narrow gap between Converter and the fence. It's one sweet and lovely fix to be in; and to cap it all, Buddy is looking back over his shoulder at me and the things he is calling me show that there is something he has learned in New York anyways.

O'Donnell's bay quits to say his prayers at the eighth post and there are only the two of us left in it, and I want to win that race worser than I ever wanted anything in my life before.

If I could of gave my right eye and made that filly's nose move from Converter's girth to a head in front of him, I'd gave it cheerful. But it don't seem as if it is to be The filly is giving all she has and I'm giving all I have, but the colt is matching stride for stride with us and just rolling home on his half-length lead.

I think harder than I ever thought before, trying to figure out something for to do. I even pray a little, which is something unusual for me. But it isn't till we are just about fifty yards from the wire that my brain gets to working. And right then Buddy Nolan seems to go clean crazy all of a sudden.

He gives a yell you could hear a mile and pulls his bat. First thing I know he whacks my filly over the head and then whangs me twice acrost the face. As he does so he turns the colt's head loose and he bears over toward the fence, bumping us and near knocking us down. And we sail under the wire with Converter still a long neck to the good.

But of course all I have to do then is climb up the stairs and speak my little piece. The stewards don't take hardly a minute to place the filly first and declare the colt disqualified. Buddy has committed not only one foul but three, and right under the stewards' nose at that, so raw that it couldn't be overlooked. He tries to make some kind of a nutty statement about me but they chase him out of the stand quick, fining him two hundred and telling him not to come back.

Naturally, after all that excitement, winning two more races seems sort of tame and dull to me. Both the horses figure to be close anyway, and the way I am feeling I could of made them back home in front.

But I win them just the same, cleaning the card and making a record that will be something for the boys to shoot at. Then I go and change my clothes and then I go out and find Buddy Nolan. I tell him he can either take it in front of the crowd or in private; so we go in back of McGlone's barn and by the time I am through with him he don't look like one of these New York sheiks no longer. He has more the look of one of them ancient ruined castles you see in the travel pictures at the movies.

And then, feeling in a nice clean-up state of mind, I decide that I might's well get Marge's wedding present off my list. Maybe it wasn't such a very gentlemanly thing to do; but then she hadn't been a bit backward about throwing the hooks into me, and there were some things she had said about me I hadn't forgot. So I get the present and then I go downtown and get me a big box from a florist and a lot of colored tissue paper and I wrap it up swell. So there can't be no mistake about it, I mark on it: "Wedding present for Mrs. Buddy Nolan, care of Miss Marge Riley." I only wisht I could of been where I would see her face when she opened the box.

What was in it? Well, you see, mister, there is something which Marge has always been gosh-awful sensitive about. She lets on that it's because she thinks the short ones are vulgar, but anyways she always wears her skirts longer than other girls. And she won't go in bathing except at night neither. Of course, knock-knees aren't really a crime—and Marge's don't actually knock, at that. Just sort of salute each other in passing. So what I send her is a pair of interfering pads we use to put on a clumsy-footed colt we had that was always striking hisself. Marge is a horseman's daughter, and the idea won't go over her head none.

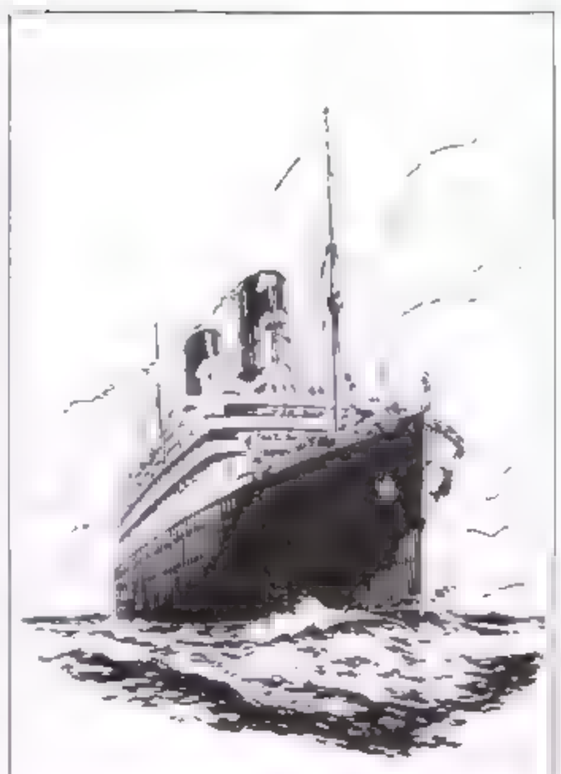
So now everything is washed up nice and clean with everybody, and I feel like I haven't got a enemy in the world. I must go now and phone up my Peggy girl and ask her how is every little thing around Riley's. . . . Oh, sure thing; her and me has had it all fixed up for the last two months. I'm going to ride down to Havana this winter, and Peggy thinks a ocean voyage would be swell for a honeymoon. We think pretty near alike about everything and have did so right from the start. She tells me away back in the summer that Marge and Buddy Nolan are writing secret to each other every day; and the only reason we kept quiet about ourselves was because, if it was me that made the break, tight-fingered Marge would claim that the diamonds were hers for keeps.

So now I've told you all about me riding them seven in a row, and you can put in your paper that Jockey Morris Heenan says that hard work and trying hard all the time is the secret of success. If I've told you anything that you don't think should go into your story, just leave it out.

I wouldn't say anything about Buddy Nolan, if I was you, for instance. People aren't interested in reading about no second-raters, and Buddy's feeling bad enough right now without no references to his sad mishap yesterday. Just to cheer the poor fellow up, I'm going to get a bellhop to take him over a copy of yesterday's form chart with my name at the top of all the seven races, and in the middle of it I'm going to wrap up the big hunk of chewing gum he stuck on the bottom of my scales for to make me look seven pounds lighter than I really was. That should help him on his bed of pain. Make everybody happy while you can is my motto. And now I got to go down and see can the barber do anything about painting out this shiner on my eye, so I'll bid you good morning.

What's that? Say, you newspaper eggs want to know simply everything there is to be knowed, don't you? You can't understand why Buddy Nolan should go suddenly cuckoo and foul hisself out of that race when he had it already won? I ask you, mister, who in the hell is there that won't go crazy when they get a good inch of darning needle jabbed right into their—into the most tenderest part of their miserable double-dealing carcass?

Canyon Creek Rapids, Glacier National Park, Montana



The rewards of Those Who Go Abroad In August...September

Those . . . who must! . . . go abroad in June and July . . . the height of the travel season.

Those . . . who can! . . . prefer the more leisurely travel months...August...September.

It's the gentlemanly time to tour...the perfect time on the Continent . . . the weather is divine.

And . . . of course . . . wherever one travels one gets the most fastidious attention! . . . not always possible in the rush travel season.

One of the pleasantest ways we know to go is the Cunard 1928 Cabin and Tourist Third Cabin service . . . the 7½-day way to France and England on the Scythia and Laconia, recently commandeered from 1st class service...the Caronia and Carmania, now boasting of all the luxuries that ½ million dollars in improvements could bring . . . or the ever-popular Lancastria and Tuscania . . . Cabin rates $152.50 up . . . Tourist Third Cabin $107.50.

CUNARD LINE

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1840 EIGHTY-EIGHT YEARS OF SERVICE 1928

The Essex 4-Door Sedan $795

Coupe $745 (Rumble Seat $30 extra) Coach $735
All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax

So Fine a Car
and at such a price

In the way women by thousands are turning to Essex is a story of the great and dynamic "man's Super-Six" made beautiful for women.

The stunning exterior grace and finish which bear closest examination with the honors of true beauty and workmanship, are carried on and heightened by the interior details of comfort, convenience and appearance.

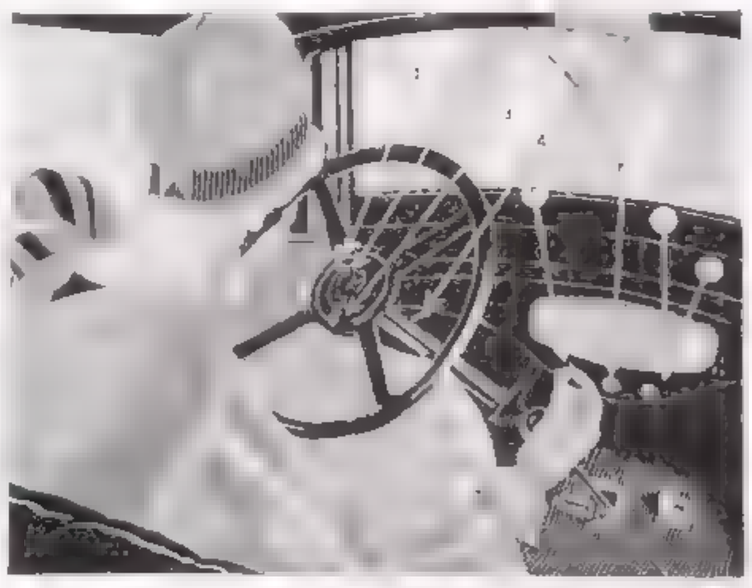
You sit upon high-back, form-fitting seats upholstered in material that is expressive of quality to sight and to the touch. The winged radiator figure leads the eye out over a shining rhythm of cowl, hood, polished saddle type lamps and graceful arching fenders to the smoothly flying highroad.

You have before you every control in their most natural and handy place (see illustration). And all about you, the paneling, the weather-stripped doors, the silenced body construction, the floor-matting and the hardware in graceful silvery patterns speak quietly and certainly of quality.

The Essex Super-Six high-compression motor is patented and exclusive, and is so far as we know the most powerful of its size in the world.

The four-wheel brakes used on Essex are the same type used on costly cars and assure the maximum brake safety as well as the softness of control that you associate only with high-priced cars.

In these and such things as the black rubber, steel-core steering wheel, the worm and tooth disc steering mechanism and the vertical radiator shutters, Essex visibly duplicates costly car practice, as it does also in the hidden things you never see.



Simple, Compact and Convenient

1. Light control - 2. Horn button - 3. Throttle
4. Radiator shutter control - - 5. Starter
6. Electro-lock - 7. Gasoline gauge - 8. Choke

SIX

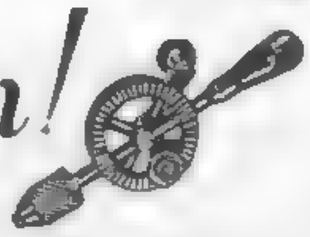
SUPER-SIX

This is The Oil, Son!

"I use 3-in-One for oiling almost everything.

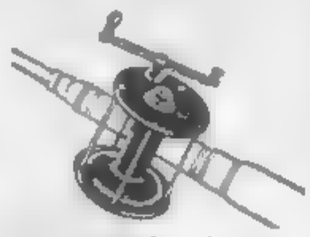
"You know how careful I am to keep my shot gun and your rifle oiled with 3-in-One—and all those tools in the cellar. The lawn mower is due for a dose right now.

"It's great oil! Lubricates all light mechanisms just right and prevents rust and tarnish on all metal surfaces. I *know* it—and don't *you* ever forget it!"



Tools need 3-in-One like flowers need rain. Without it, they're ruined. Use regularly and liberally

Cutting grass is easier when the lawn mower is well oiled with 3-in-One. Prevents rust in the "works".



Carry 3-in-One in your sport kit. Great for reels. Keeps rods supple; lines and dry flies water-proof.

3-in-One
Prevents Rust-OILS-Cleans & Polishes

3-in-One is praised so generally and so generously because it has proved its superiority for 34 years. Its outstanding quality is the result of blending into *one* scientific compound the valuable properties of several fine oils. Don't confuse 3-in-One with ordinary "machine" oils. It's very different! Costs a few cents more but certainly worth it.

Sold by hardware, drug, grocery and general stores in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans and three sizes of bottles.

FREE: *Generous sample and illustrated Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal card.*

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THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St., New York, N. Y.

More Letters From a Self-Made Diplomat to His President

(Continued from Page 11)

other, and not only not lose any of it but gain some additional in the exchange. The reason he is so good is because it's not his business, and he don't think he is a Interpreter. Regular interpreters interpret every word literally, and when it gets in the other language it don't mean anything. But this Guy gets the real kick or meaning to it, and then puts it over in the other language just like it was meant in the first language. He could get more laughs out of my stuff with the Mexicans than I could out of the Americans present when I was first telling it to him. 'Course part of that was due to the Mexicans having perhaps more humor than the Americans on the trip. But I doubt it, for we had a keen bunch, and Morrow has always got his ears cocked for a gag and nothing escapes him. Well, that made it a great trip. This old Smithers got so he could imitate me pulling a Gag, and when I would tell one on you, Mr. President, he got so he could do you in Mexican. Can you imagine a Vermont Mexican?

Well, we finally started out. It must have been a good deal like your train when you-all lit out for the Black Hills last summer. It was the first Presidential train I had ever been on. I felt like Rebecca the Coon. I knew I was out of place, but I just said, well, I will try to act like I belong. We had three United States Correspondents with us.

Oh, say, there is another thing I want to tell you about. This fellow Morrow calls himself Ambassador from the United States, not America. You know Mexico feels—and with some slight justification—that they are in America too. They don't feel that America ends at the Rio Grande river. Of course they may be wrong, but they are just childish enough to feel that way. But we always speak of ourselves down there as being From America, as though they were in Asia. But Morrow don't make that mistake and they appreciate it.

These three U. S. newspaper Boys were great, and there was three Mexican Newspaper Boys with us. All spoke English and were a fine bunch of boys. One Mexican was named Tim Healy—Señor Don Tim Healy. There is a great Old Mexican name. Well, you know Obregón—the next President's real name is O'Brien. These Irish, you got to watch 'em or they will take these Countries. There is a few of 'em sneaked into Oklahoma and got mixed up with the Rogerses and the Cherokees, and I am a sort of an offshoot—an Irish Indian. Well, this Healy is a bright newspaper boy in any man's country. The President's Military Staff officers were a fine bunch of young fellows, graduates of the Military school.

A General Joke

The President's Doctor, a noted Physician and surgeon, was along on the train. He and I kinder throwed in together and always rode in the same car out to the various places, and when he wasent explaining to me to be careful what I said in my Spanish in Seven Days, that I thought I was saying one word but that it meant another, and that I seemed to have a knack of trying to say a word that sounded like some Naughty word. Well, if he wasent coaching me, we would be talking operations. I had had one, so naturally I knew more about it than he did, and he had taken bullets out of two-thirds of Mexico. He is the fellow that took off Obregón's arm, in the battle with old Poncho Villa. We was in the town where the battle was and he showed the place. Obregón licked Villa in that battle.

You know, this Obregón is a really great General, and a real Comedian and full of jokes. He is either leading an army or telling a joke all the time. He is the fellow that the Sculptoress wanted to make a bust of him after he had lost his arm and he said, "No, they were liable to mistake it for Venus De Milo."

I had dinner up to his house in Mexico City one night. I must tell you about that. But what I am trying to tell you now is about this trip. Calles used to be a General too. The biggest laugh I got in my entire trip to Mexico was unconscious, and for a minute I had no idea what made it, or what it was about. There was a big bunch of Mexican officials and Generals, and newspaper fellows and a little of everybody, just sitting talking about the elections and Revolutions and Presidents and all those little details, and I made the following what I thought to be wise observation:

"Why don't some man who is not a General, or not connected with the Army in any way—say, some well-thought-of business man—why don't someone like that go out for President?"

Find the Civilian

Well, now offhand that don't sound like a funny remark. But I am not exaggerating to you when I tell you it knocked everyone in the room right off their seats. I never remember getting such a guffaw. They pulled themselves together after the merriment had somewhat subsided and then looked at me in abject pity. That had been the funniest and most unique suggestion that had ever been offered in the history of Mexican Politics. A Civilian NOT connected with the Army offering himself as President! Well, after I had had it explained to me, and the entire history of Candidates for all time put before me, I could then realize why I had unknowingly pulled the biggest laugh in Mexico. So they gave me the problem of finding a Civilian to run. I am not betraying any secrets when I tell you that this is much later and there has been no one applied. They afterward related that story to the President, and he said it was by far the best one I had pulled in Mexico.

There was a fellow on our train that had charge, from the Government angle, of all these irrigation works which we saw. He was a very high-class type of man. His name was—well, I always called him Marharajah—it sounded like that. He has dealt with all our various water Commissions over Colorado and Rio Grande water rights. He is a very able man—spoke such good English that it embarrassed me. You know, we keep on talking and arguing over what we are going to do with Boulder Dam and all the Colorado water, as though we owned the whole thing, and would perhaps leave Mexico nothing but the bed of the river for a sand pit.

Suppose some river run out of Canada down our way, and they took it all out and drank it up or watered their lawns with all of it before we got a crack at it. Say, you would have a conference up there so quick and so strong that you would have even Chas. Evans Hughes heading it, wouldent you, Cal? You remember, Chicago dug a drainage canal out of Lake Michigan. They just wanted to float some garbage and odor down toward the Mississippi, and you remember Canada stopped 'em muy Pronto. Still, when we talk about what all we are going to do with our rivers we never give Mexico a tumble. But there is an old International law that kinder makes you let water alone and let it go where it wants to, and most of our water seems to want to go to Mexico if left to follow the dictates of its own conscience.

Well, I got to close. I will tell you a lot more about the trip in a later letter. Morrow, from what I can see of him, don't look like he is doing anything toward keeping you posted. If J. P. Morgan could see him eat Chili con carne and Hot tamales now, he wouldent know him. I will tell you about the Industrial schools and the big

Irrigation projects and—oh, yes, a big ranch we went to and spent Sunday, where they raise fine bulls for the Bull ring, and they had a private show and fight in their own ring. It was great; no horses or Bulls killed at all. Don't let me forget to tell you about it.

How's everything going up there? We read in the papers down here about the boys all coming to this Congress with their loot bags to carry back what poor Andy had skimped to save. I see where you tell 'em the swag is only a couple of hundred million, but they feel that you and Andy are holding out on 'em. They think you can stand more of a touch than you say.

I don't see why you dident just send each fellow his share and it would have saved 'em holding this Congress at all.

How's Dawes getting along with his troop? Looks like he has just got himself some ear muffs and hardened himself to it and just let the Senate do their worst.

Well, must stop; got to be there for dinner. You know, the other night on the train I was late for dinner, and when I come into the diner, the President had Mr. Smithers say to me very sternly and with much gravity:

"Mr. Rogers, you are late to dinner. I don't know if you know it or not, but that is a very grave breach of etiquette. In fact, it is an insult to the President for you not to be here to sit down with him when he arrives. What have you to say?"

In Right With the Right People

"Well, I just want to tell the President that I am sorry. I was up in the front cars with some of the soldiers. I have only been in Mexico one week, but you tell him I have learned that it's better to stand in with the Soldiers of Mexico than the President."

Well, he got quite a kick out of that, and to show you he was there with a Nifty, he said, "You tell Mr. Rogers that that was very smart of him to find that out, but that I found it out years before he did—that's why I am President."

Say this fellow Morrow though, pulled a worse one than I did. He was hungry one morning for breakfast and wouldent wait, and he sit down before the President come in, in fact he was most through when the President come in—he would have been if he hadent been so hungry. Then he tried to lay it onto me—said I coaxed him to sit down. That really was an insult sitting down before he got there. I told Morrow it was bad. But it being his first Diplomatic post, why I think the President kinder overlooked it. But after that, when I got tired waiting on him, I would go in the kitchen and eat something beforehand, and pretty near every time I would catch Morrow in there drinking Coffee, and he Dunked his bread in it too.

Do you ever Dunk your bread in your Coffee when there ain't any Senators there for breakfast? What do you feed all those Guys for anyhow? You are the only President that ever made a Cafeteria out of the White House. They will promise you anything while they are eating off you, and the minute they get out from there they will vote against your measures. Get wise to 'em. They been kidding every President like that for years, and the ones in your own Party is the worst. Well, must stop.

Yours faithfully,
WILL.

MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE,
White House, Washington, D. C.

My Dear Mr. Coolidge: I went to Mexico to make friends. I think it's a great Country. I like it. I like Ireland and Mexico better than any other Countries. They both got humor, and while they both think they take life serious, they don't. They will joke with you, sing with you, drink with you and, if you want, fight with you—or against you, whichever you want—and I think if they like you well enough they would die with you.

Now if I had gone in to Mexico looking for bad things, I wouldent have had to do a lot of looking. If those are the things it would have pleased me to find, I would have soon been tickled to death. It all depends on how you want to find a country. I dident go down there with what the Guy that is always wanting to snoop into somebody else's business calls An Open Mind. His mind is not open. If it was he wouldent have to announce it. It's because his mind is narrow that he suspicions that someone won't think it's open unless he announces it. It's like a man getting up and proclaiming "I am a Gentleman." He knows that he has kept it so well concealed up to then that no one has suspected it, and he is beginning to have a growing doubt himself. So he announces it to allay his own fears. So always be leery of these Babies with Open Minds. They are—they are open at both ends.

Taking Them at Face Value

I dident go in with an Open mind at all. I went in to enjoy the people and the Country and get some Real Chili Con Carne and Tamales, see the Mexican Ropers—the best in the World—see the Señoritas dance, and mebbe, if fortunate, see 'em shoot a Presidental Candidate. For there is a system I think which has much merit, and could be adopted without serious loss to almost any country. So you might say that I went in with No mind at all.

A Hairpin Curve Above Afton, Virginia

This Morning
did your face burn or did you Use Ingram's

IT'S sheer nonsense to believe that when you shear your beard . . . even with a dull blade . . . you must expect sting or smart. INGRAM'S proves that shaving friction is all fiction. Over a million men are enjoying heatless, happier, healthier shaves with INGRAM'S . . . So can you.

Before your razor goes over your face . . . while it's going over . . . after the shave is over . . . INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM gives you *cool* comfort that puts it over . . . big. It is the pioneer *cool* shaving cream . . . no need for lotions, powder or fuss. Men like its clean, pleasant odor.

Even the package is different for this different shaving cream. INGRAM'S comes to you in a neat blue jar . . . with a wide mouth. You can see that you are using just the right amount.

FREE:
7 COOL Shaves for you.
Different from all others.
Use coupon below.

No waste. The cap keeps the cream properly under cover when you're not shaving . . . and doesn't roll under cover when you are.

Over a million men now enjoy cool shaves with INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM. Twice as many as last year. Three times as many as year before last. It won't cost you anything to try INGRAM'S.

7 Free *COOL* Shaves Await You

Most of the drug stores in your town have 7 Free *Cool* Ingram Shaves for you. If you find that too many men have been ahead of you, we'll see you through. Just send the coupon . . . and your 7 free shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 shaving treats for 50 cents.

Ingram's Shaving Cream
COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
850-10th Street, Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Canada

The other fellows beat me to it. My druggist is all out of the 7 Free *Cool* Shaves you offered me. Will you please see me through, as you promised.

Name _____

Address _____

MURPHY FINE FINISHES

Famous for 63 years among architects, master painters, and makers of products requiring a fine finish

Colorful cheering beauty in place of plainness

—*with Brushing Lacquer of fine quality*

HAVE you ever noticed how some people's homes seem actually to vibrate with bright, cheerful beauty, while others are plain, sombre or even drab?

What is it? Can it be so small a thing as a dollar or two worth of colorful finish and a few hours of pleasant work? Is it as easy as that to bring new beauty to the home?

From start to finish, lacquering with a *fine* lacquer is the easiest possible kind of painting. Murphy Brushing Lacquer flows off the brush so smoothly and spreads out so evenly, you do it almost without effort. You can tell by the "feel" of it that you are using a fine product.

In 10 minutes the surface is dry to the touch; you can paint a chair and sit in it in less than an hour.

The quick drying of Murphy Brushing Lacquer is very desirable, to be sure; but after all, that is only a matter of convenience. The most important thing is the *quality* of the finish—for rich, luxuriant beauty and enduring wear. It is well worth being sure to get, and Murphy Brushing Lacquer is not more expensive.

On the shelves of your Murphy dealer lie beauty and cheer, waiting to lend their touch of color to your home.

Send coupon for Instruction Book and Color Card.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

[illegible] sample can of Murphy [illegible] Lacquer for 25¢. Offer limited [illegible] each color. Your choice of the following colors: Red, Mandarin Red, Yellow, Orange, Blue, Pale Blue, Dark Green, Light Green, Jade Green, Golden Brown, Dark [illegible] Light Gray, Buff, Dust, Tan, Ivory, Black, White, Clear.

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY

Newark Chicago San Francisco Montreal

Murphy Varnish Company, Newark, N. J.
Send me Instruction Book and Color Card. [illegible] Murphy Brushing Lacquer at 25¢ each for which I enclose [illegible] ¢ (stamps or coin). Order colors by name.

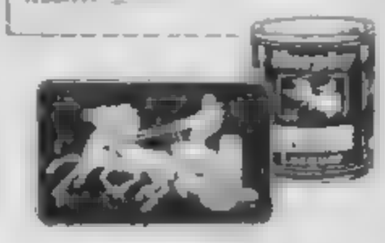
1. _____

2. _____

(Only 2 cans to a person)

Name _____

Address _____



Murphy *Brushing* Lacquer

Now I know it's hard for anyone that is vitally interested in one side to see much good in the other. It's the same with Politics. Some people can't possibly understand how you can like one side when you vote the other. Well, what's that got to do with it? And that's the way I feel about Mexico. I want to write and talk and describe the people as they struck me. Now what they had done and what they had been responsible for, whether they was right, whether they was wrong, whether they thought they was right or just did it out of pure cussedness, why, I don't know

I don't think I can rightly be criticized for not settling controversies that have been problems in the Country for a hundred years. Those things should always be left to Editorial Writers at home who have never been down there. They always settle them to their own satisfaction. In fact, Mr. President, I dident go down there to worry much about all their vexing problems. I just kinder took their Country like you do ours. I just thought I would let them fight their own battles. Even their trivial affairs such as Politics, I couldent work up much of an interest in. I wanted to see how they bred and raised the young Bulls that they use in the Bull Ring. It may not be showing proper respect for a neighboring Republic's Politics, but a good young Bull interests me more than any Politician I ever saw in any Country. I had never seen a Cockfight, and I personally don't approve of it—this thing of having one Chicken with sharp knives on its legs, immediately and instantaneously sever the jugular vein of its opponent, who also has on similar knives and has an equal chance of doing some severing itself.

You will never get any high-class Civilization, like Bootlegging and road houses and filling-Station holdups and Interior Bank Robberies, in a Nation that persists in cock fighting until they adopt our humane method of dealing with a chicken I don't look for that Country ever to become civilized enough to put on an up-to-date Oil Scandal. Look at the difference in the way we deal with a Shanghai Rooster. We chase him around the barnyard, throw a few sticks of stove wood at him, and if we can't wound him enough to have him surrender, why, we keep after him till we hem him up in a corner and then catch him. Then you get a good hand holt on his neck and start wringing it. It's about the same physical contortions that you go through in cranking a Ford. I have seen women who have their dues paid up to the Humane Society, but are none too strong physically, wring for five minutes on some roughneck old Rooster, and finally have to give it up and leave him half conscious while they went to hunt a hatchet to do what they had been unable to accomplish, human against Chicken. Mind you the Rooster had no knives or hatchets where he had an equal break.

So instead of witnessing a debate in the Chamber of Deputies, I wanted to see just one Cockfight, and I must say the Birds displayed more physical courage than you would find in a whole political Campaign carried on by humans

Even the Revolutions dident Intrigue me as they should. I was interested more in the well "reigned" Horses, of which Mexico is the past master in training. They put a reign on 'em that it makes 'em a joy to watch 'em work.

I also have no humorous cracks about Mexico being Lazy. If they are any lazier than us, which I doubt, but if they are, and can make a living at it, why, then I give them the credit of being the smartest Nation on earth. For our whole educational system is to teach our youth to learn something so that he will feel assured he won't have to do any manual labor through life. So if Mexicans can abstain from physical work without having to go to school 12 or 14 years to learn how not to work, then I claim that's a national asset.

Yours, WILL.

A Forest Road, Washington

HOUSTON

(Continued from Page 27)

good woman said she recognized nothing about him but his fierce, flashing, fearless eyes.

"Shall this nest of Yankee democracy be burned?" shouted the half-drunken Cockburn, of the British advance, standing in the speaker's chair in the House of Representatives, at Washington, after the capture of the city, August 24, 1814. He put the question to the drunken mob of soldiers and civilians before him. The vote was unanimous. The torch was applied.

When the news of the capture of Washington came to the King of France, he did not believe it, but Lord Castlereagh, the English Premier, said: "It is true beyond all question, and I suspect that by now"—October, 1814—"most of the large seaport towns of America are laid in ashes and that we have possession of New Orleans and command of all the waters of the Mississippi and the lakes. So that the Americans are little better than prisoners of war in their own country." And this is what probably would have happened had not Houston beaten that drum and led his Cæsar's forces into the wilderness.

Houston's rise was quick and brilliant—a dead parallel to Jackson. He studied law six months, got his license, went out after offices and got them—attorney-general, major general of militia, congressman, governor. He fought, next to Jackson, the most noted duel in the pioneer Southwest, with Gen. William White, at Nashville.

Like Jackson and Dickinson, the two principals went in separate cavalcades to fight in far-away Kentucky. It was a Roman holiday all the way from Nashville to the famous dueling grounds of Lincumpinch, Kentucky. Crowds gathered there to witness the deadly battle in the woods by the roadside. Houston's friends forgathered at the old Nashville Inn and when news came that Houston had got his man, Cæsar led the cheering.

Thus did giants amuse themselves and preserve their honor a century ago.

Parallels in History

The life lines of Jackson and Houston have no parallel in all history: Both families were Scotch-Irish from the same section of North Ireland. Both suffered martyrdom for their religion and civil liberties, both emigrated to America and became citizens of the new state of Tennessee. Both won their first fame in an Indian war, Jackson as general, Houston as the young lieutenant leading his men over the barricade of death. Both studied law six months, both were elected attorney-general, both congressmen, both senators, both governors, Jackson of Florida, and Houston of Tennessee and Texas. Each had his bloody duel, each his greatest tragedy in his love affairs, Jackson marrying a divorced woman, Houston divorcing his that she might marry another man. Each was President of an American republic and each fought a decisive and far-reaching battle utterly destroying or capturing the army before him, inflicting the greatest enemy loss to a minimum of his own, in all English history, and most remarkable of all, each battle was ended in less than an hour with a loss of fewer than ten men in his own rank! Such a parallel would be uncanny if to them it did not fit in with the faith of their Scotch religion—predestination!

Houston's letter of resignation is the finest specimen of penmanship and rhetoric and the poorest in logic in all the state's archives.

> . . . Though shielded by a perfect consciousness of an undiminished claim to the confidence and support of my fellow citizens . . . by my own misfortune overwhelmed by sudden calamities, it is certainly due myself and more respectful to the world that I retire from a position that in the public judgment I might seem to occupy by questionable authority.

The last sentence shows how near the brink of insanity he was. Why should the desertion of her governor husband by the bride be any cause for his resignation on the ground that he was holding his office "by questionable authority"?

He wrote to a friend, before departing, that it was "a painful but private affair," that he exonerated the lady fully. . . . "I shall go at once into exile. I do not justify myself." He added that it was none of the public's business and that he would make it a personal matter with any man who spoke illy of his wife!

To add to his own spectacular folly, he sealed his lips, rushed into the wilderness and left the world, so prone to attribute evil in matters of this kind, to proclaim and publish every manner of story about it but the truth.

Houston did instinctively the only thing that could have saved him from the fate of his brother and sister—he went into the restful solitude of the wilderness with the relaxing contents of a bottle and took for wife Tahlahina Rogers, the half-breed daughter of Capt. John Rogers, a well-bred but adventurous Virginian who, likewise, had intermarried into the tribe. . . . Tahlahina is said to have been a woman of stateliness and charm and had known Houston in their younger days on the Tennessee. It may be of interest to note that the brilliant and lovable American humorist, Will Rogers, is a scion of this same Cherokee Rogers stock.

Coloneh—the Rover

He was welcomed into the tribe under the poetic name of Coloneh—the Rover. But the common warriors who were not so poetic and admired more strenuous traits in a chief, know him admiringly to this day as Big Drunk.

Which was characteristic—whatever he did assuredly would be big!

It was not possible in 1830 to take whisky into the Indian Nation without sanction of the Secretary of War.

Houston's order in his own handwriting is the most notable historical document extant of a one-man pre-Volstead Roman holiday:

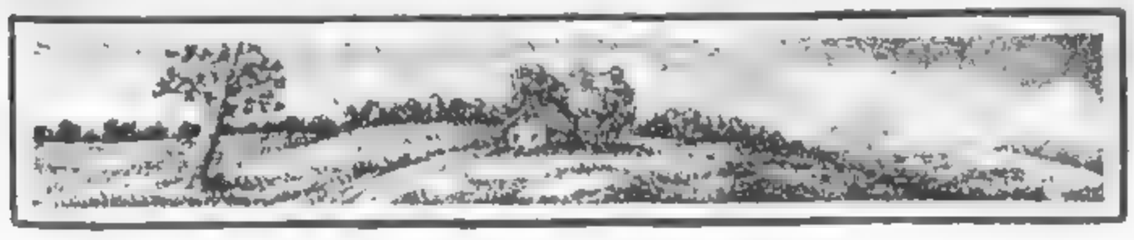
> Five barrels of whisky, four of Monongahela and one of corn, one barrel of Cognac brandy, one of gin, one of rum, and one of wine. . . . Nor shall one drop be sold at my establishment to either Indian or soldier. I have too much friendship for the Indian and too much respect for myself to make a traffic of this baneful curse.

A baneful curse—for the other fellow!

He lived with Tahlahina at Wilson's Rock, a restful spot on the Cherokee side of the Arkansas River, in a grove of cedars their two-room cabin of clean hewed cedar logs. He kept a rude store, traded, hunted and drank.

There is no doubt of Houston's devotion to his Indian wife. He never deserted her, and when he went to Texas he urged her to go with him, but the generous creature knew her limitations and would not leave her tribe. He expected to return to her, but she died soon afterward. When her neglected grave was discovered some twenty years ago, the War Department had it removed to the National Cemetery at

(Continued on Page 114



Red Wheel Gas Ranges Make Homes Happier

WHEN YOU buy a new gas range make sure that it has a Red Wheel. For then you will *know* that it is one of the six famous makes manufactured by American Stove Company. (See illustrations.) You will *know* that your range is equipped with the famous Lorain Regulator—the supremely accurate, always faithful, never-erring device that will provide you with many, many hours of relief from the drudgery and worry of cooking.

In the great factories, foundries and research departments of American Stove Company thousands of men, men who have spent most of their working-lives building stoves, are striving to give greater and greater value to buyers.

Red Wheel Gas Ranges are sold by gas companies, department stores, furniture stores, hardware stores and stove dealers throughout the United States. Go now and see the many handsome new models that are offered at most attractive prices

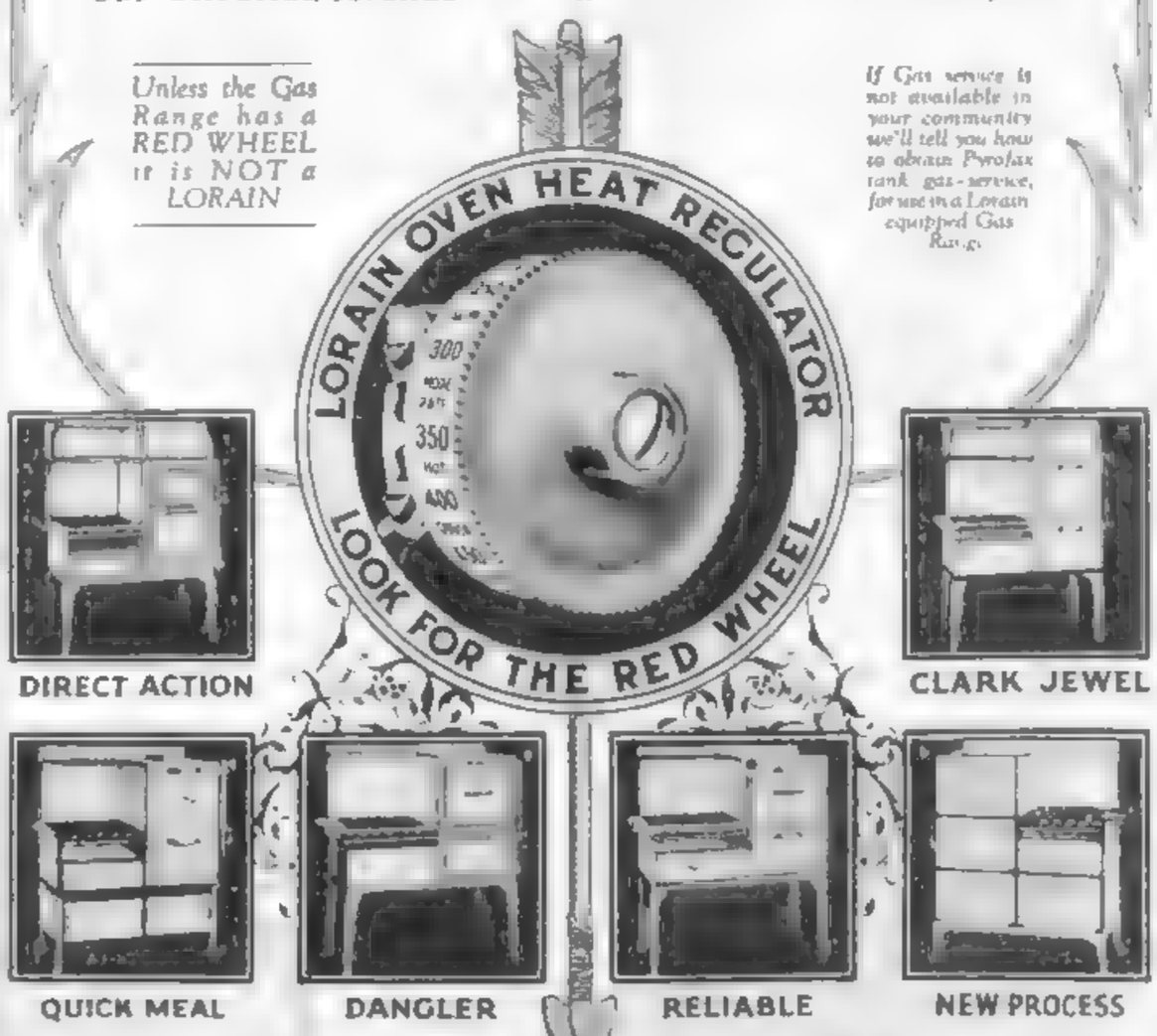
AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY

Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

829 Chouteau Avenue :: :: St. Louis, Mo.

Unless the Gas Range has a RED WHEEL it is NOT a LORAIN

If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank gas-service, for use in a Lorain equipped Gas Range.



LORAIN

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 829 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

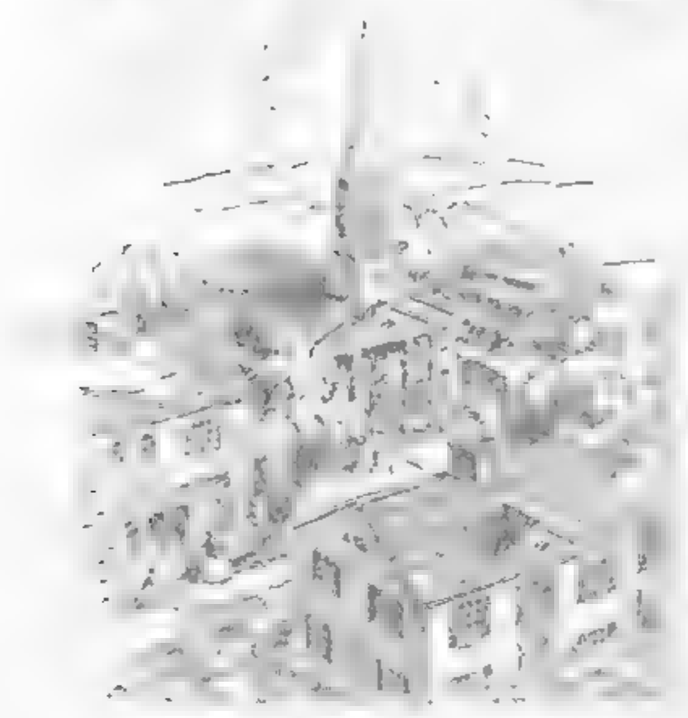
Please send me free copy of your Lorain Recipes for Tarts and Funchonnettes. (*Print* name and address plainly.)

Name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____

SEP—

WALTHAM
TRADITION



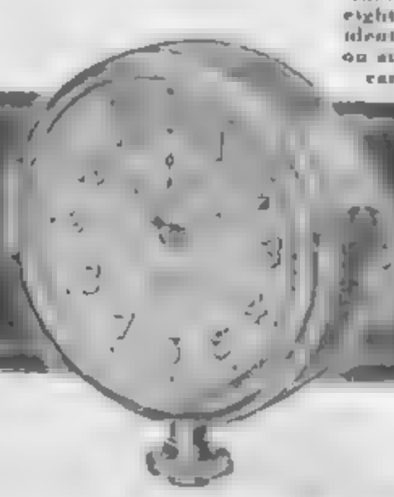
INTEGRITY in Workmanship has made New England craftsmen world-renowned as producers of fine products. Encouragement of Integrity in Merchandising Principles has been an important factor in the lasting success of great business institutions. Waltham has contributed for three-quarters of a century to the prestige that American merchandise enjoys. In choosing a timepiece . . . a pocket watch, a wrist watch or a clock . . . be guided first by the thought that the fine old American names are founded on Integrity. In Waltham you are assured not only of Beauty . . . of exceptional Value . . . but of the Unseen Quality which means Lasting Accuracy and Dependable Service. To give all of these . . . always . . . this is the Waltham Tradition.

Waltham is the oldest of the great watch companies. Waltham has always been a pioneer. The modern methods of making fine timepieces have been largely engineered by Waltham. So finely are the hairsprings gauged at Waltham that they must be measured according to the speed of light. Waltham makes screws so infinitesimal that to fill an ordinary thimble would take 47,000 of them. The achievements of Waltham in accuracy and dependability are legion. Throughout the world wherever accuracy is demanded on the great railroad systems as in ordinary use Waltham means Superlative Timepieces.

The name Waltham is your safeguard as it has been the safeguard of almost twenty-six million others.

Fine watchmaking is a profession — There are craftsmen at Waltham who have made Waltham Watches for over fifty years

This Colonial No. 175 — Extremely thin — 19 jewels — Adjusted to five positions and heat and cold — 14K Green or White Solid Gold Case. $175



Auto Clock — Model R-5 — This eight day jeweled movement identical with Walthams used on airplanes and finest motor cars. Easily attached. $20

WALTHAM

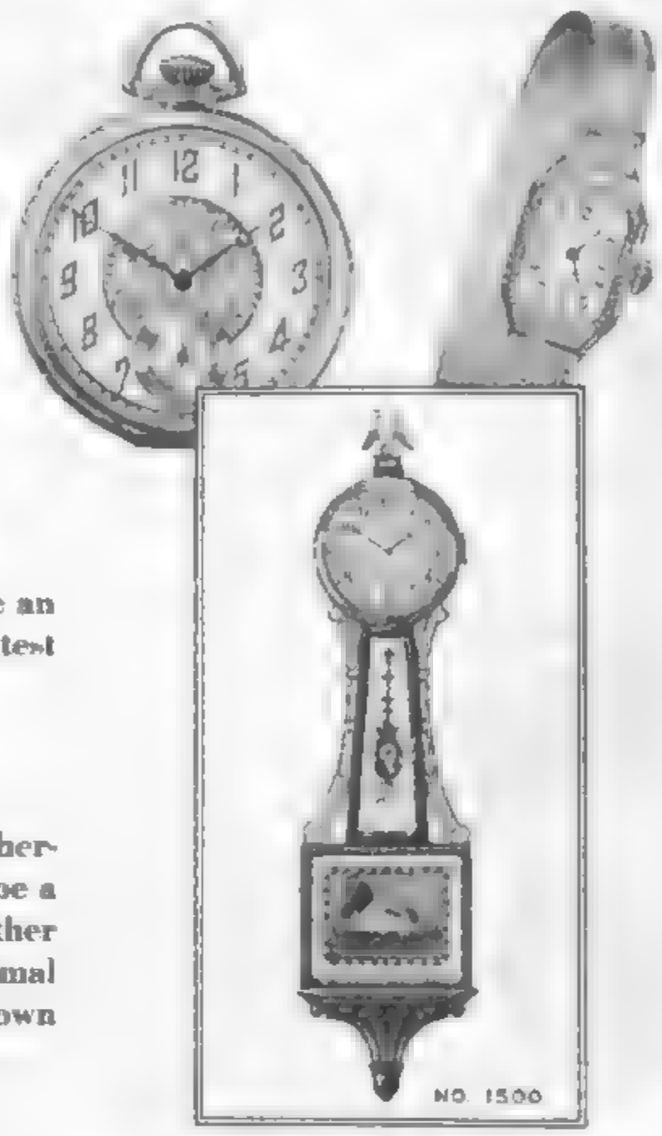
WATCHES - CLOCKS

What other gift so often carries a reminder of the giver?

FOR COMMENCEMENT

To a man, a pocket watch has a sentimental value that can never be replaced. Shown at the right Colonial No. 60-R, 14K solid gold, 17 jewels, adjusted, $60. In 14K gold filled case, No. 40 . . . $40.

The charming girl graduate will be entranced by this Waltham Ribbon Watch (right). In beautifully chased, 14K solid white gold case, 15 jewels, four choices of dial openings, $60.



FOR THE BRIDE

The Waltham Willard Banjo Clock . . . a gift that will become an heirloom . . . hand painted panel glasses . . . correct in minutest detail. From $75 to $125. In half size $40 and $75.

FOR THE GROOM

Give him the other watch. For evening and business . . . wherever formality or semi-formality rules the occasion . . . it *must* be a pocket watch. Colonial No. 100 (at the lower right) . . . $100. Other thin model Waltham Watches down to $20. For sport and informal wear . . . Waltham's newest custom design wrist watch . . . shown here at $75. Others $20 to $100.

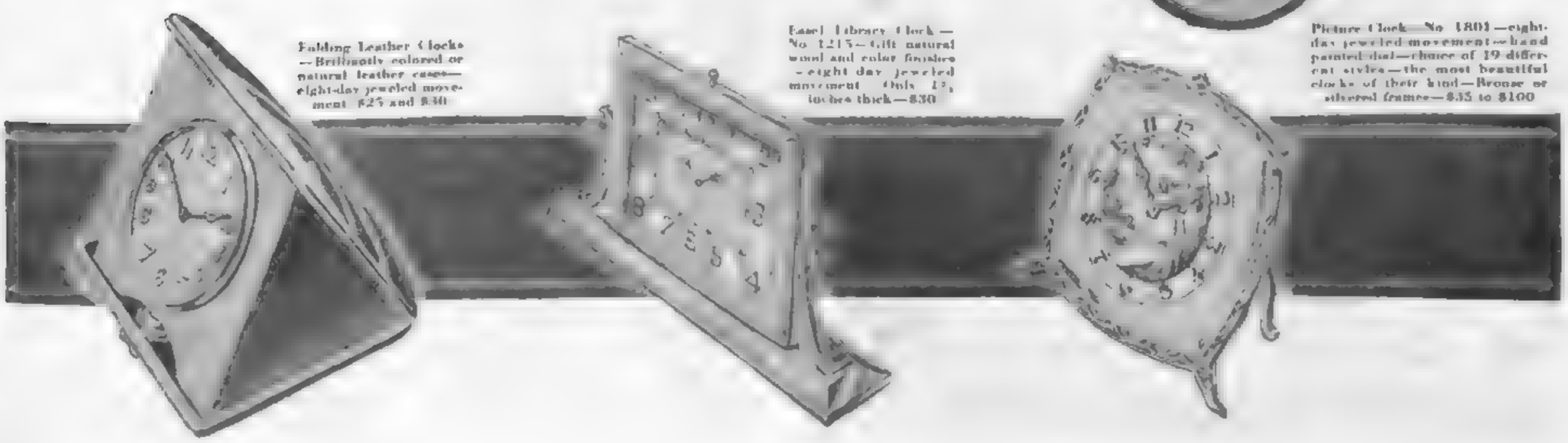
FOR ANNIVERSARIES

Or even for yourself, or your home . . . glance over these beautiful and unusual watches and clocks.

Your jeweler will show you these or help your selection through showing you our beautifully illustrated descriptive folders. If he cannot, won't you write us for the folders you want?

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY

WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS



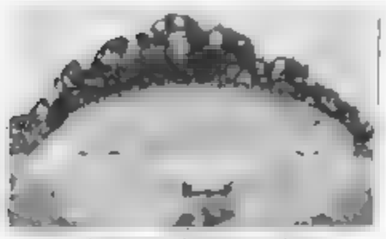
Folding Leather Clocks—Brilliantly colored or natural leather cases—eight-day jeweled movement $25 and $30

Easel Library Clock—No. 1215—Gilt natural wood and color finishes—eight day jeweled movement. Only 1¾ inches thick—$30

Picture Clock—No. 1801—eight-day jeweled movement—hand painted dial—choice of 19 different styles—the most beautiful clocks of their kind—Bronze or silvered frames—$35 to $100

Sprinkle *any* Stream Spray, Distance *or* Direction

The Only Sprinkler That Does It



1

2 *Wide Spray (stationary position, adjusted to sprinkle narrow strip)*

3 *Circle Spray from both nozzles on Flowering Plants*

4

STANDARD Rain King $3.50
Denver and West, $4.75

Easily Adjusted, Whirling or Stationary

Just the right stream, just the right distance, and in just the right direction—Solid Jets, Drenching Downpour, Gentle Spray, or Rainbow Mist—for trees, shrubs, lawn, flowers, vegetable patch, or seeded beds—whatever the condition demands—

Rain King patented Sprinklers give complete control—simply adjust the nozzles and turn the set wheel. These handsome Sprinklers are doubly ornamental when running because they play like fountains—revolving or stationary.

Easy to have a gorgeous garden, fine lawn or vegetable patch when watered the Rain King way. Neighbors will admire your place and your Rain King. Makes sprinkling a healthy sport.

Water wide areas quickly. Or small plots, or narrow strips bordering walks, without wasting water, or sprinkling the ground twice, or wetting passers-by.

Rain Kings can throw more water farther than any other sprinkler on the same pressure, or can be adjusted to light, gentle spray, or to cover the smallest area you wish. Can throw two different streams at once. Pictured here are four of the limitless variations under your control.

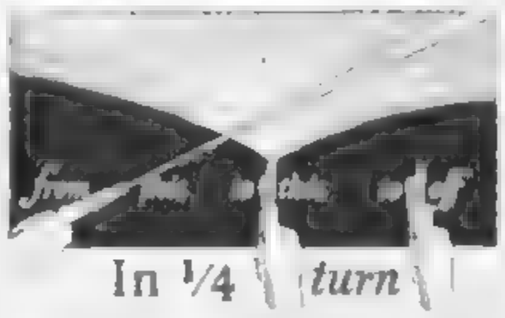
You simply never can wear out a Rain King. Brass nozzles and bronze bearings—smooth-running as a fly-wheel. No sooner does one appear in a neighborhood than people pause to admire it.

Get an early start on your lawn and garden by telling your nearest hardware or seed dealer to deliver a Rain King at once. Accept no second best but send price to us if your dealer can't supply you, and get any model on money-back approval, prepaid.

Rain King Hose Nozzle

Rain King

The BEST LAWN SPRINKLERS MADE



In ¼ turn

Only Nozzle That Does It

Throws any stream, from a Solid Jet, to Spray, to Complete Shut-off, by a quarter turn—that's the Rain King Hose Nozzle. A simple cross-cut bore does away with all packing, adjustments, and interior mechanism, hence it's wear-proof, leak-proof, guaranteed forever. Throws more water farther than any other known, size for size. Solid brass, $1.50

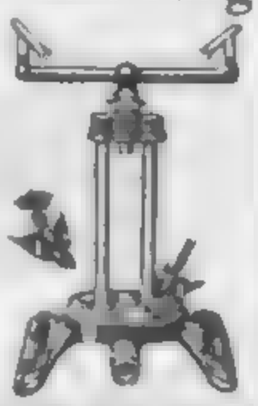
GIANT Rain King

4 Nozzle Double Capacity

[illegible] spirals like a gorgeous fountain—any circle from [illegible] Adjustable to height, fully extended, 4 ft., as well as to distance, direction, spray or stream. "Best [illegible] golf greens we [illegible] says John [illegible] Ideal for large grounds, parks, etc., $12.50 Denver and West, $14.50

MAJESTIC Rain King

Sprinkler Top—Bird Bath Base



Entirely new and fascinating idea. Height lets it throw water well out over tops of plants and vegetables. 24 in. $6, 15 in. $5. Denver and West, $6.50 and $5.50 If dealer can't supply you, send us price and get it on money-back approval, charges paid

Rain King Snap-On Hose Coupler

Snap your hose to the Faucet, Sprinkler, Nozzle, or Hose Section in a flash! Will fit right into your present hose connections. An amazing invention. Saves twisting, kinking and wearing hose. Solid brass. ½" size, 60¢—1" size, 80¢.

Manufactured and Guaranteed By CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO. *38 Years Making Quality Products*
5542 W. Roosevelt Road, Chicago—349 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto, Canada
156 Long Acre, London, W.C. 2, England—Calle 25 de Mayo 379, Buenos Aires, Argentina—Uruguay 870, Montevideo, Uruguay—129 Sussex St., Sydney, N. S. W., Australia—12 Kingston St., Auckland, New Zealand

(Continued from Page 111)

Fort Gibson, where may be seen this inscription on her tomb:

Sacred to the memory of Tahlahina, Cherokee wife of Gen. Sam Houston, Liberator of Texas. Died at Wilson's Creek, C. N., in the year 1838. Removed to Fort Gibson, May 30, 1905.

His beard grew long, his hair unkempt. Drunk, he would beat up the tribe. He all but killed his old friend, Ooleteka, and, sober, wept in his arms before the assembled tribe. The Indians worshiped him. Again and again, in his drunken frenzies, they debated whether to kill him to save themselves. Instead, they would tie him till he sobered. For days, sobered, he lay in moody dreams; then would plunge into the wilderness after bear and buffalo in strenuous hunts that brought the savages to their knees in weariness. Again his mood would change. He would mount a superb horse in splendid trappings of savagery that outshone all, and parade before admiring warriors.

The dashing general of Tennessee militia, her brilliant governor, the ball-room cavalier, the Sir Galahad of every woman who had ever seen him, the beautifully dressed diplomat in the seats of the mighty, the beloved not only of Mæcenas but the best beloved of Cæsar in the capital, was now fallen to a common drunken squaw man, in unkempt beard and hair, a slovenly hat—a blanketed savage.

Cæsar spoke—Jackson at the White House—who never forgot and never deserted. He wrote a most affectionate letter, sympathizing with him in his misfortune and begging him to come to Washington. It ended:

"How unstable are human affairs."

The Cause of His Exile

Houston thanked him, but declined his help. It was three years before he visited his chief at Washington. When he did go to Washington, dressed as an Indian chief and seeking executive aid in protecting his Indians against the grafts and frauds of government Indian agents, naturally things happened. Things had a way of happening when he arrived. The Hon. Wm. Stanberry, a congressman from Ohio, on the floor of the House branded Houston as "a man of broken fortune and blasted reputation," and charged that he was in Washington attempting to obtain a contract to feed the Indians and fixing fraudulent and grafting prices for it. He intimated that both the Secretary of War and the President were conniving in the fraud. Houston might have overlooked the insult to himself, but to insult his Cæsar —— The congressman refused Houston's challenge and deliberately armed himself "with two pistols and a Bowie knife," and lay in wait for the great Scot on Pennsylvania Avenue. Houston met him and beat him almost to death with a hickory cane. It is today the historical knock-out of that famous avenue. His trial on the floor of the House, lasting one month, was the most spectacular in the annals of Congress. James K. Polk and Francis Scott Key, author of The Star-Spangled Banner, defended him. But Houston's speech in his own behalf is not surpassed by any similar effort on the floor of the House. Instead of prison, it ended in a mild reprimand. As for the $500 imposed on him by the civil court, Cæsar wiped it out with a stroke of his pen.

The real cause of Houston's precipitate act has been the historical question mark in the state's history for nearly a century. Some of the facts in the statement which follows have not been heretofore known or published.

In 1840 Houston, soon to be elected President of the Republic of Texas for the second time, made the long journey by steamboat and horseback to the newly made state of Alabama, where he married on May ninth, Margaret Moffette Lea, daughter of Temple and Nancy Lea, born in Perry County, Alabama, April 11, 1819. Marion, the county seat, had been settled in 1823, by the fine old families of Virginia, North and South Carolina. The citizens of South Carolina predominated, and this cultured town, then and now known as the Athens of Alabama, was named for the Swamp Fox of the Revolution. The Leas are a fine and gifted old family of achievements, and Margaret, unusually beautiful, was considered the most attractive belle of the great Black Belt country. Her own statement is extant that she loved the great Texan at first sight, and though she knew he gave way at times to drunken excesses, she conceived the idea of marrying and reforming him.

The old excuse! Fortunately for history, this time it worked. He gave up heavy drinking, he joined the church. She led him with the same love, tact and sweetness with which the beloved Rachel led Jackson.

Telemachus rode again, and in his happy marriage found his own at last.

This gifted woman was the mother of the children who bear his name, the true sharer of his devotion and his fame. After her husband died, in 1863, she related to her nephew, Col. Sumter Lea, a distinguished lawyer of the Alabama bar, the facts below, which were procured in his lifetime by the writer. They explain the cause of his leaving and fit in with the facts heretofore known, but which this statement explains for the first time. He told his wife the following shortly before he died, according to Colonel Lea's statement, which is substantially as follows:

Eliza was a good and beautiful woman. I loved her devotedly. I thought she loved me, but from the first she was cold to me. I hoped to win her love. In April, after our marriage in January, official business called me to the Chickasaw Bluffs in connection with Indian matters there. I finished this business sooner than I expected and rode back home anxious to be with my wife again. When I reached the town, in a spirit of mischief I thought I would slip up the back steps to our room and surprise her. It was a painful surprise to me, but I did not blame her then or now. In my absence and her loneliness, she had on the table all her old love letters of a former lover, and there she sat reading them and weeping. I knew then she loved another. We had some hot words. She admitted that she loved another, and that, loving him, she could never love me. She left me to go to her father, and in my grief and humiliation I resigned my office and went to live with the Indians.

It was Cæsar who at last brought him back to civilization and to his own. It was Jackson who, in 1835, sent him on an Indian mission into Texas, knowing, as he afterward said, that he was staging the comeback of a man whose fate seemed strangely linked to his own. And this comeback was Homeric—Houstonic. The Iliad of Pope has nothing in all its assembled ballads of godlike heroes that surpasses it. No longer the young and romantic Telemachus, it is true, but the crafty Ulysses returning to his own.

The Alamo and Goliad

There are minor chiefs in Texas' Hall of Fame whom she does well to honor: Austin, Rusk, Old Sam Milam, Bowie, Travis, Crockett, Fannin, Deaf Smith and Burleson. But they were the followers, merely, of Ulysses. It was he who guided the young republic through every phase of its birth and baptism—his craftiness, courage and the "lean long blade" of Ulysses which led. It was the uncanny sixth sense of his Scotch-Irish wisdom which turned their desperate councils into victory.

Texas independence was declared and a constitution adopted March 3, 1836. On March sixth the Alamo fell and panic swept like a norther the Texas plains. Men and women fled before it. They knew now that the ruthless Mexican, Santa Anna, meant what he said when he had boasted that he would give no quarter—no man, woman or child of white should be left alive in his path.

The Alamo was an old Spanish mission, the key to all Southern Texas. A handful of dare-devil Texans, one hundred and forty in all, drove out of it eleven hundred

Mexicans and held it in spite of Santa Anna's investment of four thousand fresh troops. These, with the aid of thirty-two others who slipped in to die with them, held off this great force for nearly two weeks, killing or wounding over half of them in the final assaults. The Texans died across their guns March sixth—among them Bowie, Travis and Tennessee's famous congressman, bear and Indian hunter, Davie Crockett, who was bayoneted in his back because they could not reach his front for the dead Mexicans he had breastworked before him. They died, but they gave to America her Thermopylæ, and no heroic slogan in all history quite equals the Alamo's: "Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none."

Five of them who were not killed in the assault, overpowered and captured, were stood in a line by Santa Anna and ruthlessly shot.

The fact that the farseeing Houston had ordered its heroic defenders again and again to abandon the Alamo as indefensible and fall back with him, availed nothing in the panic which followed.

Then fell a fiercer, crueler norther. On March twenty-seventh Fannin and 371 of his men were butchered near the Goliad. He had bravely but foolishly disobeyed the orders of his commander in chief though Houston wrote him with a pen of fire two weeks before, to abandon his weak position at Goliad and fall back to him with all possible speed, at Victoria. Though surrounded on all sides Fannin fought Urrea's army of 2500 to a bloody standstill.

The next day Urrea put up a white flag and trapped by foul means the foe he could not conquer by fair. Under honorable surrender and parole, signed, sealed and duly delivered on the word of a soldier, their fatal Texas rifles surrendered, they were led out on an open plain, surrounded by Urrea's troops and shot to a man.

This massacre holds the historical record of infamy and treachery on the American continent. Santa Anna gave the order, though at San Jacinto, when begging Houston for his own life, he laid it on Urrea and swore lustily to his conqueror he would have Urrea shot for it.

Half Houston's army had been destroyed. Santa Anna boasted he would soon get the other half. Slowly, sullenly, Houston fell back, fighting the panic which swept before him, fighting desertions, fighting the clamoring and confused councils of the newly created government of Texas; fighting his friends, who told him it was hopeless; fighting his own heroic soul that would not yield even to itself.

The Darkest Hours

From Gonzales, where he assumed command of his army of 371 men, to the Colorado River, his army had grown to nearly 1200. But when the panic of Goliad's massacre struck them they melted so fast that at San Jacinto only 730 were left. Six long weeks found him slowly, sullenly falling back over two hundred boggy, long and foot-weary miles.

The orators at the capital said he was a coward and would not fight. The rank and file hinted he was crazy and was leading them to another Goliad. They did not know that the great lowlander leading them was never so fully sane as when he was fighting.

With frozen lips, he led them wearily on, his plan hid in his own grim soul. He crossed three great rivers in full flood—a boat or two, but men and horses swam. The three days of his straggling little army, through the rain across the boggy, black lands with wagons up to the hub in mud and men carrying the two little cannon and all but carrying the wagons, was literally hell.

"You know I am not easily depressed," he wrote to Secretary of War Rusk on the twenty-third of March, "but before my God, since we parted I have found the darkest hours of my life. For forty-eight hours I have neither eaten an ounce of anything, nor have I slept. . . . All who saw the deserters breathed the poison and fled." The last line is more of Shakspere than Ulysses.

Three army divisions of quite 7500 were now hot on his trail. They had emerged, spreading a net as they went; Santa Anna in the center, following Houston as he retreated toward the capital, expecting to annihilate his small force and burn the town, capturing the leaders.

Then happened the most poignant of all Houston's calamities -the orators at the little capital, state officers, judges, legislators, breathed the same poison and fled. The town was abandoned, the orators and all. But they sent their secretary of war to take command from the cowardly Houston. He would fight—indeed, he would!

Houston stood like a wounded mammoth alone, their darts of poison and shafts of venom in his brow. He bowed his head, shook them off and led his fighting herd with gleaming tusks across his last and most perilous river, the Buffalo Bayou. He crossed after a day and night of most strenuous hardship, miraculously, almost in sight of the enemy, who, if they had caught his little army divided as it crossed, would have annihilated them. He led the plunge across the river, his horse following, swimming after his master in the one frail boat.

That perilous but safe landing meant Texas free. He stood at the mouth of the sack, beating Santa Anna to it. The arrogant bully and butcher of the Alamo and the Goliad did not know it, but in plain view of Houston's army he filed gayly across and selected the bottom of the trap, bottling up himself.

The Mexicans Come to the Bower

His army, beautifully accoutered and correctly drawn up, with artillery in the center, cavalry on both flanks, and barricaded with wagons, brush and camp equipments, was more than twice that which stood before him. It had crossed at Vince's Bridge and it was the twentieth day of April.

"'The sun of Austerlitz has risen again,'" smiled Houston, quoting Napoleon, as he rose from the ground at sunrise next day, his pillow a coil of rope.

At noon a council of war was held. Should they attack or be attacked? The orators were against the attacking, four to two.

"Let them attack us," said the secretary of war, who had been sent out to force Houston to fight. "Let us stand where we are and we can whip all Mexico!"

He even urged that a pontoon bridge be thrown across the Bayou near Vince's to make a retreat doubly sure. That was the orator's view. The fighter even then was preparing to burn the only bridge behind them.

Houston's reply was to call Deaf Smith, order him to "go like an eagle," cut down and burn Vince's bridge.

Never was a bridge destroyed so quickly! The Texan battle song is the love lyric, Come to the Bower. It happened this way: Only one man of the 700 could play a tune on a fife, one could beat a drum. Houston mounted his tired horse, a nondescript sword in a battered scabbard hung to his waist by a rawhide thong. Huge boots half covered his torn and muddy trousers. An old soiled white hat was on his head. "Play your tune," he shouted to the fifer and the drummer. "Forward, men! Follow your general and remember the Alamo and the Goliad."

Then burst that fife and drum into the only piece of musical irony that ever led a battle line:

Oh, come to the bower, my love, my love;
Oh, come to the bower I've builded for you.

It was a love bower in only one thing—an embrace. But to the Mexican it was Death's, not Romeo's.

(Continued on Page 117)

He has helped in the wonderful progress of the South

As a native of the South, C. B. Mallard of Jacksonville, Florida, has materially helped in the startling development of that section of the country. His contribution has been to install the most advanced Toledo weighing equipment in the many new warehouses, stores, and industries in the Jacksonville area. The size of his task can be gauged by the fact that every commodity is weighed at some stage of distribution or manufacture.

Hand in hand with the energetic, far-seeing manufacturers and merchants of the South, C. B. Mallard has moved forward and upward with them. To hundreds of manufacturing, wholesale and retail businesses, Mr. Mallard has contributed the present speed and accuracy of their weighing operations, affording greater profit.

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Through him a mattress factory has increased its profit by accurately checking in $100,000 worth of cotton annually by the labor-saving Toledo method, instead of accepting vendor's weight. An ice company, by actually weighing ice into its delivery wagons instead of estimating it, is saving enough to pay for its Toledo Scale in less than a year.

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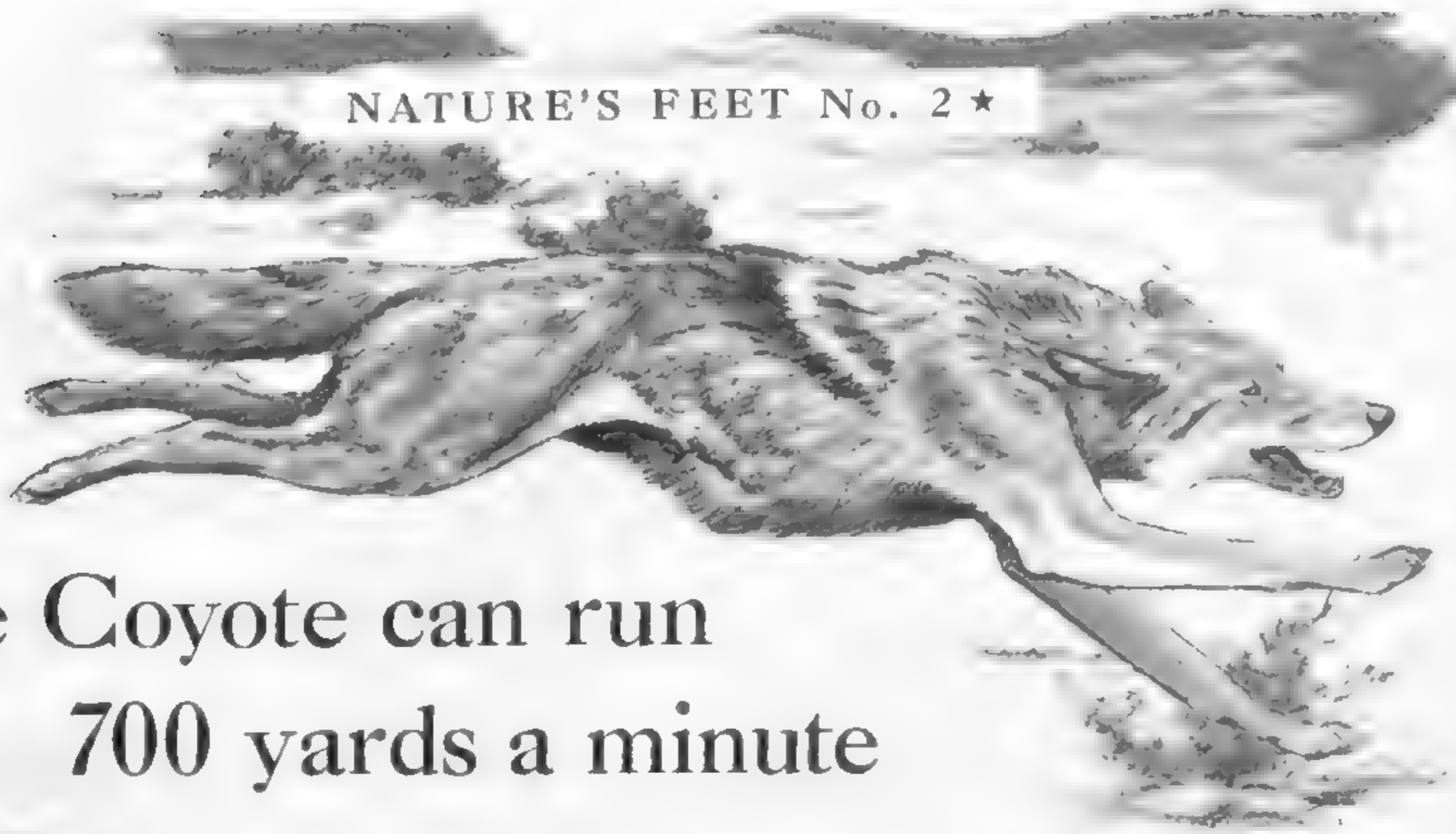

The Coyote can run 700 yards a minute

TRAPPER EVANS, Montana woodsman, tells of the time he was stalked by a coyote

The coyote is one of the swiftest of American animals. He has to be fast in order to eat, for his prey is both fleet and wary. Much of the speed of the coyote is due to the character of his feet, as is also the terrific spring with which he brings down his kill.

Read Trapper Evans' amazing story

"One morning I was out hunting geese with my brother.

"We had placed the decoys around us and were sitting waiting for the geese to arrive. They did not come, but off in the distance we heard a coyote howl. As day commenced to break we noticed the coyote sitting on a nearby hill about half a mile away.

"I thought I would have some fun. So picking up one of the decoys which had a bullet hole through it, my gun in hand, I crawled through the grass, holding the decoy just above the top of the grass. I had gone about 50 yards when I looked back and noticed my brother waving me to lie down.

"I lay down quietly and looking through the hole in the decoy beheld a strange sight. The coyote, thinking that one of the geese had strayed from the flock, was crawling slowly towards me, every once in a while rising to look at his supposed prey.

"I lay perfectly still and waited until he approached within 50 feet. Then rising quickly I shot him before he recovered from his surprise.

"The coyote's feet are very much like the wolf's, only smaller. He is a cunning fellow and very swift as he moves to catch the prey on which he feeds."

Trapper Evans

KEDS give the human foot protection and springiness like the coyote's paw.

Watch the joy with which children change from their hot, heavy, stiff shoes, to cool, light, springy Keds.

It's when we interfere with nature that our foot troubles begin. The farther we get from "barefoot freedom," the smaller are our chances of having good feet. Keds, with their elastic springy soles, represent nature's way to normal feet, for Keds encourage the foot muscles to exercise freely and the arch to develop normally. Leg muscles keep their tone.

Keds are today the most widely used shoes in athletics in America. They are the shoes of champions. Last year Keds were worn in 18 national championship tennis matches.

Keds tough rubber soles not only wear and wear; they absorb shocks and prevent slipping or sliding. Keds uppers are light with a snug fit, strong enough to protect your ankle against sudden twists and strains. A special insole of Feltex keeps your feet comfortable.

Made in a dozen different models ranging in price from $1.25 to $4.50.

United States Rubber Company

The "GLADIATOR"—A sturdy Keds model for boys' all round use. In brown, white or gray with distinctive, non-skid sole.

The "ADONIS"—A new sports oxford with unicanvas crepe sole and cushion heel. White with black or tan trimming.

The "SPOR-TIE"—Upper of fancy mixed basket weave sport cloth with olive trimming and corrugated sole to match. For growing girls, misses and children.

The "PARADE"—A smart woman's oxford with cut out design. Fabric of mixed tan and sand. Smooth sole and wedge heel.

TRAPPER EVANS *will send you the actual footprint of the coyote.*

By special arrangement with Trapper Evans the makers of Keds are now able to offer you the actual tracks of many American wild animals imprinted in claylike material, hardened and mounted on felt. Each one is an original, identical footprint.

Write to Trapper Evans, care of Keds Outdoor Dept., Desk B, 1790 Broadway, New York City, enclosing 35c. Your letter will be forwarded to Trapper Evans in Montana and he will send you a coyote's track (postpaid in U. S. or Canada).

A postcard will bring a complete list of these wild animal tracks free.

★ This account of the coyote by Trapper Evans is the second of a series of his experiences with wild animals of America printed for the first time by the makers of Keds. The story of the mountain sheep will be told in the June 2nd issue.

THEY ARE NOT KEDS UNLESS THE NAME KEDS IS ON THE SHOE

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(Continued from Page 115

Then swept Deaf Smith on a wild pony across the front of the entire battle line, waving a gleaming ax and shouting "I've cut down Vince's Bridge! Now fight for your lives, and remember the Alamo!"

It is not to the discredit of the Mexicans that the battle was won in the quick time of less than thirty minutes. So fierce and overwhelming was the Texans' wrath, so unerring their aim and so avenging the crush of their rifle barrels over the heads of men who begged for mercy in broken English—"Me no Alamo, me no Goliad"—that it was, indeed, not a battle, but a slaughter. It was as if Nemesis had turned keeper of the hounds of the gods and had wantonly flung a kennel of Olympian terriers into a cellar of rats and clamped down the door. When it was lifted each terrier had killed his rat, slashed another to pieces and had his paw on the third. Urrea, Gaona and Filisola, although in striking distance with 5000 men, breathed the poison and fled. They speedily put the Rio Grande between them and the bowie's brand of death.

The Corn of San Jacinto

Texans are justly proud of the great picture of the Mexican surrender which adorns the walls of their capitol. It was morning of the next day. Houston's horse, fatally shot at the first discharge, collapsed under him as the rout was finished. Only then did he realize that a Mexican ball had splintered his own ankle. Wearied, suffering, sleepless, the next morning found him lying under an oak on a blanket. Scouts had been out all night hunting for the Mexican dictator.

"Search every man you overtake, closely," said Houston; "you will find Santa Anna making his retreat on all fours, dressed as bad, at least, as a common soldier." And so the jubilant and ruthless Texans had found him, disguised, slipping through the grass on his belly.

Houston was dozing when Santa Anna was brought in. The Mexican, his hand on his heart, went down on the ground and kissed his conqueror's hand. Houston, aroused, and thinking it was the camp dog, slapped it off.

"I am Gen. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, President of the Mexican Republic, and I claim to be your prisoner of war." He stood bowing, with his hand on his heart.

The dour Scot merely grunted and waved his hand toward an unoccupied soap box.

"That man can consider himself born to no common destiny who has conquered the Napoleon of the West," boasted the Mexican. "It remains for him to be generous to the vanquished," he added.

Deaf Smith sat on a stump, gripping his rifle. Others stood around, their hands on bowie or pistol, watching keenly their general's brow for a nod, even the lift of an eyebrow.

For the first time Houston arose on his elbow. A dangerous fierce light flamed in his eyes. His men felt the struggle he made to be calm. They plainly saw the cold sweat gather on his brow. For one brief moment the thread of Santa Anna's cowardly life lay across the keen edge of a sword.

"You should have remembered that at the Alamo and at Goliad." It came sternly and with hot vengeance in the telling.

The Mexican paled, cringed, laid his hands on his heart and beggingly proclaimed his innocence, laying it on Urrea, swearing he would have him shot.

The click of a dozen pistol locks brought the great leader to his unimpassioned self. The nod, the lifted eyebrow, did not come to his men. He saw deeper and farther. What was one more dead Mexican to 700 unburied on the plains around him, the hundreds of others whose swollen bodies at Vince's Bridge dammed the slow-running waters of the Bayou, where the Texans had mercilessly shot them as horses and riders floundered in the stream to reach a bridge that was not there? He would teach him the difference between his breed and the mongrels; he would save him to sign on the dotted line for Texas independence.

The climax was Homeric. The Mexican prisoners stood in line, expecting to be shot as they had shot those at Goliad. With a wave of his hand, Houston ordered the guards to ground their arms. The prisoners dropped to the ground at rest, amazed, scarcely believing their lives had been spared, some of them weeping.

"Go!" He waved to the guard to take the Mexican general to his tent. Then, remembering, he drew a half-eaten ear of corn from his pocket and sent this parting shot after the invaders of his country: "Do you expect to conquer men who fight for freedom, whose general can march four days with one ear of corn for his rations?"

"We will call it Houston corn," shouted his men, thronging around him, each begging for a grain to plant.

"No, the corn of San Jacinto." The grim old chief had smiled at last. And thus did independent Texas plant her first crop of corn.

Houston erred—a noble error, perhaps, but the written scroll of the future proved its tragic unwisdom.

He treated the Mexican as a guest, gave him a guard for his cringing life, his own camp and such comforts as it held, during the many months he held him there until the treaty was signed.

A Day Too Late

Professing undying gratitude and friendship, the Mexican betrayed him with the same baseness that led the Goliad defenders to a slaughter pen. For once in his life Houston forgot the teachings of his Cæsar. Jackson played the game sternly and by fixed rules that were known to work. He would have shot or held Santa Anna and taken 371 bloody tolls for Goliad. Jackson knew that the mongrel knows no law but fear; that only the brand of death on the hip of a halfbreed puts honor in his hide. There would have been no Mexican War ten years later, when Taylor and Scott had to whip him again, no loss of thousands of young American lives and millions in her treasury. . . . Why rush off to Sunday school when your house is on fire?

Santa Anna and his government promptly repudiated his solemn truce with Texas, and annoyed the growing young giant for the next ten years in every way possible; but like curs that bark valiantly on the other side of the fence, none dared to cross the Rio Grande. Santa Anna lived to extreme old age, but Houston died early.

Dawn Mist Falls, Glacier National Park, Montana

On the day that Jackson died—it was June 8, 1845—Houston, feeling, as he said, the mysterious far call across the prairies of Texas which told him if he would see his old chief alive he must hurry, reached, by long and wearisome ride, the town of Nashville. It was morning and the Sabbath. He would rest and ride to the Hermitage the next morning. He rested one day too long, for, with the setting of the sun of that Sabbath, the great twin of his soul slipped off into immortality.

Houston laid him to rest. He led all in eloquent tribute at the great public gathering that followed.

A Message From the Stars

Sadly, he left the home of his youth to return no more. But he found that the old chief had not forgotten him even in death, for the last public letter he wrote with feeble hand, but clear brain, had been to John Tyler, President of the United States, urging him to sign the bill admitting Texas into the Union.

"I shall die happy," he wrote, "when I know that Texas has been admitted to the Union."

On March 1, 1845—his last official act, although a Whig, and yielding his office to his Democratic successor, James K. Polk, who had been elected over the straddling and compromising Clay, by boldly proclaiming this very issue and the acquisition of both California and Oregon—Tyler signed the bill.

This meant war with Mexico and perhaps England, and Houston knew it. It meant that he and the old chief must talk heart to heart for the last time, for the flag was in danger; the flag of Tohopeka and New Orleans. It had been the tie that held them in life. It should be the tie that would hold them in death. He was too late to talk face to face in the flesh, but over that grave their spirits became one, for when the crisis came to Houston, sixteen years later, after receiving every honor his people could give him, twice president, governor, three times United States senator, he had become himself an old man who sat sadly in the executive office of the great empire he had turned into a star of the republic. The flag of Tohopeka, of New Orleans, and now of San Jacinto and Monterey, still floated over its dome.

Not by his hand would it ever come down! Its enemies had won, but not until he had faced them and told them truths in eloquence which we know now was prophecy and which easily ranks with Patrick Henry's and Webster's.

But his enemies had won, and they brought to him the bill of allegiance to another flag—a flag that was not Jackson's, nor Polk's, nor Crockett's, nor Travis', nor old Ben Milam's.

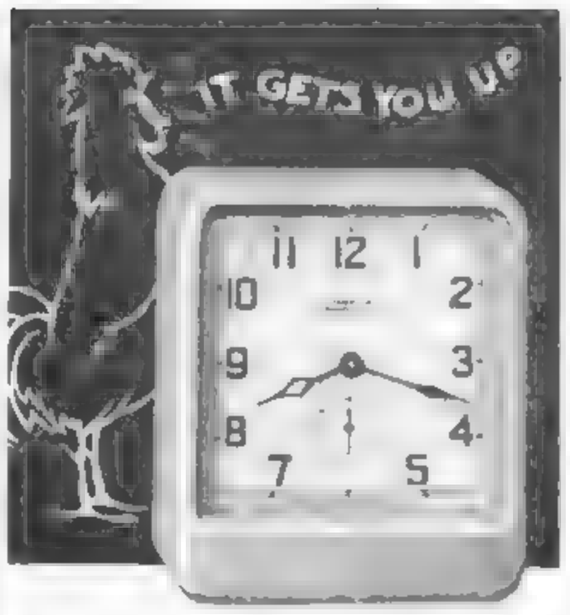
"I'll be damned if I do." Without a word, he walked out. But those who saw him beheld again in his eyes the fierce light that came always in the crises of his life—at Tohopeka and San Jacinto. . . .

It was not of earth, but came from the ether of the hindermost stars, a mysterious message from the radio of dead but immortal lips: "Our Federal Union, it Must be Preserved!"

When romanticism is stripped of its soul the reaction is from the heights to the hovel. There fell on Houston Indian degeneracy again. He was shunned, an outcast. They called him traitor, liar, coward. His beard grew long, his hair unkempt, his clothes shabby.

Only the beloved Margaret held him to earth. Broken-hearted and rudderless, one calm night in July, 1863, his great soul passed out, beyond the rim of farthest space to join the twin soul of its own. His last words were: "Margaret" "Texas."

In front of the White House in Washington the heroic figure of Jackson sits on a horse whose forefeet have never touched the earth. Should not Houston be near, on the steed that died under him at San Jacinto, winning a battle that made the continent all American?



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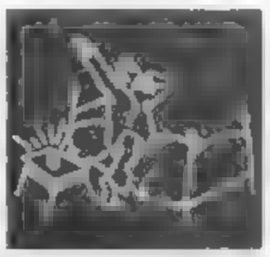

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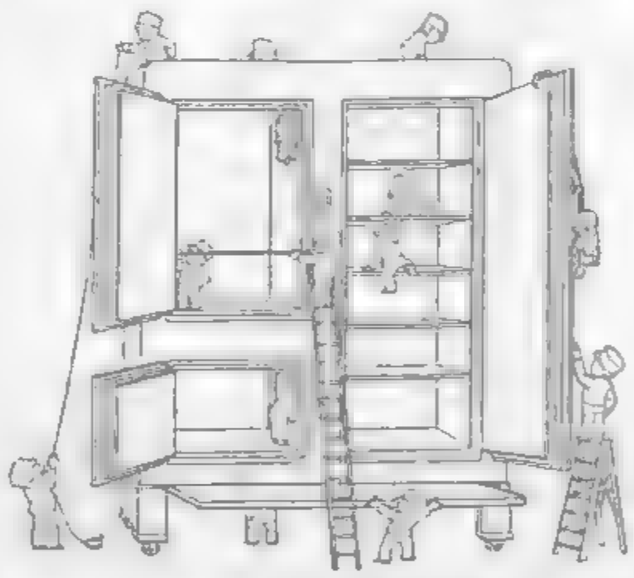
The National Association of Ice Industries is making a nation-wide study to help the housewife get the best service out of her refrigerator. The various Ice Companies in cities and towns throughout the country are coöperating in the movement. They are prepared to help refrigerator owners find out whether or not they are getting the most effective results from their ice. Get in touch with your local Ice Company.



Perfect Refrigeration Means a Lot to You

Food quality is a very big element in health—much more than most people realize. Few edibles can be kept longer than a few hours without loss in food value unless properly refrigerated. Ice checks bacterial growth in foods, the cause of spoilage. It not only saves food but safeguards health, by keeping food fresh and pure.

But even health is not all. Everybody wants flavor. Food must be crisp, tasty, appetizing. Flavor is its greatest charm. You pay extra to get it—why not keep it? Ice, in a good refrigerator, preserves in full perfection the delicious juices and precious, elusive flavors of food.

Big Advantages of Ice

When ice is properly used in a good refrigerator, there is nothing cheaper nor better. Ice both cools the food and purifies the air in a refrigerator. When food is kept too cold, it dries out and becomes tasteless. If it freezes, flavor is spoiled. Ice keeps the air cold enough, without being too cold—dry enough, without being too dry. The food retains its savory juices.

The constant circulation of air over ice purifies food automatically. Impurities and odors are deposited on and absorbed by the film of moisture on the ice cake and carried off in meltage through the outlet. No other method of refrigeration provides this continuous purifying process. It takes melting ice and an open outlet to do this.

Ice keeps food *at its best.*

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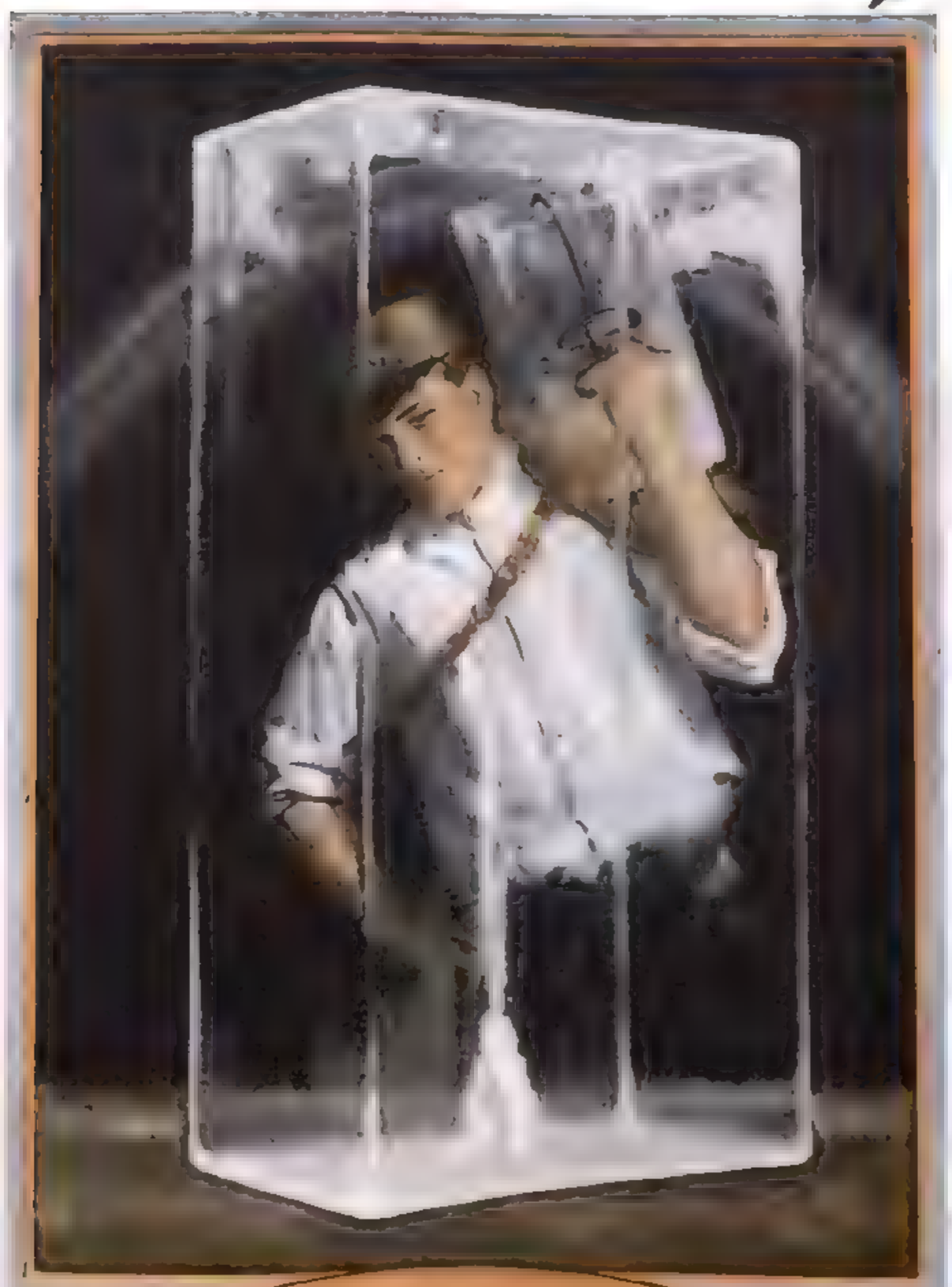

Surprisingly Low Cost

Ice is cheap and requires very simple equipment—just a good icebox. A survey covering the ice bills in more than 20,000 homes throughout the country shows that the cost of ice for the average household ice customer is only $26.31 yearly, or $2.19 monthly. The average *all-year* ice user pays only $42.42 annually, or $3.54 monthly.

If more people would use better refrigerators the cost would be even less—much less.

Be sure you have a *good* refrigerator. When well made, it will more than save its extra cost quickly.

In buying a refrigerator, make sure that it is well insulated, soundly constructed, scientifically designed for proper air circulation, with ample food chamber and ice chamber capacity for the size of your family. For best results, the refrigerator should be completely insulated with two inches of corkboard or its equivalent; never have less than one inch in wood cabinet refrigerators or 1½ inches in metal cabinets.

Ask your local ice company to help you select the model best suited to your requirements. It has the facts, obtained by practical tests.

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Pure as sunlight—*refresh yourself*

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The proof of the purity is in the testing. Twenty-two scientific tests for purity, covering every step in its preparation, safeguard this pure drink of natural flavors. ❀ ❀ You can always count on that delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment when you ask for Coca-Cola.

The Best Served Drink in the World

A pure drink of natural flavors served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim

8 million a day

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

TALK

(Continued from Page 41)

testimony to his success as an entertainer. At train time Mr. Porson accompanied his new acquaintance to the station. They shook hands cordially on the platform.

"Glad to've met you," said the horse carver heartily. "Any time you're in the city be sure to look me up."

Mr. Porson promised. In a pleasant glow he witnessed the departure of the local and waved his hand cheerfully in response to a similar gesture from the window of the smoker.

Returning, he paused before the doorway of the blacksmith shop, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, while Dan Storey, snickering and showing the gold tooth, made merry over the innocence of people who believed everything they heard, including autobiographical remarks on the part of horse carvers. The loungers in the shop guffawed gleefully at each recurrence of the words, and even the blacksmith looked up from the hoof between his aproned knees to grin at the phrase; but Mr. Porson heard it all with sober dignity.

"Don't see no reason to think he was lyin' about it," he said mildly. "Seen a sight of wooden horses, I have. Somebody must 've carved 'em, I guess."

"Dog-goned if he don't believe it even now!" Storey laughed joyously.

Mr. Porson wagged his head. "Don't see nothin' so all-fired smart about not believin' things," he said. "Sounded real reas'nable—all this feller had to say about the business."

He submitted acquiescently to Storey's ridicule until the big silver watch informed him that it was time for him to go back to the boarding house for the dinner pail containing his two nocturnal meals. He swung this almost gayly as he approached the rear door of the bank. Everything considered, the afternoon had been unusually successful.

"Don't know when I've heard more talk," he told himself aloud as he turned his key in the time clock.

II

MR. PORSON had risen rather earlier than was his habit. As he sauntered hopefully down Main Street the steeple clock clanged thrice, and he stopped to verify the accuracy of the silver watch. Proceeding, his eye hopefully alert for persons conversationally disposed, he came to a sudden delighted halt before the bank. Emerging from its door with a leather satchel was, unmistakably, the horse carver. Mr. Porson greeted him almost affectionately; but the other, regarding him without visible pleasure, evaded his extended hand and crossed the sidewalk briskly to a car that stood, shaken by the vibration of its idling engine, beside the curb.

Mr. Porson's disappointed eye found something dimly familiar about the large man who was in the act of climbing to the seat. He approached the car, still hopeful, but as the horse carver set foot on its running board it jerked forward; leaving Mr. Porson standing, open-mouthed and dejected, on the curb, it scudded away. He stared after it till it swerved abruptly about the bend of the road. His memory now identified the large man; he had been shaved by Les McVitty on the occasion of the earlier visit of the horse carver.

The circumstance seemed worthy of narration, to Mr. Porson. He stopped in the doorway of the barber shop and informed the unresponsive Mr. McVitty of it:

"Them two fellers was just here—the one 't carves horses and the fat one 't was gettin' shaved. Seen 'm come out 'f the bank. Drivin' a flivver, this time, they was."

Mr. McVitty was sourly uninterested; but Dan Storey, lounging in the chair beside the window, exhibited his golden tooth. "Tell you any more about the horse-carvin' business?" he snickered.

Mr. Porson shook his head regretfully. "Seemed 's though they was in a hurry this time. Drove off kind of fast. Didn't have no talk with neither of 'em."

"Too bad," said Storey. "Kind of hoped you'd find out what the other feller does f'r a livin'. Might be a bull milker, 'r somethin' like that."

Even Les McVitty permitted a niggardly chuckle to escape him. Mr. Porson, heartened by this sign of relenting, was on the point of entering the shop, when a sudden outcry from the other side of the street diverted him from this purpose. Eben Whipple, standing on the steps of the bank, was waving his arms and shouting. Mr. Porson ran toward him.

"Something's wrong in the bank," said Whipple. "The door ain't locked, but there isn't a soul inside."

Over his shoulder Mr. Porson's bewildered stare confirmed the statement. He brushed past Whipple and gazed blankly at the teller's empty cage, the untenanted stools of the two clerks, the vacant chair of Mr. Tanner, overturned behind the august mahogany desk.

"What's 'come of all of 'em?" he demanded. "It ain't hardly closin' time, and they'd all ought to be right here."

A distant muffled sound of thudding answered him; there were vague shouting noises. He tilted his head to listen. The sounds guided him to the rear of the building. They came from behind the door of the closet where Mr. Porson kept his broom and mop. He tried the handle. The door shook under a redoubled pounding on its inner side and a voice, unmistakably that of Mr. Tanner, adjured him passionately to unlock it.

"Key's gone," shouted Mr. Porson. He stood back, considering ways and means. "Wait a minute. I got a notion." With his jackknife he tapped at the pins of the hinges. The door fell outward, and, led by Mr. Tanner, the teller and the two clerks surged out over it.

"What 'd you-all go in there f'r?" demanded Mr. Porson. "How'd you ——" They jostled past him in a united rush for the outer door. He stared after them. "You-all crazy? What ——"

"Robbed, you fool!" Mr. Tanner's presidential dignity had evaporated; his whiskers quivered with the intensity of his outraged wrath. "Did you see which way they went? Two of them one fat and the other ——"

"Short, dark-complected feller with a mole on his cheek?" Dan Storey had joined the group that crowded into the lobby, and his voice was shrill with excitement.

"That's it. Which way did they go?" Tanner jumped at him. "Speak up, man! They've got all the cash we had on hand!"

"It's them!" Storey exploded in a high-pitched laugh. "Ask Porson! He knows the dark-complected one real well. He ——"

"If it was them 't done it," said Mr. Porson, challenged by the imposing glare of Mr. Tanner, "they went north, drivin' a flivver. But ——"

"Get the sheriff on the wire," snapped Tanner. "If they're on the highway in a flivver, there's a chance of catching up with them yet. Telephone up to the police at Darmstadt, Jim."

"Look here, Mr. Tanner"—Mr. Porson moved forward eagerly—"if you want to catch them fellers you can do it easy. Listen here! The smallest one's in the horse-carvin' business over to ——"

Tanner paused. "How do you know so much about him?" he demanded. Under his suddenly terrible eye, Mr. Porson's tongue failed him.

Dan Storey pressed forward. "That's how they worked it, Mr. Tanner. Spent a whole afternoon pumpin' Al Porson about the bank. Heard 'em over to the hotel. Even had him drawin' pitchers of the layout on a newspaper. Seen him myself."

Under Tanner's awful eye Mr. Porson's uneasy silence was confession. "In with 'em, were you? That's how they knew their way around, eh? Grab him, boys! We'll ——"

Dan Storey intervened. "Shucks, Mr. Tanner, Al wasn't in cahoots with 'em. They just got him talkin'—kidded him along, the way everybody does, till he told 'em what they aimed to find out."

"He said he was in the horse-carvin' business," Mr. Porson declared doggedly. "Said he ——"

"So you told him all he needed to know, did you?" Tanner abolished him with a gesture. "Get out of this and stay out! Got the sheriff, Jim?"

"On the way over. Trying to get Darmstadt now."

Mr. Porson was brushed aside in the fevered scurry that ensued. Nobody would listen to him. His endeavor to regain the ear of Mr. Tanner resulted only in a more explicit statement of his altered relation to the bank.

"You mean I'm fired?" he asked.

"You're lucky to be out of jail," Tanner informed him. "You'd be there right now if I thought you had the sense to know what you were doing. Told that yegg just when the mill pay roll would be here, I suppose. Told him just where there was a place to lock us all up while he made his get-away! Cost us twelve thousand dollars, that's all. Oh, yes, you're fired, Porson!"

"You c'n get him easy," insisted Mr. Porson. "All you got to do is look f'r somebody in the horse-carvin' business. Stands to reason they can't be many of 'em left. All you got to do ——"

"Mean to tell me you haven't got it through your head even yet that he was making a fool of you? A horse carver! And you believe it!"

"He said so himself," said Mr. Porson stubbornly. "All you got to do ——"

Retreating before the menace of Tanner's exasperated gesture, he endeavored without success to gain a hearing from Sheriff Calvin Tupper, whose huge pulpy bulk occupied the entire back seat of the car which, even as Mr. Porson began to explain, moved in pursuit of the thieves. He had better luck with the bystanders gathered in front of the bank door, now closed and barred against the curious.

These gave willing ear to Mr. Porson's views, even encouraging him to repeat them; but it was altogether apparent even to Mr. Porson's observation that he was providing entertainment rather than information. He withdrew presently, pursued by snickers.

He was engaged in earnest conversation with himself when he came abreast of the white house where old Tom Linkletter, retired from his shoe business, spent his declining days in the dappling shadow of his venerable apple tree. Mr. Porson hesitated thoughtfully at the gate. Squaring his shoulders with sudden resolution, he swung it back and strode up the walk. Mr. Linkletter regarded him with the bleached eye of tremulous age. His lower jaw quivered and his face, pink and artless with the innocence of second childhood, assumed a vaguely apprehensive look.

"Aint feeling fit to talk, Al," he quavered. "Seems 's though I ain't got the stren'th f'r it, kinda."

Mr. Porson disregarded the implications of the remark. "Used to have a wooden horse when you was in the harness business, didn't you?"

Linkletter's bleached eye brightened feebly. "Yeh. Dapple gray, it was. Give good money f'r it, I did. Aimed to get me the best they was."

"'Member where you bought it?" Mr. Porson spoke more eagerly.

"I'd ought to, seein' what I give f'r it. Bought it off Conrad Hoffnagle, down to Binchester. Best hand to carve a horse I ever see, he was. Charged high f'r 'em, but they was wuth it—might think they was alive if you didn't get too close."

Mr. Porson produced the stub of a pencil and made laborious note upon the back of a frayed envelope. Departing he moved with decent haste, the legitimate hurry of one no longer compelled to regard time as something merely to be endured. His head was up; he carried himself with dignity. At the bank, denied admission by the front door, he used his latchkey to unlock the rear entrance. Harshly forbidden by Mr. Tanner to linger, he wagged his head with dogged purpose.

"Got something better to do 'n hang around here," he declared. "Jest stopped in to get my things."

From the cubby-hole under the basement stairs he brought forth certain items of equipment purchased in the early period of his night watchmanship, while he still lay under the illusion that adventure and romance were implicit in that profession. Distrustful of his accuracy with a revolver, he had acquired instead a double-barreled shotgun, sawed off to half its normal length. He had prevailed, too, on Calvin Tupper to swear him in as deputy, and the nickeled badge pertaining to this office was still pinned under the lapel of the old coat he wore when on duty. He possessed, also, a pair of handcuffs, venerable and rusty, but serviceable notwithstanding.

Tanner's irate eye widened at the sight of these articles.

"What you going to do with all that?" he demanded.

Mr. Porson surveyed him calmly. "Aim to go get back that there money," he said. "And the man 't stole it too."

The confidence with which he spoke manifestly impressed Tanner. "What makes you think you can do it? Know anything you haven't told us?"

"Been tryin' to tell you ever since the rob'ry happened," said Mr. Porson. "Wouldn't a soul listen to me. All you got to do is go hunt f'r somebody in the horse-carv——"

"All right—all right!" said Tanner hurriedly. "You go and do it."

"Aim to," said Mr. Porson. He wrapped a newspaper securely about the sawed-off gun, bestowed the handcuffs in the pocket of his coat and affixed the badge to his suspender strap.

Contemplating these operations Tanner was moved to sour amusement. "There's a thousand dollars reward, you know, if you catch those fellows."

Mr. Porson looked up from the process of surrounding the shotgun with another layer of newspaper. "I c'n use it," he said. Again his conviction seemed to impress the banker.

"You really think he was telling you the truth when he ——"

"All through tryin' to say what I think," said Mr. Porson. "Don't see no good reason f'r tryin' to leave somebody else c'lect that there reward money."

He made a dignified exit. On the way to the station he turned a deaf ear to sundry pleasantries having to do with horse carvers. He bought a ticket to Binchester and, from the window of the smoking car, wagged his head at the retreating environs of the village.

III

THE thick-set, short-necked man behind the desk at police headquarters in Binchester paid a mollifying respect to Mr. Porson's badge of office. He had been apprised by telegraph of the robbery and was immediately and soberly interested in the suggestion that at least one of the perpetrators resided in Binchester.

"Hoffnagle, eh?" A gangling clerk responded to his ring and returned with a city directory. A blunt forefinger ran down the page, halted. "Uh-huh. Here we are. Conrad Hoffnagle, wood carver; 22½ Mohawk. Hey, Riordan!"

(Continued on Page 124)

There is sheer joy—

They satisfy some instinct deep within you. An elemental desire that's strong in every man whose heart is young. The long-pent-up hunger for color!... ¶ Color—joyous—vivid—alluring! *The new idea in Pajamas.* Sponsored by Glover, originator of fine sleeping-wear. And now sweeping America.... ¶ No wonder men like this new idea. No wonder they have adopted Glover's for lounging as well as sleep. In your leisure hours, it is refreshing to be attractively clad. To lay aside the day's cares and clothes and step into the rich luxury of Glover Pajamas. It is *good*—invigorating! And wives approve enthusiastically.... ¶ In the intimacy of the home—beneath the reading-lamp, beside the radio, at the late Sunday breakfast. In exclusive clubs—on crack trains—at world-famous resorts. And on the beach. Everywhere, you find these new-type Glover Pajamas. Their gorgeous colorings—their custom tailoring and European styling—the subtle refinements only Glover can give.... ¶ Tonight, Glover's invite you to this pleasant experience. To know the sheer joy of wearing these dashing modern garments. To express freely your own individuality, in color and pattern. You'll find Glover Pajamas cost no more than the old-fashioned, colorless kind. Ask for them at your favorite store!

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GLOVER PAJAMAS

CORSICAN, $6.50
Blue, Green and Rose Figured
(standing figure)

FUJIYAMA, $8.50
Rose, Blue, Navy, Black
(seated figure)

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just in wearing them
(Shown on figures left to right)
OLYMPIA, $5
Red, Green, Blue, Black
HARROW, $3
Blue, Rose, and Helio
IMPERATOR, $5
Black, Navy, and Blue
STEVENS, $6.50
Green, Navy, Rose Blue
GOODWOOD, $6
Assorted dark figures
BUCKINGHAM, $3
Blue, Green and Tan
WELLINGTON, $4.50
Black, Blue, Helio, Rose
VENDOME, $5.50
Blue, Brown, Navy, Black
SANDOWN, $5.50
Red, Green and Blue
KENTUCKY DERBY, $4
Helio, Tan and Blue

250 Yards down the fairway

A SWING—a click—a white sphere streaking through the air—straight and true and far. A 250-yard drive—and you with your head high, your heart light, your chest expanded.

But don't forget that the clubs help — especially Burke clubs. Steel shaft of Chrome-Molybdenum—the strongest, toughest alloy made. Tempered three times to give the famous True Temper shaft of extraordinary liveliness. Vibration eliminated by reduction offset rings—every Burke club is braced like a bridge. Each club perfectly balanced and the clubs in each set balanced with each other.

Burke clubs give greater distance, greater accuracy. They cut strokes from every round. Your pro or favorite sporting goods store has Burkes or will get them for you.

An enlarged section of the True Temper Steel Shaft

Burke

CLUBS • BAGS • BALLS

THE BURKE GOLF CO.
Newark, Ohio

(Continued from Page 121)

Another bull-necked gentleman in citizen attire entered in answer to the hail

"This is a deputy sheriff from Unionville on that bank job. He's got a tip that it was pulled off by a bird named Hoffnagle, from here. Chase up to this address with him and see what's in it."

Mr. Porson rose. He shook hands with the lieutenant and followed Riordan nimbly to the street. Here a small car with a police-department tag above its license plate awaited them. Riordan drove it speedily through the traffic of the waning afternoon. It paused presently at the mouth of a narrow alley between dingy brick houses. Descending Riordan discreetly transferred a flat gun to the side pocket of his coat and permitted his right hand to remain there with it.

"Over the wiaduct, down by the winegar woiks," he quoted. "Watch your step, brother. They boil 'em hard around here."

Mr. Porson clutched his newspaper parcel firmly in both hands; his eyes were bright. "Guess they'll laugh out the wrong side of their mouths back home," he said. "Think they're so smart never to believe nothin'. Le's go in. They's a thousand dollars' ree-ward."

Riordan permitted him to lead the way along the alley. Behind the abutting houses, it ended at the door of a weather-beaten wooden building, across the front of which, in faded white paint, stretched a legend to the effect that here C. Hoffnagle engaged in the allied pursuits of carving and turning wood. It was Mr. Porson's hand that opened the peeling door. Riordan entered a wide, raftered shop, littered and cobwebbed, partially screened by Mr. Porson's slighter figure. At the farther end, in the light of a grimy window, a wizened man in a bedticking apron surveyed them above steel-rimmed glasses, interrupting his task of painting the distended nostril of a rocking-horse with spirited vermilion.

Riordan pushed forward now, exhibiting the badge pinned to his vest.

"We're from headquarters, see? We're looking for a bird named Hoffnagle."

"That's me." The shriveled ancient spoke with a guttural thickness. "What could I do for you? Rogging-hosses—I guess, not?" He imparted to the word a flavor of resigned contempt.

Riordan turned to Mr. Porson. "This the bird you're after?"

Mr. Porson shook his head. The plain-clothes man swung about menacingly on the wood carver. "Never mind trying to stall. Come through. We want Hoffnagle, see, and we're here to get him."

"Dot's me." The man's speech thickened slightly. "You could ask anybody. Forty-fife years I am in business here."

His tone carried conviction even to Riordan's professional skepticism. "Well, you got a son, haven't you? Or a grandson maybe. Come on, don't stall now."

"Nobody," said Hoffnagle. "I ain'd married. I live upstairs. You could ask anybody. Forty-fife years I am living here."

Riordan swung about to Mr. Porson. "Well, how about it? It's your job. If you ask me, I think the old bird's on the level. What's next?"

"It ain't him," said Mr. Porson. "Don't understand it, I don't. The feller said himself he was in the horse-carvin' business, and Tom Linkletter says it was a man named Hoffnagle 't carved the horse he used to have in the harness store."

"Linkletter?" The old man nodded eagerly. "Sure! I garf him a horse in eighdeen hunnert eighdy-sigs. Linkletter, by Unionville? Sure'"

"Le's get it straight." Riordan faced Mr. Porson. "Who tipped you off to this?"

"Why, the feller himself," Mr. Porson explained patiently. "He was over home a couple weeks back, him and another man, and we got to talkin', kind of, and this feller let on 't he was into the horse-carvin' business. Claimed it was him 't made Tom Linkletter's horse."

He submitted to a brisk fire of cross-question, Riordan's voice and manner steadily lessening in patience. "And you fell for it! A slick yegg hands you a line of hooey that wouldn't kid a baby, and you chase all the way over here on the strength of it! Holy Mike!"

Stubbornness came into Mr. Porson's face. "He said so himself," he persisted. "He said ——"

"Murder!" Riordan lifted his hands. "You believe it yet! Gimme air—gimme air!"

He swaggered heavily to the door. Mr. Porson made a last effort to detain him. "Wait! They's a thousand dollars ree ——"

"Keep it," said Riordan with feeling. The door slammed after him.

Mr. Porson turned to Hoffnagle. "Never could see nothin' so all-fired smart about not believin' nothin'," he said. "The feller didn't have no reason to lie to me, did he?" He meditated. "Didn't come right out and say his name was Hoffnagle, though, come to think of it. Might be somebody else in the horse-carvin' business."

Hoffnagle wagged his head. "No one is in the business no more," he declared. "Almost there ain'd no sudge business. Even by merrick-rounds iss only gamels and owstriches to rite on."

Mr. Porson started. "Why, that's jest what the feller said! Them same words!" He twitched Hoffnagle's short sleeve. "Stands to reason he's into the business, 'r how would he know all that about merry-go-rounds and ostriches and all? Say, Mr. Hoffnagle, maybe he's worked for you, even—kind of short, dark-complected feller with a mole on his cheek."

"Hah!" Mr. Hoffnagle snorted strongly. "Him a horse garfer! Owstriches even dot loafer couldn't garfe! Boodlekkingk is all he would be good for, dot Larry Finn!"

He shook a knotted fist at the window. Beyond it Mr. Porson's brightening eye beheld the rear of a brick building whose curtained windows looked out over rickety iron fire escapes.

"Say the name's Finn?" He spoke softly. "Live over yonder, does he?"

Enlightened he took leave presently of Mr. Hoffnagle. Around the corner, in a frowzy ground-floor room, half office, half bar, he made inquiry of a man whose hard gaze dwelt on him without challenge.

"Larry Finn?" Amusement kindled behind the opaque inspection. "Uh-huh. Upstairs, sucker. Second floor back."

Mr. Porson mounted a dark stairway without haste. Almost timidly he tapped at the door. It opened warily, a niggardly crack, revealing no more than an eye beyond it. Confidently, however, Mr. Porson stepped forward. He found himself in the presence of Finn and the plump man who had accompanied him to Unionville.

"How d' do?" said Mr. Porson cheerfully. "I had quite a time findin' you."

Mr. Finn's countenance relaxed; his right hand removed itself from his coat pocket. "What's the big idea?" he demanded almost genially.

Mr. Porson fumbled with the newspaper wrappings of his parcel. "I come after the money," he announced. The paper slipped to the floor; the twin barrels of the sawed-off gun pointed at the lowermost button of Mr. Finn's vest. "Might kind of back up," suggested Mr. Porson apologetically. "Might hold up your hands, too—I guess you better. Scatters real pretty, buckshot does, and they's two barrels of it in this here gun."

The muzzle moved, as he spoke, in a short arc, so that it inspired the plump man as well as Mr. Finn to discreet compliance. At Mr. Porson's mild insistence they turned their backs to him and stood against the wall. He considered briefly. "Guess I'll have to ast you to step inside that there clozepress," he announced. "Won't keep you there no longer'n I c'n help."

He swung the closet door shut behind them with his toe and sighed as he twisted its key. He sighed again, more happily, as he opened the leather satchel which lay on the untidy bedspread.

IV

MR. TANNER made some little ceremony of signing and blotting the check; he held it in the lifted hand with which he performed, in the direction of Mr. Alfred Porson, a gesture of admonition. "You've had a lucky windfall, Porson," he intoned. "I want you to get the benefit of it. I want you to deposit this money and let me invest it for you."

Mr. Porson spoke apologetically. "Aimed to use it, kind of ——" he began.

Mr. Tanner dismissed the objection. "You won't need to spend a cent of it," he declared. "You've got your job back, and we're raising your pay. You ——"

Firmly Mr. Porson moved his head in dissent. "I'm much obliged, Mr. Tanner," he said, "but it kind of seems 's though I wasn't never cut out f'r night-watchin' business, some way. Ain't only been waitin' f'r a good chance to get out'n it."

He inhaled profoundly. "Made a dicker with Les McVitty to take and learn me barberin'. Calculate to buy out his shop with this here money."

Again, as he withdrew, he breathed deep, and his tongue, moistening his lips, seemed to foretaste upon them the goodly savor of many words

The Ex-Movie Comedian Gets a Job in a Bakery

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Is *speed* the first test you apply to a motor car? . . . . Then drive The Victory Six, for no car in its class is so fast.

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A car that you should try out—now—yourself at the wheel.

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The VICTORY SIX

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ALSO THE STANDARD SIX $875 TO $970 AND THE SENIOR SIX $1570 TO $1770

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SERVEL
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S-10—Deluxe cabinet model for the large family—the more elaborate home with frequent guests. Food capacity 10 cu. ft. Makes 120 ice cubes . . . F. O. B. factory **$425**

AS MODERN AS TOMORROW

Biscay Blue

Ivory Tan

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Model H-5: the newest Servel, for those demanding high quality of equipment at an unusually low price. Economical of power. Compact cabinet—56" high; 26⅜" wide; 19½" deep. Food capacity 5 cu. ft. Makes 48 ice cubes.

Besides the color schemes suggested here, several others are fully illustrated and discussed by the well-known artist and authority on interior decoration, Lurelle Van Arsdale Guild, in the interesting new booklet "Modern Refrigeration—in the modern color setting." Send the coupon for your copy.

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Please send free copy of the new booklet, "Modern Refrigeration in the modern color setting"

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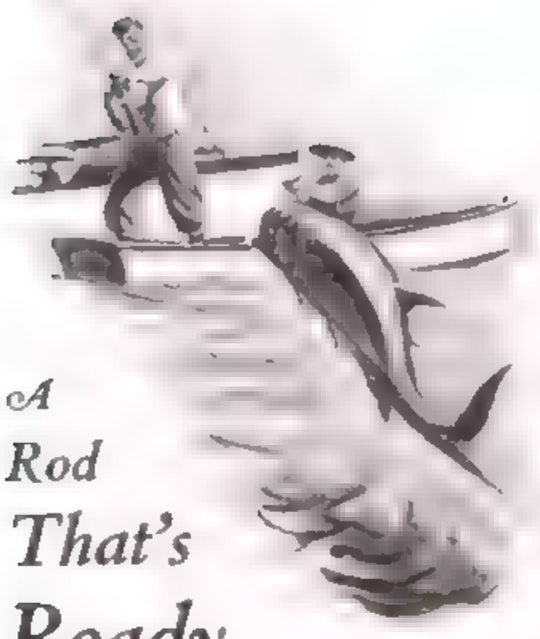
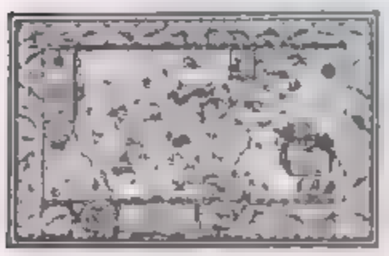


A Rod That's Ready For a fight!

TARPON!...A hundred and twenty or more pounds of fighting demon giving you the battle of your life—*you and the craftsmen who fashioned your rod!* + + +

Bullet-like rushes that sweep two or three hundred feet of line off your screeching reel. Glorious battles lasting for hours...it's for such hectic strain on thin bamboo that the skilled handiwork of Montague craftsmen—and their decades of experience—are needed.

Because these craftsmen have labored so well, *The Montague Trail* now stretches more than half-way 'round the world. Montague makes more than half of the entire world's supply of split bamboo fishing rods.



A fourth Map at [illegible] of "Montague Trail"—for [illegible] and fun and where to catch 'em

Sent anywhere in U. S. upon receipt of 25 [illegible] Dept. T

Featured by Best Sport Goods Stores

MONTAGUE RED RING TARPON RODS—a series of highest quality one piece 6 strip bamboo—4 tip weights 6 ounce 9 ounce, 12 ounce Price $22.50

MONTAGUE MANITOU—the supreme achievement of many years experience 6 strip tarpon rods Six strips most carefully selected butt cut Lemon cane aged and heat treated 3 tip weights 6 ounce 9 ounce, 2 ounce Price $55

MONTAGUE IMPERIAL heavy game rods [illegible] perfect in action performance and appearance unsurpassed at many times the price Line tension always under control $85

Other strictly hand service tarpon and heavy game [illegible] rods ranging in size from [illegible] to 300 yard capacity at prices from $12.50 to $45.00

MONTAGUE
ROD AND REEL COMPANY
MONTAGUE CITY MASSACHUSETTS

THE CRIME OF PROFESSOR BONAR

(Continued from Page 15)

"I'll try them. . . . Here's your mail. Brought it up from the box."

He put two letters upon the table top, picked up his brief case and went out to his nine o'clock in freshman composition.

Godfrey Bonar reached forward and took the two letters. Each envelope was of the same size and shape. Each envelope had the same printed address in the upper left-hand corner: "After five days, return to Malcolm H. Jones, — Fifth Avenue, New York City." He winced and stared at them for several minutes before opening them. Malcolm H. Jones—he had never seen the man in his life, and yet behind that name a personality lived and breathed and held the cords of an inexorable net that was slowly and insidiously tightening about the life of Godfrey Bonar. A few more months—another year—and he would trip in its meshes and fall headlong, clanking in his heavy academic armor like a gladiator in the sand-strewn amphitheater of Commodus, snared by the retiarius and held at the mercy of his sharp-pronged trident. And how the multitude would scream in derision—all his colleagues, all his students, all the cloistered, dignified world of his scholastic existence—scream and yell and boo, with their thumbs turned down in contempt and disgust.

He stood up, trembling in every fiber. "No!" he said aloud. Now was the time to end it—cut the threads forever. Ever since that day when he had first come upon Malcolm H. Jones' advertisement he had been at the man's mercy—been like a weak, flabby puppet on a string, dancing and grimacing and blaspheming his gods whenever Malcolm Jones beckoned. How he hated the name! Smug satisfaction was written in every syllable of it. Damnable Philistinism! Execrable hypocrisy!

Well, it was done—finished—over with. Hereafter he would stand before the world an honest man. Quickly his fingers tightened upon the two envelopes and ripped them viciously once across. A sharp pain struck through his left hand and he dropped the pieces to suck his bleeding finger. A pin. The pieces slid from his knees to the floor, and from one a slip of light green watered paper protruded about half an inch. Godfrey kicked at it and missed. He stared at it sullenly. Still sucking his finger, he picked it up, drew it from its torn envelope and unpinned it from the accompanying letter. It was half a check for seven hundred and twenty dollars. He withdrew his pricked finger from his mouth and took the other half of the check from the rest of the envelope. Seven hundred and twenty dollars and no cents! He gasped and hurriedly picked up the other torn letter. It also contained the two halves of a check. That check read for eight hundred and ten dollars and no cents.

Nervously and with hands that were now quite numb, Godfrey took out the two letters and pieced them together upon his knee. The first said merely:

Dear Sir: I inclose herewith my check for eight hundred and ten dollars—nine hundred dollars, less my commission of 10 per cent—which arrived too late to go off to you in mine of this morning. You will note that they have raised your price [illegible] dollars overnight.

MALCOLM JONES

The second was much longer. It said:

Dear Sir: At last! Bruce Kent has come into his own, as I always said he would! You will be glad to know that through my machinations the Conway Company has at last taken a story by your Temple Pleasure. Frankly, they are crazy about it and as you know they pay the biggest prices. I inclose my check for seven hundred and twenty dollars, [illegible] eight hundred dollars, less my commission of 10 per cent—which is [illegible] more than we have got for your stories heretofore. Mr. Henderson also thinks that we should have the Queen's Stolen Jewels. Anyway, I have given him all your things I have worth interest them—namely, the Pleasure Pedlar, A Night in Eden, Gertrude's Garters, The Last Moon and Papa's Passionate Predicament. I am sure they will go.

Now then, Mr. Henderson wants a serial badly and he wants one from you. He is willing to pay fifteen thousand dollars for a good one, so I have sent him the novel you gave me to place three years ago called Interlude. I didn't think it would go at the time, for it was too introspective and, frankly, too academic and heavy; but now that Bruce Kent has really arrived, I think there is a good chance of placing it. I have taken the liberty of retitling it as Fleshpots, which, you will agree, is a far better and more salable title. Also I have blue-penciled the superfluous conversation and of course the more obscure classical allusions, which do not interest people in this day and age—even if they know what they mean. I believe in striking while the iron is hot and I trust you will approve of my action.

Also, it was necessary to give Mr. Henderson some publicity in connection with Purple Pleasure. Knowing how averse you are to publicity and remembering your instructions on the subject, I have taken the liberty of creating a fictitious character for Bruce Kent and have sent Mr. Henderson a picture of a man in a pith helmet with a rifle and a jungle background.

Awaiting your approval, I am,
Yours very sincerely, MALCOLM JONES.

P. S. Mr. Henderson has just telephoned that they have taken Papa's Passionate Predicament at a substantial increase in price. M. J.

Inclosed was a typewritten copy of the publicity notice. Under the heading of Who is Bruce Kent? it went on breezily into:

A new star has loomed in the literary firmament during the last three years in the mysterious person of Bruce Kent. Traveler, adventurer and gentleman of letters, Bruce Kent is at once the most elusive and the most sought after of our popular short-story writers. It is whispered that he served with the Foreign Legion during the war. It is also whispered that he is really a British nobleman masquerading under a pseudonym. It is variously reported that he lives in Paris and London and in his villa on the Riviera when he is not dashing about to the four corners of the globe for exploration and adventure. Our picture shows him shooting saber-toothed tigers in Matabeleland. He is thirty-two and unmarried. . . . Who is Bruce Kent, girls?

Underneath, in Malcolm Jones' longhand was scrawled:

Pretty good, heh? I bet that'll get 'em, and it certainly follows your instructions to keep your real self out of the picture. M. J.

Godfrey Chandler Bonar, A.M., Ph.D., fellow of the American Society of Classical Education, associate professor of English literature, contributor to sedate magazines on modern academic thought, the son of the Richard Winthrop Bonar, of Harvard, covered his bloodless face with trembling fingers and wept into his salt-and-peppery vest. That this ghastliness should come upon him! That he should be caught at last in the snaring consequences of his misdemeanor! All about him, the things of his life seemed to mock and sneer at him. The towering shelves of the office library smirked and jeered. Outside, the sedate sounds of the campus held new notes of derision. The shrill call of a student and the answering hail from a distance—the wailings of trusting youth dismayed and broken at the defilement of its shrines. The old brownstone row that had seen the generations come to this sacred well of knowledge in humility and trust, and leave refreshed and hallowed forever to tread the paths of life, lighted on their way by the lamp of truth—the very buildings seemed to turn from him as from a putrescent leper.

The chapel bell boomed ten, and its thumping, resonant echo seemed to shout: "Charlatan! Betrayer!" Feet on the stairway outside—the feet of youth trudging once more upward and onward to the brink of the fount of learning seemed to turn from his door in disgust and disappointment. His soul shrieked from the tortured depths within him: "Surcease, surcease!" But the feet trudged onward and away. They knew him not.

On the last note of ten he sprang up and stuffed his letters into his pocket. He couldn't face his class. He must go—anywhere. Blindly, he grabbed his hat and coat and ran out and down the stairs. He must get away. Rapidly he crossed the street and headed up toward the chapel. As he crossed behind Judd again, he heard the echoing roar of the class he had cut—the long team yell with three Bonars on the end—a formula prescribed by the rigid code of the college when a class was not met after three minutes had elapsed from the time the hour struck. It seemed to him in his suffering like the hungry growlings of lions waiting for the barrier to be raised that they might devour him in his cringing wretchedness—tear him limb from limb for his traitorous transgressions.

Two students passed him and touched their caps as they came out of Judd. He fled from them as from a plague. Their eyes seemed to accuse him dumbly. One of them—a Mr. Jordan by name—whispered to the other:

"You gotta keep yourself in old Bonar's mind if you want a get-by. I tube him regularly twice a month—make believe I'm interested in his course and all that—so's he'll remember me. You know it's funny—a guy like that—all these English profs. They keep shootin' off their faces about writing and there isn't one of them can write. Take this fella Bruce Kent now ——"

"Yeah," said Mr. Bugs Richards. "Did you read his last one?"

"Did I?" echoed Mr. Jordan. "And listen! What do you think of this? I copied out his description of a sunset for old Calkins in comp. I put on the honor statement 'I have' instead of 'I have not,' just to see if he'd tumble. Well, just to show you what a dumb-Albert he is, he gave me an F and never tumbled to the honor statement. I guess that shows these bozos up! I got a good mind to leave college and get a job on a newspaper where a fella can learn something."

"Yeah," said Mr. Richards. "Le's go down to the store and get a lead shot. I wanta pay John for last month."

Once inside his house, Godfrey Bonar stumbled into his study and slumped down in his chair with his overcoat and hat still on. His fists were clenched tightly on the broad arms and his eyes stared straight in front of him. How long he sat there he did not know. His mind whirled like water running out of a basin—round and round, faster and faster, but never stopping. Phrases from Malcolm Jones' letter and that horrible publicity squib flashed into his consciousness, whirled about in leering joy and gave way to new phrases. "Gentleman of letters"—"Papa's Pass- " He choked. "Pay the biggest prices." A mess of pottage! Traitor, betrayer, criminal!

It was Maria's knock, he felt, that kept him from losing his mind. She had heard him come in and prepared luncheon for him, after all. She set the tray down on his study table and disappeared quickly, as she always did when the professor was busy. With hands that shook as with the palsy, he poured tea into the cup and raised it to his pale lips. It was scalding hot, but he gulped it down and started pacing the floor. Twice he crossed the length of his threadbare study carpet in an agony of indecision. Was it any worse to get bigger prices than lesser ones? Why should this be such a blow to him now, when it hadn't been before? To be sure, it was getting the better of him—going beyond his control—when the Conway Company bought and printed those terrible things for a million subscribers to read. He could let Jones sell what there was to sell, reap the profits and not do any more. Perhaps then he could come back into his literary self-respect and assume the dignified position in the world of sedate, intellectual criticism that he had carved out for himself from the bed granite of his upbringing and his father's reputation. Perhaps after a year or so he could forget entirely and worship whole-heartedly once more at the altars of the avowed classics.

(Continued on Page 133

How many hands should . . . . a housewife have?

The greatest industry in the world is housekeeping! Factories have many employees, or "hands"—yet fatiguing household tasks generally have had but one pair of hands to get them done.

To the housekeeper — faced by a greater variety of endless tasks than a factory "hand" could meet — Fuller brings 45 "hands" to lighten her daily routine.

For every task a specially designed, effort-saving, hand-saving tool to do the work just a little better, too.

Wet Mop, Dry Mops, Brooms and Dusters ... Bathroom Mop, Wall Brush, Window Brush, Stair Brush ... Radiator Brush, Stove Brush, Brushes for the bathroom bowls ... magic Polishes for silver and furniture ... a complete set of brushes for simplifying work in the kitchen ... these are only a few of the many "hands" which prudent women now employ.

If you wish additional "hands" to help in your own home before the next regular call of the Fuller Man, do this: 'Phone The Fuller Brush Company in your city or write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 3558 Main Street, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.) Don't forget to ask for free booklet, "The Cleaning Problems of the Home."

We have a real opportunity for a few more high-class men in each community to meet the demands of the ever-increasing Fuller service. [illegible]

Genuine Fuller Products carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark Fuller Look for both

FULLER BRUSHES

45 BRUSHES - 69 USES
A Service Radiating

HEAD TO FOOT - CELLAR TO ATTIC
Through the Fuller Man

Another Weyerhaeuser

trimmed square at both ends . .

The Mark of 4 SQUARE Lumber

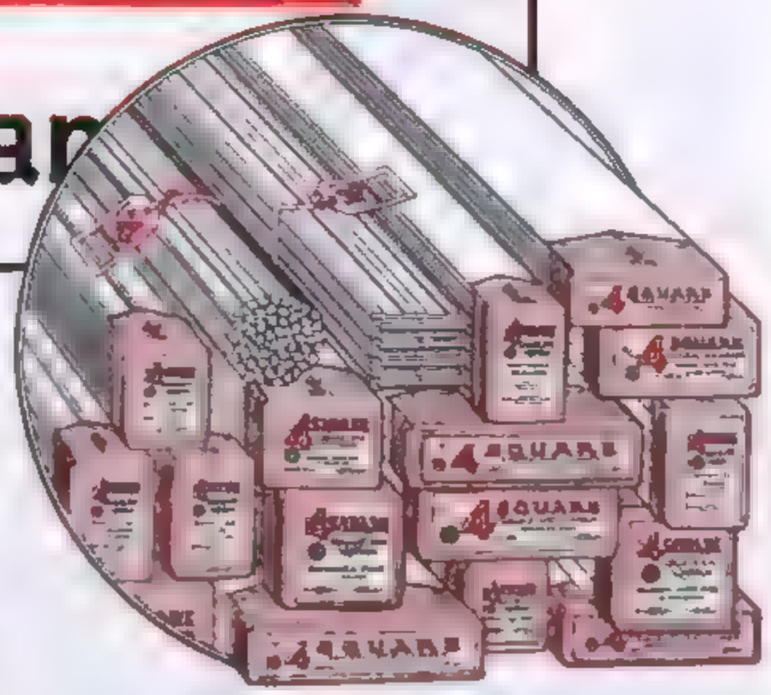
WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS

4

SQUARE

This 4-Square emblem will identify every package and every piece of 4-Square Lumber. It will be displayed by all 4-Square Dealers. The distinguishing mark of an honest lumber merchant, backed by Weyerhaeuser.

Packaged *and* Guaran



These items can now be purchased under the 4-Square label. Each carefully manufactured for the particular purpose for which it is intended.

SQUARE EDGE FINISHING LUMBER
BEVEL SIDING · COLONIAL SIDING
DROP SIDING · SOFTWOOD FLOORING
END MATCHED SOFTWOOD FLOORING
· CEILING AND PARTITION · SHELVING
STEPPING · CASING · BASE · MOULDINGS

District Sales Offices: MINNEAPOLIS · KANSAS CITY · CHICAGO

achievement-*Wasteless Lumber!*

packaged . . . . ready to use . . . .

A new and better lumber and a new and better way to buy it

THIS announcement of a *new* kind of lumber has a *two-fold significance.*

FIRST, an assurance of the *finest* lumber it is possible to produce. Seasoned. Milled to precise standards of size and dressing. Packaged. And with species and grade plainly printed on the label and *guaranteed* by Weyerhaeuser.

You get exactly what you pay for when you buy 4-Square Lumber from a 4-Square Dealer.

SECOND, the elimination of one of the most costly wastes in building—the time the carpenter spends in squaring up each piece of lumber before he can use it.

4-Square Lumber is trimmed at the mill *exactly square* at both ends. *Square every way you test it.*

Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Lumber means better buildings—better looking, longer lasting—at a substantial saving in cost.

Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Lumber is sold through local lumber dealers. Your own local dealer has it or can get it for you.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS · SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

General Sales Offices: WEYERHAEUSER SALES COMPANY · Spokane, Washington

TOLEDO · PITTSBURGH · PHILADELPHIA · NEW YORK

Your favorite gasoline + ETHYL = Elimination of "knock" More Power Quicker Pick-up Less Shifting Cooler Engine

LEADING oil companies throughout the United States and Canada are offering gasoline in two forms.

The first is straight motor gasoline. The second is motor gasoline to which has been added ETHYL fluid. This superior fuel is called ETHYL Gasoline.

ETHYL fluid, containing tetraethyl lead, controls the combustion rate of gasoline, thereby eliminating "knock" and giving added power for tough hills and heavy roads, greater flexibility, quicker pick-up and all-round better performance. As for high compression engines—they were made possible through ETHYL Gasoline!

Drive to a pump which bears the ETHYL emblem, shown at the right. The price of ETHYL Gasoline will be merely the price of good motor gasoline, plus the few extra pennies the ETHYL ingredient costs. The small premium is insignificant when compared with the added performance.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

25 Broadway, New York City — 56 Church Street, Toronto, Ont., Can.

ETHYL GASOLINE

Ethyl Gasoline is the "anti-knock" (high compression) fuel by which other gasolines are measured.

(Continued from Page 128)

It was this damnable Bruce Kent publicity hoax that had sent him off. No one had found out—no one would find out. He stopped dead in his tracks and his heart almost ceased to beat within him! Jordan! That morning! Jordan knew! He had grinned and smirked when he handed over the magazine with Bruce Kent's story in it. He suspected, anyway. He must have suspected or he wouldn't have picked on that particular story for his argument, when so many of the other thousands of stories by modern hack writers would have done as well. And if Jordan didn't know or didn't suspect—here his heart did actually skip a beat—everyone would know soon, for half the faculty knew that he had written Interlude. He had read parts of it at the Writers' Club. Mason and Fairchild and John Butler had read it through on request, to criticize it.

Hastily, he snatched up his hat and bolted from the house. He would stop that, anyway. Half running, half walking, he made his wretched way back to the campus, across it and down the hill into town. Breathlessly, he burst into the telegraph office and snatched up a blank:

DON'T SELL INTERLUDE UNDER PENALTY. STOP PUBLICITY LETTER FOLLOWS. BONAR.

He dispatched it to Malcolm Jones. At five o'clock he received a reply:

WIRE RECEIVED. INSTRUCTIONS NOTED. MR. JONES IN WASHINGTON. WILL RETURN MONDAY. S. CAMPBELL.

How Godfrey Bonar got through the next three days he never knew. Somehow they went by, however. For hours on end he was closeted in his study. Several times he picked up his copy of Interlude to read it again, but each time, as his eyes fell on the first page, he saw in his imagination the lurid title Fleshpots staring out at him and his gorge rose in anger and disgust. Still, fifteen thousand dollars —— Monday came eventually, as it always comes, but of course there was no word from Malcolm Jones. On Tuesday, however, one of the familiar detestable letters smiled in his mail box. He took it up to his office and tore it open. It said:

Dear Sir: What did I tell you? Henderson has taken Fleshpots! Your wire was waiting for me when I arrived and contents noted. Now, Doctor Bonar, I know that you are enthusiastic over this, your first real success, but my advice is always never to strike editors too heavily at first. You say, "Don't sell Interlude under twenty"—it read "penty" in your wire—but fifteen is a very good price—a very good price indeed, and I could not, in fairness, ask for more for a first serial. The contract is made out and signed for first serial rights only and that leaves book and motion pictures still to be realized upon. Anton Heppinger is to do your illustrating and Mr. Henderson wants Dolly to marry Ralph in the last chapter. I think this is a very slight concession to make and it really helps the story immensely. So, as you gave me carte blanche to act for you, I have agreed to the alteration and one of Mr. Henderson's staff writers will do it to save you the trouble.

The rest of your wire also noted. To wit: "publicity letter follows," from which I gather that for Fleshpots you wish to write your own squibs. The squib I wrote for Purple Pleasure is set up, Mr. Henderson tells me, and will appear in next month's issue. Fleshpots starts with the July number.

Hoping that these arrangements are satisfactory to you, I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

MALCOLM JONES.

Stripped naked to the world as he felt himself to be, Godfrey Bonar, had he had a drop more of dark, romantic blood in his veins, would probably, in an ecstasy of self-abasement, have done away with himself during the next few weeks. But his was the cold, blond heritage of the North, ingrained with a sturdy New England Puritanism and veneered by several generations of the reasoning habit. After the first few desperate sleepless nights, he managed to get a grip on himself and to face his problem with his mind instead of his emotions.

His wife, he felt, he could not confide in; for she, with her recent Methodism and her more remote Quakerism—her mother had been a Germantown Spruggs—would wilt under the burden of his deceitful, traitorous crime.

He must then face this thing himself and bludgeon his way out of it somehow for the sake of his son Junior, if for nothing else. He would have by July, when the first installment of Fleshpots appeared to betray him to the world, somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty-two thousand dollars; for the Conway Company, with maddening regularity was snapping up his old stories as fast as Malcolm Jones could dig them out of his office shelves, and with each story the price they offered was going up.

Twenty-two thousand dollars was a fortune to Godfrey Bonar. Decently and carefully invested, it meant more than a thousand dollars a year income. He handled his own finances in a meticulous set of little cloth-bound notebooks, and he could, up to a certain point, deceive his wife. That thought comforted him. How long he could deceive her he did not know, but it occurred to him that in the future, when she began to get suspicious, he might invent a hitherto unpretentious piece of land in some distant place—land that his father had left him which had suddenly risen to miraculous value; or failing that, he could tell her that he had invested modestly in stocks years before—stocks that had boomed overnight. The future could take care of itself. It was the present that he must master.

He was due for a sabbatical year the year after next. That was his primary consideration. He broached the topic to Fairchild. He had not been fit for months—he was working hard. He certainly looked drawn and haggard, Fairchild thought. Could he, did Fairchild suppose, get the faculty to vote him his year ahead of time? There was work he wanted to do in Europe. He had not been over for thirteen years. Would they, did Fairchild think, agree to his proposition? Fairchild would think it over. It had been done, of course. There was precedent. Titheridge had taken his year ahead of time and he believed Cort had too; but Cort had broken down badly. However, he would see.

That night Godfrey Bonar approached his wife at supper. "My dear," he said, "we've saved quite a tidy sum in the last few years since my operation—quite a tidy sum."

"Yes?" she said.

"I—I don't know if you know how much, but it is quite a surprising amount—er—two thousand at least."

"Have we really?" she asked.

"Yes. . . . Now I've been thinking—in fact I've spoken to Fairchild about it. You know how I've been wanting to go to Europe ——"

"But, Godfrey, what could we do with Junior?"

"Well, I thought Junior might come with us for the summer and then go back to his Aunt Ida. He'll be at school all year except for Christmas and Easter."

"Stay a year!"

"Yes," he said. "As I say, I've spoken to Fairchild, and to be quite frank, I've asked for my sabbatical a year ahead of time."

"And you didn't tell me?"

"Well, my dear, it's not decided. I just spoke to him today. The faculty has to vote on it."

"Oh," she said. "But Junior never could come back from Europe alone."

"Yes," he said, "I thought of that. Of course he'll be fourteen then; but if you don't want him to travel alone, you could come back with him in the fall."

"And stay?"

"No," said Godfrey. "You could see him off to school, arrange with Ida and join me again."

"But that would cost too much."

"It would cost something," he agreed, "but I think we can manage. Calkins is being married in July and I think we can rent him the house for next year."

"Not to that Miss Sheldon, in Hartford—oh, I hope not!"

"I don't know, my dear. And I thought as long as we weren't going to use the car, we might sell it."

"I'm sure it would be very nice to go. It would be so good for your work, and I've always wanted to see Bordighera ever since Amelia Semple went there. I must ask where she stayed. It was very inexpensive, she said -she hasn't much money, you know."

"Well," said Godfrey, "we'll see."

With so much of his plans off his mind, he was able to settle down to the rest of the semester's work. Anyway, he would go to Europe for the summer while that ghastly serial was running, and if they didn't give him his sabbatical year, he would cable his resignation. He would have to resign, anyway, after the year was over, for he could never come back to the campus to face the ridicule of his colleagues. To resign that summer would only mean the loss of his next year's salary. It wasn't trickery to try to get that, for he felt that they owed it to him for his services; and if he did get it, he could put off explaining to Mrs. Bonar that much longer. Perhaps he could get a post in the West. Certainly he was capable, and perhaps the newer state universities would overlook the one blot of his record. Perhaps in a year it would be forgotten.

To fortify himself and to bury his head more deeply in the sand, he booked passage on the Laconia for the day after his last examination and sent in his application for a passport.

It all helped to steel him against that terrible day when the first installment would appear—that day that came closer and closer as each week slipped by. In April he sold his car for four hundred dollars to Goodman, the amount to be paid into his bank in four monthly installments. Goodman's wife had money, but that seemed the better way. Calkins would be glad to take the house for a year at twenty-five dollars a month.

In April also, at the monthly meeting of the faculty, it was reluctantly agreed that he should have his year granted one year ahead of schedule, provided that his next period of service for his next leave of absence should be one year longer than the prescribed time. There were then but two months to wait. He rubbed his hands together in cold, cheerless comfort and tried desperately to congratulate himself on the successful completion of his plans for a get-away.

Unfortunately, through a recent reading of a criminal case in the newspapers, he hit upon that very word "get-away" to express departure, and the connotation of it stole the fleeting joy that had warmed his heart. To pass his leisure hours during the next month and a half, he had Burden brush him up in conversational French. It took his mind off the whole thing and seemed to bring his eventual release nearer in some subtle way. Finally May was done with and the last fifteen days he would ever spend on that beautiful old campus he had betrayed so abominably stretched before him.

The seniors were singing now in the hush of twilight on the chapel steps—singing the beautiful old songs that had been sung for generations before them. A note of sadness had crept into the very air of the ancient place. The great elms, lush in new greenery that laced the sun-washed walks in arabesques of mottled shadow seemed bowed with a sense of parting—of finality. Spring football practice on Andrus Field was only a petty gesture of pretense that could not cover the fact that for three months to come the field would lie parched, deserted and empty, echoing only to the sleepy chirp of summer birds or the treble squeakings of children from town. The brownstone row itself seemed to feel that its annual lonesomeness was upon it once more—lonesomeness that would leave it slumped down like five very ancient fishwives wrapped in Paisley shawls, watching and waiting silently, staring sightlessly

(Continued on Page 135)

"Good buildings deserve good hardware"

—and good plants deserve "American" Pulleys

Corbin knows that only quality begets quality. For they, like the leaders of every industry, have achieved their outstanding success by continually investing for the further refinement of their products—for the further improvement of their facilities.

Naturally "American" Steel Split Pulleys have been on duty at the Corbin Factory for years. Because they save money by saving power, time, labor.

Thousands of successful manufacturers throughout the world have learned the "American" story from nearly seven million of these efficient power transmission units. Have you? Investigate.

The American Pulley Company

PRESSED STEEL:

PULLEYS HANGERS HAND TRUCKS

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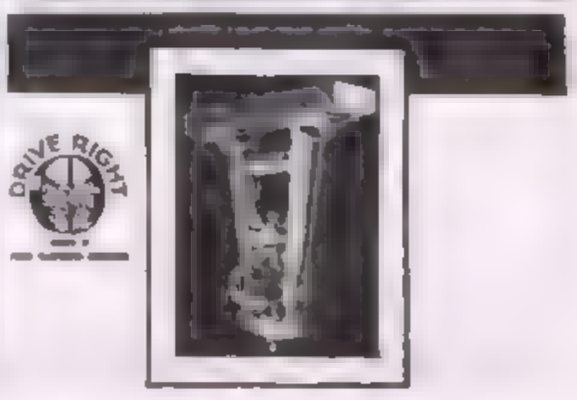

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Important, too, to every woman is the fact that the cabinets are so substantial, so attractive and so sanitary. All the machinery is located up and away from floor dirt and sealed in a single steel casing. The circulation of air through the top coils prevents dust from settling. There is no oil anywhere to catch dust. (It never has to be oiled). All the models are up on legs so the floor underneath may be easily cleaned. There are no fans, no belts, no drain pipes.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO

(Continued from Page 133)

across the empty campus for a sight of the first returning faithful to trudge back up the hill three months hence, browned and blistered, from the Lakes of Maine.

Oh, rose, climb up to her window
And in through the casement reach ——

And for Godfrey Bonar the parting was forever. The seniors could come back next year, every year, and ramble once more full-heartedly and perhaps a trifle misty-eyed under the ancient trees, along the familiar paths, meanwhile they grew stouter, more florid and more important in the outside world. But for him—after thirteen years—there was no returning. He must go forevermore—an outcast, a pariah.

That last day he could hardly think. He finished with his last examination book, made out his last sheaf of term marks and cleaned out his office desk. His books had already been carried piecemeal to his house and deposited on his own shelves. Mrs. Bonar could come back and attend to the moving out when they returned from Europe next year. In the evening he had planned to stroll slowly through the campus, bidding everything a sad, silent good-by—but he couldn't face it. He said his adieus by telephone and went early to bed. The next day, when the cab took them to the station, it was raining, and the elms and brownstone houses were wrapped in the soft folds of a summer mist. Jordan, standing in front of the store, sucking at an ice-cream cone, touched his cap as the cab passed.

"Good luck, sir, and thanks!" he called. Jordan had made a B in contemporary literature. He turned to Mr. Bugs Richards, who was coming out behind him, and with the end of the year mellowing his youthful soul, said, "You know, I kind of like Old Bonar. He's a good guy, even if he is a prof." So it ended.

They drove from the Grand Central directly to the Laconia, with their trunks in a cab behind, and went immediately to their cabin. Almost at once Mrs. Bonar started unpacking and putting out the things they would need for the voyage. Godfrey, feeling himself in the way, strolled out on deck. He made his way slowly through the farewell crowds until he came to a vacant part of the promenade rail well aft. There he stood staring speculatively down at the kaleidoscopic bands of oil that writhed on the surface of the littered water below him. He had been deceitful and dishonest and traitorous, and this was his penalty. An ignominious slinking away from all that had been his life. No explanations, no avowal of guilt—nothing.

Suddenly he saw what he must do and started violently because it had not occurred to him before. Honesty demanded it. He could never rest in peace if he didn't. His hand tightened on the rail and he glanced quickly down the crowded deck. Now—at once! He slapped his hand emphatically upon the rail and pushed through the crowds toward the purser's office. At the entrance to the salon he saw a small boy in uniform.

"Here, son, will you take a telegram?"

The messenger nodded and produced a form. Godfrey wrote:

MALCOLM H. JONES, — FIFTH AVENUE N. Y. C. IF NOT TOO LATE, PUBLISH FLESHPOTS UNDER MY REAL NAME. BONAR

The boy took the blank and departed.

As Godfrey was dressing for dinner that night, a steward tapped on his door and handed him a pink marconigram. It read:

IDEA GOOD. FLESHPOTS DIFFERENT FROM OTHER STORIES. WILL TRY TO CONVINCE HENDERSON. JONES.

Godfrey Chandler Bonar sat under an awning, striped broadly in red and orange. On the iron-topped table before him two spindly glasses winked redly with Cinzano laced with a hint of lemon peel. He crossed his legs and flicked gently at a speck of dust on the knee of his worsted trousers. An officer in boots that glinted brightly came out of the Café de la Régence across the street, settled his kepi upon his head and crossed the way. He paused a moment in apparent indecision and then set off toward the Place Leopold Deuxième. As he passed Godfrey's table, he saw the ribbon of the Order of the Crown of Belgium in Godfrey's buttonhole. In courtesy and confraternity, he nodded slightly and passed on. Godfrey returned the salute in dignity and looked again at Fairchild.

"Of course," said Fairchild, "if it does take the Pullinger Prize, it will be the greatest thing in the world for the college."

"True," said Godfrey; "but I'm afraid the fact that it was serialized before Stockbridge brought it out will militate against it."

"Do you know," said Fairchild, "I think we have the wrong angle on that sort of thing. If a novel is good, why not serialize it? Why should one write for a snobbish group of so-called intellectuals only? Of course it puts one's work on a par with the Bruce Kents of literature, but why not compete with them? Certainly you have nothing to fear from them with a book like Fleshpots. Why, when I read it in its present form I positively wept over the marriage of Ralph and Dolly. That was the fault in its first draft—that and its ponderosity and verbosity, I think."

"H'm," said Godfrey.

"Even that pinhead Calkins liked it."

"Did he?"

"How could he help it? And that, by the way, is the finest compliment of all. He thinks that if a book makes money, it is *per se* rotten. Frankly, I don't. How can any man think so? I mean to say, an author's work should be virile enough to stand on its own two feet without subsidization. If it isn't, God help it, for men won't be interested in it. You get my point?"

"Absolutely," said Godfrey. He beckoned to the waiter.

"I wish I had the gift you have," said Fairchild wistfully. "If I could even write a story for a confession magazine, I'd ——"

"*Encore deux*," said Godfrey, and the waiter took up the empty glasses.

FUR BRIGADE

(Continued from Page 29)

the narrow bottoms and began the ascent of its farther slope. The brush dragged at him as if to hold him back. At last he attained the crest, pressed through the brush, and, without the slightest warning, staggered into a cluster of crouching savages. Three sets of powerful arms seized him and pressed him down. All along the crest of the ridge savages crouched behind the brush. A few terse words were hissed in Hunter's ear in the Shoshone tongue.

"Quiet! Shoshone friends of Big Mandan! Don't speak!" Vaguely he recognized the face above his own as that of a Shoshone chief whom he had met at the rendezvous on the Sweetwater the year before.

His ears were suddenly assailed by a mighty war whoop and the crash of musketry as the Shoshones shot down the six leading Blackfeet at the instant they attained to the crest. Then there came the sound of swift pursuit as the Shoshones leaped down the hill after the remaining Blackfeet that had clung to Hunter's trail to this point. A water skin was held to Hunter's parched lips and he gulped a few precious mouthfuls before it was removed. His legs still seemed to be running on and on, even though he knew that he reclined motionless upon the ground. He was given more water at intervals. Presently he slept. When he waked the sun was high.

The Shoshones, hunting on the flank of the mountains, had observed the chase from afar. Not knowing the nature of it, they had suspected that the pursuers were their implacable foes, the Blackfeet, and they had hastened down the mountain and out into the foothills with all dispatch.

"You make big run," the Shoshone chief told Hunter admiringly. "Big run!"

Hunter had made a big run indeed. From the moment of firing the shot that had killed his horse until he had stumbled over the friendly Shoshones, he had raced ahead of the Blackfeet for more than eighty miles.

Within the year Jim Beckworth had been jumped up by two hundred Blackfeet and had kept ahead of them for ninety-five miles until overtaking Sublette's brigade. In 1807 John Colter, stripped naked and about to be tortured, had made a sudden dash and taken the lead of his astonished captors. He had held that lead throughout the day and had eluded the fleetest. Naked, he had crossed snow-clad mountain ranges and was the first man to view the geysers of the Yellowstone. He had made his way clear to the Missouri, where his tales of the Yellowstone were greeted with derision by those who believed that his hardships had clouded his mind, and that region had been facetiously referred to for years as Colter's Hell.

It was not unusual for Indian runners to cover more than a hundred miles in a day, but by choosing their own gait and not running under pressure, with life as the prize. On his famous trip from Ashley's brigade to the rendezvous and return, Jebediah Smith had averaged more than sixty miles a day for sixty-six consecutive days, some of the distance, however, having been covered by pony and canoe. Hunter Breckenridge's great race for life, though not so famous perhaps as some others, was nevertheless destined to take its place among the noted exploits in the annals of the mountain men. It would be recited round their camp fires, retold at the rendezvous and related in Indian villages throughout the West.

XIV

FUR, of course, was the only medium of exchange. All barter of any variety whatsoever was conducted in terms of beavers, as one would now calculate in terms of dollars. There at the rendezvous one of the largest of all beaver transactions known to history was consummated. The brigades of the big free trader, Sublette, came in laden with furs that they had trapped on the creeks. His agents brought in the results of their trading operations with distant Indian villages.

General Ashley's force, fresh from the campaign against the Rees, arrived from St. Louis with a vast assortment of trade goods transported with great difficulty to this far spot. With his family ties and his duties as lieutenant governor of Missouri calling, Ashley was anxious to retire from the rough and perilous pursuit of fortune in this hostile wilderness. Sublette, facing the necessity of transporting a fortune in furs to St. Louis under heavy guard and a tedious return trip with trade goods, found himself wishing that he might follow the dictates of his heart and remain in this wild region to which his spirit was attuned. It would require at least a year to complete the round trip of over six thousand miles of wilderness by the route which he must follow before he could expect to see his new stock of trade goods landed safely at various points on Green River, Great Salt Lake, Snake River and other branches of the Columbia.

The great trade was effected on the spot between General Ashley and Sublette. The latter's vast harvest of furs was turned over to Ashley in return for his controlling interest in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. He thus acquired the trade goods recently arrived at the rendezvous from St. Louis and also the remaining stocks in the Rocky Mountain posts scattered from the mouth of Kansas River on the Missouri to the head of the Sweetwater.

The two trade chiefs settled up with their men, paying them in trade goods or giving

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This organization, consisting of some of the most learned and accomplished of Colonial Philadelphians, met for discussion and conviviality every Friday night at one of the city's many taverns. Its existence continued for forty years

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them credit in St. Louis against one or another of the principals in the great transaction. The pay due to such of Sublette's men as wished to return with the fur guard to St. Louis was assumed by Ashley, who agreed to pay them off upon arrival. To an equal amount, Sublette assumed the obligations due to such of Ashley's men as wished to join the Sublette fur brigades on the creeks. With the customary free-and-easy practices of the day, all such details were arranged in a manner highly satisfactory to all concerned.

Ashley prepared to start back with an amount of fur which, if it could be landed safely in St. Louis, would permit him to retire with a fortune considered truly impressive in its day. He was retiring for all time from the fur trade. Sublette, on the contrary, had just embarked upon a venture that strained his resources and credit to the limit. Under the circumstances it was impossible for him to engage in stocking new posts so far to the south and east as the Republican and the Smoky Hill, when the greater part of his interests was in the far Northwest. It would tax his resources and ingenuity to hold together his own former interests and those which he had just acquired.

Ashley, on the eve of retiring for all time from the fur trade, had no wish to reëngage in it by sending a brigade from St. Louis with trade goods to stock the new post that stood empty in the Pawnee country. Hunter Breckenridge, who had made possible the opening of the post, had severed his connection with the Rocky Mountain Company and had declined to engage under Sublette's banner on salary. He was intending to open up for himself as a free trader, he informed them.

"Why not open up among the Pawnees then?" Ashley inquired of Hunter. "You're established among them, as it is."

"But the post and the work that I have done for the Rocky Mountain Company are due to Sublette under the terms of your trade," Hunter objected.

"I can't handle it, Hunter," Sublette said regretfully. "I'll have my route mapped out for me to hold all my brigades and posts and those of the Rocky Mountain Company together. It would be costly to send a brigade to Pawnee country to stock that post—way too costly unless the men could remain there and trap the Pawnee streams. You say the Pawnees won't permit that."

"It means war and plenty of it any time a brigade moves into their country to trap the creeks," Hunter informed them.

"Well, the way I'm situated, son, I can't send a military expedition into Pawnee territory," Sublette declared.

"Then open up there yourself, Hunter," Ashley advised. "No use to throw away the opportunity. How much fur have you on hand there that is coming to me? Not much, I imagine. Most of your time and that of your men must have been spent in perfecting arrangements with the Pawnees and in building the post instead of trapping the creeks."

"Tod and Little Bull were out on the creeks considerable," Hunter said. "There's right smart over five thousand dollars' worth of fur there. Likely it would stretch to six when landed in St. Louis."

"According to our trade, the furs in all posts belong to me, the trade goods to Sublette," Ashley said. "There's no trade goods there. I owe you for some months over two years' salary and the same time at their figure to Little Bull and Brady—Tod's salary for a year at three hundred—close to four thousand in all. I'd have to hire yours or some other party to transport those furs from the Republican to St. Louis. Small chance of profit and a very good chance for loss, as I see it."

General Ashley was, as usual, very formal in his speech and of dignified address, in sharp contrast to the careless speech of the *voyageurs*, interlarded with a jargon of Indian idioms and words drawn from a score of savage dialects, a smattering of Spanish terms and many a word adopted from the French of St. Louis and the Canadian *voyageurs*. In a sense, it was a polyglot language of its own, destined to pass and to leave its mark only in the mixed Spanish, French, English and Indian nomenclature of mountains, streams, deserts, prairies and trading posts throughout almost a million square miles of country—names the significance of which has been lost long since.

"Hunter," Ashley resumed, after pondering the matter at some length, "I am transferring my obligations to others as rapidly as possible and hope to arrive in St. Louis with every connection with the fur trade settled and disposed of. If you are willing to accept the fur on hand among the Pawnees as settlement in full for the pay due to you and your men, and agree to settle off with them, it is done."

"She's a swap," Hunter accepted. A handclasp closed the transaction without further formality. It was an arrangement eminently satisfactory to all—more than satisfactory to Hunter. It opened up vistas of the future—prospects of acquiring for himself in the Pawnee trade a competence of considerable proportions. Nevertheless, with his small resources, he would have to strain every point to be able to stock the new post with an amount of goods sufficient to impress the Pawnees as worthy of the only trading post in the heart of their nation.

Thousands among them had visited trading posts and well-stocked forts maintained on the Missouri, the lower portions of the Kansas and the Platte and at other points beyond the fringe of Pawnee country. There was savage pride to consider. Would not the Pawnees, from the consideration of pride alone, and exclusive of possible disadvantages in selection of trade goods, resent the fact that the one post in the heart of their country was less impressively stocked than those in surrounding country among tribes whom the Pawnees considered vastly inferior to their own? It was with such details and speculations that Hunter's mind was occupied as he and Tod made all haste in returning from the place of rendezvous to the Pawnee country.

He called Raven Bird and the principal men of the Loup Pawnees into council immediately upon his return and addressed them:

"The great white chiefs among the traders will not open a post in Pawnee country without the privilege of sending their brigades to trap the creeks. Big Mandan explained that we Pawnees would not permit such trapping. Both the chiefs of the Pawnees and the chiefs of the trappers are right. Big Mandan knows these things. Also, he has promised the Pawnees a trading post and his words are always straight. Among some of the chiefs there was a doubt about the advisability of permitting a trade lodge to be opened. It is Big Mandan's wish that all be satisfied. At first he will stock the post with a good assortment, but the quantity will not be great. Then if the Pawnee chiefs decide that they have been mistaken in opening the post, it can be closed at once, and Big Mandan will not lose all his wealth by having transported here too many goods. On the other hand, if the Pawnees are satisfied, other goods can always be secured. It is written."

Again his intimate knowledge of Indian nature had enabled him to handle a delicate situation so adroitly that his suggestions met with the solid approval of the Pawnees. They considered him a great chief among the whites; and without belittling himself in their eyes according to the literal understanding of savages, under no circumstances could he confess that he was poor in white man's goods. This solution was satisfactory all round and those who still felt doubtful of the advisability of any post whatsoever in Pawnee country were vastly comforted by this assurance, coming unsolicited from Big Mandan himself, that he would close the post at once when it was so decided by the Pawnee council. Under such an arrangement, it was but natural that he would not stock the post too heavily, which would matter but little, since none doubted the ability of Big Mandan to procure all the white man's wares in any quantity that might later be required.

It was so arranged, and Hunter started at once upon the construction of two boats of considerable capacity but of shallow draft. Boards were hewed from green wood and exposed to permit of a measure of seasoning during the few days available for the purpose.

Meanwhile Hunter was busily engaged in procuring by all possible means such additional fur as his resources would permit. In addition to the twenty-odd head of horses brought in on the original trip, his share of the horses captured during the great raid on the Comanches and subsequent expeditions among the Rees had mounted to respectable proportions. He now had more than sixty head of horses ranging among those of the Loups. Little Bull owned an equal number, while Tod Breckenridge and Brady could boast a dozen each.

A village of Republican Pawnees had suffered a considerable loss of horses in recent months through the depredations of raiding parties of Comanches from the southwest and Cheyennes from the northwest. The same proverb anent the poker chips of a later era in the West was equally applicable to the pony herds of the early-day Indians of the plains—that they had no home. The number of ponies boasted by any Indian village from the Assiniboins to the Comanches was a matter of the moment, dependent upon the varying success of raids and counter-raids among neighboring tribes in the immediate past.

Hunter offered to trade one pony for four beaver skins to such of the Republican Pawnees as were temporarily short of horse flesh. Little Bull and the others were quite willing that Hunter should dispose of their horses with the understanding that he would replace them after the trip to St. Louis and return. This in fact struck them as much the most satisfactory arrangement. There was no guaranty that such ponies as they might leave with the Pawnees during their absence would not have changed ownership by way of Cheyenne or Comanche raiding parties before their return.

The Republican Pawnees availed themselves of this opportunity to replenish their mounts, and Hunter traded a hundred ponies for four times that number of beaver skins.

Raven Bird had been astonished on many occasions by Hunter's ability with a rifle. The ranges at which the Kentuckian killed deer, elk, turkeys, antelopes, wolves and buffaloes seemed to him to border on the miraculous. But he shrewdly suspected that these feats, though undoubtedly demonstrating the superior marksmanship of the white men, were in part attributable to superiority of weapons. He was earnestly desirous of possessing one of those long Kentucky rifles. Hunter declined to part with his own, declaring that he would have need of it during the trip to St. Louis.

There would be no need of it for purpose of defense, the wily chief pointed out, since the route lay entirely through Pawnee territory until Hunter should reach the tribe of Pottawottomis, who dwelt in the Silver Lake country of the Kansas River Valley, some seventy-five miles above the confluence of that stream with the Missouri, and beyond that village the country was settled by the Kansas Indians, an agricultural tribe. Trade muskets, good enough for the Pawnees to use in war, certainly were good enough for the white men to use in procuring meat during the trip.

Hunter knew that there was almost an element of command in the insistence of the sagacious old chief of the Loups. He was also confident that there would be small use for firearms during the trip, since the only dangerous part of it lay in Pawnee country and he had nothing to fear from the Pawnees. He was anxious to retain the good will of the chief of the Loups. Against all this he weighed the mountain man's aversion to parting with his weapon. It was a good rifle, having been presented to him by

(Continued on Page 141)

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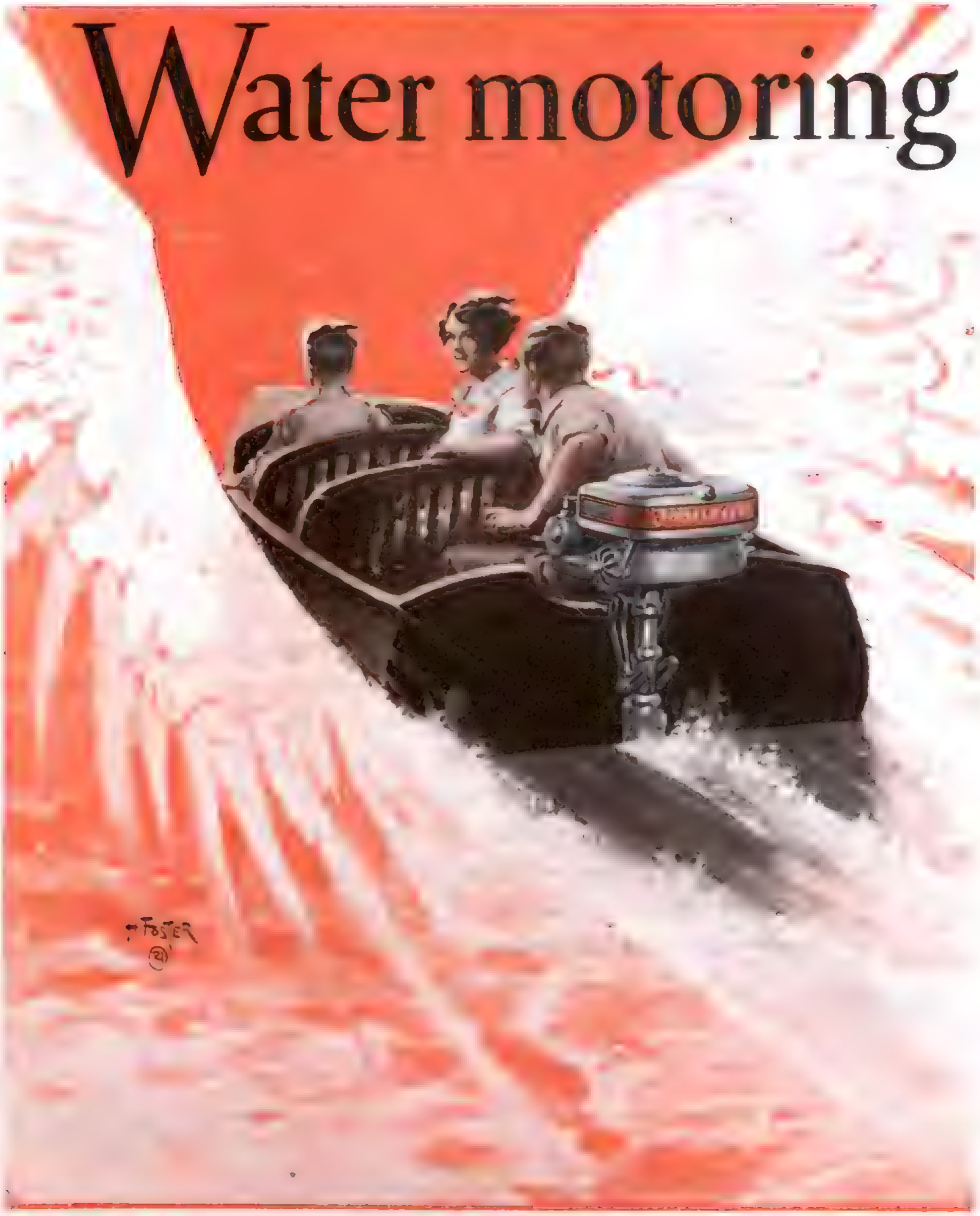

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(Continued from Page 136)

General Ashley to replace the one discarded during Hunter's great flight from the Blackfeet.

At last Raven Bird offered twenty beaver skins for the weapon. Hunter, now certain that the old war chief was determined to own it and that he would be greatly offended if his offer were refused, promptly presented the rifle to him, declaring that it was not the price that entered into calculation between such close friends; that his hesitancy had been occasioned by a warrior's fondness for favorite weapons that had served him well and the disinclination to lay them down. All such considerations, however, stood for naught against his friendship for Raven Bird. The rifle was his for the asking. The chief was well pleased, and not to be outdone in generosity, sent twenty-five beaver pelts to Hunter as a present.

The dozen or more trade muskets that had been captured by Hunter's party were traded for ten beaver skins apiece. Such trade beavers did not necessarily consist of the skins of the animal from whose name the term had been coined, but merely represented the equivalent in any furs to the value of so many beaver skins. As the coonskin was considered almost legal tender in Kentucky, so the beaver skin was the basis of all commercial reckoning in the day of the *voyageur* in the West.

Surplus war hatchets, knives, lance heads, the greater portion of the considerable quantity of powder and ball that the four mountain men had transported thither from the rendezvous the previous year—all were traded off, until Hunter found himself stripped bare of all save immediate necessities and wealthier by far in furs.

The hewed lumber had seasoned but little, but it had dried sufficiently to render it buoyant. The boats were constructed and the seams calked with fibrous bark that had been soaked in pitch. But the green lumber would be apt to warp in spots, to shrink or check, so an added precaution was necessary. The hair was partially cropped from buffalo skins, leaving only a mat of hair a quarter of an inch in depth. The hair side was thoroughly soaked with pitch and the hides spread, pitch side down, against the wooden boats. The hides overlapped at the seams, were double-laced with thongs and sealed with hot pitch.

Heavily laden with furs, the two boats were launched in the headwaters of the Republican, Hunter and Little Bull manning one craft, Tod and Brady the other. It was in early autumn—that season known to the white men as Indian summer, to the Indians themselves as the season of the Short Blue Moon. Again was the aptness of Indian nomenclature and descriptive designation demonstrated by these two terms as applied to the same season.

A delicate touch of blue seemed to pervade all Nature. The outlines of distant mountain ranges showed dark blue against the lighter blue of the sky. A blue haze hung in the hills. The streams had passed the roily flood stage of summer and their waters were now crystal blue. The mule-deer bucks, having shed their faded long-haired coats of the season past, now stepped forth to conquest, garbed in the new coat of short blue hair that ushered in the rutting moon of their clan. The white man's name for this glorious season of the year meant nothing; the name given it by the Western tribes meant everything. It was, in fact as well as in name, the season of the Short Blue Moon—blue in color, short in duration, too lovely to last for long.

The four *voyageurs* chanted the songs of the mountain men as the current swept their crafts downstream. They passed Pawnee villages, parties of squaws gathering sand-hill plums in the thickets, on down to the confluence of the Republican and the Kaw, on past the village of the Pottawottomis and the cornfields of the Kansas Indians, on past Ely's Fort at the mouth of the Kansas and down the Missouri.

Settlers' cabins now dotted the shores of that river. Small villages had replaced the log blockhouses to which the settlers, not many years before, had fled during uprisings among the Indians. The boats were tied up at Breckenridge Creek and the two brothers paid a visit to the family homestead. Some of the girls had married young settlers. The youthful Thomas, himself now married, had taken an adjoining piece of land.

After a day and a night at home the journey was resumed, and at last the two boats reached the thriving town of St. Louis on the Mississippi.

Voyageurs were no novelty in St. Louis. Far from it. Instead, the prosperity of the growing town was based upon the business of the *voyageurs*. Trappers and their cargoes therefore were ever welcome. Many a female eye was turned admiringly upon the stalwart form of the tall Kentuckian as Hunt Breckenridge cruised the streets of St. Louis in his buckskins.

A necklace of elk teeth, presented to him by a Mandan chief, reposed about his neck. His moccasins and buckskin jacket were decorated in intricate design with highly colored porcupine-quill beadwork. His fringed buckskin trousers were of the best Pawnee make, his cap of otter skin decorated by a band of the delicately colored breast feathers of wild ducks, cunningly blended, its crown ornamented by the tail of a kit fox, that tiny speedster of the sagebrush plains.

His companions were similarly attired. Little Bull, in addition, dragged from the heel of each moccasin the black-and-white skin of a prairie skunk, after the fashion of the more foppish Pawnee braves when in full-dress regalia. There were many old acquaintances from the brigades and the quartet from the Pawnee country caroused with these friends in the liquor halls of the river town.

Hunter inquired of his companions as to the manner in which they wished to participate in his enterprise. He suggested that each take a small share as a partner, according to the respective amounts of pay and property due them. With the customary attitude of the typical fur brigader, all declined this proffer. The old trapper, Brady, had taken two Pawnee wives in addition to the one whom he had brought from the Mandan nation. Little Bull could boast double that number of wives. Both were well content with the carefree life of the Indian villages and were bored with the thought of engaging in business for themselves. If Hunter would supply their wants and pay their liquor scores while in St. Louis, then credit each of them with what was due him when the new trading post was stocked, they would be well content. They could then procure from Hunter such weapons and supplies as were needed and such cloths and trinkets as might be fancied by their squaws. It was doubtful that either would ever utilize the full measure of the credit thus opened to them. Supplemented annually as it would be by each season's catch of fur and their squaws' output of dressed buffalo robes, it was more probable that the original credits would increase rather than diminish.

Tod Breckenridge was not certain just what he would do. Adventure called and he was of no mind to bind himself for any considerable period. However, his affection for his elder brother was strong, even if not expressed demonstratively. It was likely, he said, that he would join out with Hunter.

"Just let her ride a while," he suggested. "It'll all work out."

Competition was growing keener among the fur merchants of St. Louis. The merchants were heavily stocked in anticipation of an increasing flow of furs from the great Northwest. Instead, the catch along the regular routes of the fur brigades was growing less. It was known that Hunter was opening up an almost virgin trade territory and all were desirous of procuring his future trade. He was willing to trade his sizable cargo of furs for merchandise, requiring no cash. Concessions were offered him.

Still another factor was working to advantage for Hunt Breckenridge. During the rise of the human race each individual's life has been largely shaped by the past and present works of many another man of whom he has never heard. That is inevitable and no human can escape it. He is a part of that progression, whether he will or no. When Robert Fulton, some twenty years before, had started experiments in France upon a boat propelled by steam, his efforts were destined to revolutionize the transportation methods and practically all activities of the human race. His works therefore would exert their influence upon practically every individual on the face of the earth.

That this invention would have any but the most general influence upon the fortunes of the infant, Hunter Breckenridge, in an isolated log cabin on the Missouri, could not have been predicted when Fulton launched his steamboat on the Hudson in 1807. Thus is every human mite the helpless pawn of fate. Now, not twenty years later, Fulton's invention had a most direct bearing upon the fortune of that same Hunter Breckenridge. The steamboat had proved feasible and was coming into general use on the lakes and rivers. The United States Government had launched a steam-driven warship. Several years before, the first steamboat had snorted its way to a landing at St. Louis. They were coming into general use on the Mississippi. Merchandise could be freighted there much more cheaply than formerly.

And now there was much talk of the feasibility of navigating the course of the Missouri River to its headwaters by means of steamboats of shallow draft. Various groups of capitalists who had made fortunes in the fur trade and retired discussed the vast possibilities of opening the whole Northwest by means of steamboat travel and transportation on the Missouri. Many tentative plans were formed for the first such venture. It was pointed out that trading posts could be supplied with merchandise at little above its cost in St. Louis, eliminating the costly process of transporting supplies by means of heavily manned small craft guarded by fur brigades. A steamship, armed with light cannon and its crew equipped with small arms, could steam defiantly up the Missouri and fight off any hostile attacks without much effort.

At the time such a move was under way and it was reported that outside capitalists were preparing to engage in such a venture at once in case the local men failed to avail themselves of the opportunity. The fur merchants of the town were heavily stocked with merchandise. Then suddenly the demand had slackened most perceptibly. Traders from far up the Missouri and its larger tributaries were disinclined to transport their trade goods in the old expensive fashion when there seemed immediate prospect that a steamboat would start up the Missouri and deliver merchandise at their very posts for little more than the St. Louis cost. Many of them were demanding cash for their cargoes of fur. The merchants found themselves long of merchandise and short of cash. They were ardently desirous of converting that merchandise into fur, which in turn could be converted into cash. As a consequence, fur was at a premium and merchandise was cheap.

Thus the efforts of Robert Fulton had reacted directly to Hunter's benefit, although it was to be a number of years before the talk which temporarily had depressed the price of merchandise was to crystallize into actuality and send Pierre Chouteau, with an armed steamboat loaded with trade goods, clear up to the Forks of the Missouri in 1831, thus opening the great Northwest to steamboat travel.

Also, this innovation was to render shipment of men and munitions so simple a matter as to end for all time the British encroachment upon American trade and territorial boundaries east of the Rockies, as the Oregon immigrants were destined to settle those same questions to the west of the range in the 40's.

Hunter exchanged his furs for a quantity of trade goods far exceeding in amount his

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greatest anticipation. He purchased a large boat of shallow draft, employed two extra men to assist in maneuvering it up the course of the streams and set forth for the land of the Loup Pawnees.

XV

WESTERN traders tried to induce the tribes with which they consorted to keep the peace with their neighbors and engage in the more profitable pursuits of trapping beavers and trading with the whites. All such sage counsel was sheer waste of breath. The savage lived but to make war. A picture of life without warfare was inconceivable. If Manitou had not created the warrior to make war, why had he not peopled the prairies and the hills with squaws? All argument glanced harmlessly off this unshakable logic.

The beaver was disappearing from the streams. More and more *voyageurs* ascended the Missouri to spread out through the great Northwest every year, and the greater number procured fewer beaver pelts than a smaller number of men had harvested in former years. None realized that the big day of the fur trade was passing. The traders urged the Indians to go forth and trap to make up for the shortage of pelts brought in by the mountain men.

Hunter, however, had no need to urge the Pawnees to trap in order to keep his post supplied. They had vast quantities of furs and robes on hand, and any who experienced a shortage had but to repair for a few days to the creeks which were virtually virgin trapping territory. In Hunter's opening two weeks of trade there was some semblance of the first palmy days of the fur trade on the Upper Missouri. There was no question of fur shortage, but rather a question of how long the generous stock of goods would last. The muskets, of which Hunter had brought three hundred from St. Louis, faded as snow melts before the hot breath of the chinook. Lance heads, knives, hatchets, red blankets, bright cloth, powder, shot, sugar, tobacco and other supplies disappeared as if by magic, and still the furs and robes continued to roll in.

To the combination of having received a high price for his furs and having obtained his merchandise at the lowest figure, there was the added advantage of cheap transportation in Hunter's case. The distance by water between St. Louis and his post on the Republican was but twelve hundred miles.

The route was through friendly country, eliminating the necessity of employing a brigade to convoy his outfit. It was sufficiently far south so that ice conditions had held him up but a few times during the trip. All told, his merchandise, laid down at his post on the Republican, had cost scarcely more than half the price usually figured as the basis of trade schedules in Far Western posts. He had kept his prices low, and Pawnees, well aware of the schedules charged at other forts, were well pleased.

Late in February, leaving Tod to tend post, Hunter set forth to try out an experiment. He had brought a quantity of poison with him from St. Louis. Some ten miles from the village he shot a buffalo, sliced deeply into the back, leg and neck muscles while the animal was still warm and inserted the poison in these gashes. The hot meat was thus thoroughly impregnated. Five miles farther on he duplicated the performance. He put out five such poison baits in a half circle, the nearest ten miles from the village in order that it should be beyond the straying range of Indian dogs.

Thousands of buffaloes and antelopes were wounded annually by Pawnee arrows or musket balls and escaped to die by themselves. Thousands died of old age and others were winter-killed each year. All such offerings from Manitou were promptly cleaned up by the wolves. The big buffalo wolves were incredibly numerous. They were to be seen round the flanks of every big herd. Buffaloes were seldom in sight without their quota of these attendant killers.

Two days later, Hunter, Raven Bird and a half dozen warriors made the circuit of his baits. The first carcass had been devoured almost to the last morsel. Three big wolves lay dead within fifty yards of the spot. The warriors fanned out and rode in ever-widening circles round the bait, finding five more victims within a mile in various directions. The five baits resulted in a haul of more than thirty poisoned wolves.

As the beaver decreased in numbers more attention was paid to the trapping of mink and other small fur bearers. Trappers were just beginning to poison wolves to supplement the decreasing supply of beaver pelts. Within a few years there would be tens of thousands of buffalo wolves poisoned annually. Even half a century later, in the 70's, the wolf-poisoning campaign was destined to be still in progress, meanwhile having lapsed somewhat during the collapse of the fur trade in the 30's and 40's.

The wolves were unaccustomed to poison baits and fell easy victims to this practice. In the early day of poisoning there was nothing simpler than to slay the plains killers in wholesale fashion by its use. At a later day the few remaining buffalo wolves were to grow so wary that they would seldom touch dead meat, but it was to require more than a half century of bitter education to accomplish that result.

During the next two weeks Hunter put out three such strings of poison baits and bagged many a big gray killer. The stock in his post had diminished to odds and ends. The most of this he presented to Raven Bird and some of the subchiefs of the village for their squaws, then prepared to depart for St. Louis for another stock.

Occasional word of Leroux reached the Pawnees, though the man's operations were more than a thousand miles away. Trappers had chanced upon such ghastly scenes as that which Hunter had viewed on his way to the Columbia. Near the scenes of these atrocities had been found the sinister W. S. carved upon some tree or scratched on the surface of the rocks. No less than half a score of trappers had been cut off and had died a lingering death at the hands of Leroux's fiendish band. Trappers often carved their names in the trunks of trees along the beaver streams. When others encountered such marks in the course of the years it was like meeting old friends to find the names of former comrades of the fur brigades in some isolated pocket of the hills or upon the face of a sand-rock bluff rising from the prairies. That sinister symbol left by Wolf-strike at the scene of his atrocities, however, gave rise to less gentle emotions. Every mountain man longed for an opportunity to put an end to the monster.

"The news comes straight that the dog-faced one is still among the Blackfeet," Raven Bird said to Hunter as the latter was giving the boat a final overhauling before his departure down river. "The Blackfeet are bad Indians."

"Then Leroux is in the correct kind of company," Hunter testified, "because he's a heap worse white man than any Blackfoot is a bad Injun, which is saying considerable, as the Blackfeet are by big odds the worst there is."

"It is said that many mountain men have sworn to kill him," said Raven Bird. "Is it known to you if this report is true?"

"True as the sayings of Manitou," Hunter assured him. "Wolf-strike will be romping toward the happy hunting ground in less'n ten seconds after any mountain man on the creeks gets a glimpse of him along the barrel of a rifle. You can bet your last pony on that."

Hunter put forth for St. Louis before the leaves were full-blown in the spring. The eagerness of the Pawnees to trade had resulted in the disposal of his entire stock of trade goods within six weeks of the date of their landing on the Republican. He exchanged his furs for a great quantity of merchandise and purchased a second boat, hiring a crew of six men to work it to the Pawnee village. The shores of the Kansas River were dotted with the villages of

(Continued on Page 144)

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(Continued from Page 142)

friendly Indians and there were many long stretches where Indian ponies or squaws could be used on towlines to aid the upstream progress of the boats. The two boats arrived at the Pawnee town during the Short Blue Moon, Hunter having completed two round trips in the space of a year. Despite the relatively short distance when compared with Far Western posts, his crew had been on the march for some nine months out of the twelve.

The trapping season was just beginning, but there were still great quantities of last year's furs in the lodges of the Pawnees and they had on hand many thousands of finely dressed buffalo robes. So great had become the demand for all hides in St. Louis that there was an active market there for Indian-tanned bear, elk, antelope and mule-deer robes.

Trade opened with a rush and the storage quarters of the post began to fill swiftly with robes and pelts of every variety. The big log fur press in the yard was brought into play several times each day as the number of any particular skin required to make a bale was collected. Not less than a bale of beaver skins and three bales of buffalo robes were taken on each of the first ten days of trade. Two bales of otter pelts, two each of elk, mule deer and antelope robes, three of wolf pelts and a bale of small mixed furs were collected during that period.

The Pawnees were of no mind to permit the extra men in Hunter's employ to remain for any extended periods in the Loup village. Contingents from the other Pawnee tribes, coming to Raven Bird's village to trade, eyed these intruders with small favor. The buffalo, elk and deer robes were exceedingly bulky. At the rate these and other pelts were being sent to the fur press, it was evident to Hunter that a full cargo of furs for one boat would be procured before the expiration of the third week, and he planned to send Tod and Brady down river with one boatload of furs and the crews of both boats. This would serve the triple purpose of appeasing the Pawnee demand that the surplus white men leave the country, eliminate more than half the extra men from the pay roll and permit the rest of them to return with a cargo of trade goods before spring. Deciding upon this plan, he began to make out his lists to be filled by the fur merchants of St. Louis.

Furs of every conceivable variety turned up in small lots; not only those native to the Pawnee country but skins that had been taken in raids or by trade from other tribes.

There were prairie skunks and little spotted skunks, badgers and the yellow prairie wolves, skins of the tiny kit fox, or swift fox of the plains, to supplement the staple furs such as mink, otter, beaver and wolf. There were pelts of bobcats, panthers, black and grizzly bears from the cedar brakes and foothills of the mountains. From the Utes, residing in the mountains of that country soon to become known as Colorado, had come a few pelts of red and cross foxes, martens, Canada lynxes and the white winter skins of the weasel. Raiding parties in the Comanche country had brought back a few skins of the little gray fox of the Southwest and a pair of pelts of a variety unknown to Hunter. He later discovered that they were the skins of the Southwestern ring-tailed cat.

Some of these odd pelts were responsible for several altercations. The owner of the two skins of the ring-tailed cat, since those animals were unknown in the Pawnee country, decided that they were very rare and valuable. He set a price of ten trade beavers each upon them, and when Hunter declined to accept that valuation the savage left the post in a towering rage. For a period of two weeks he returned daily for the purpose of pressing his point and became such a pest that Hunter was thoroughly exasperated whenever he reappeared for another palaver. As far as Hunter knew, the ring-tailed animals might be as plentiful in the Comanche country as were prairie dogs in the land of the Pawnees. To take these skins at any figure would be to establish that price for the future and he might be flooded with them another season. To eliminate the nuisance, Hunter announced that he was very anxious to procure a great quantity of the skins, but would take them only in lots of one hundred pelts, paying one trade beaver for each hundred skins.

The savage left in a frenzy of indignation, stamping his moccasin-shod feet on the ground before the post and committing other indignities upon the immediate landscape.

The following day he returned with three buffalo robes and half a dozen beaver pelts. Hunter heard no more of the two ring-tailed cats. The incident was closed.

Several who owned marten pelts were less proud of their possessions. They knew from the Utes that these animals were plentiful in the high mountains. Hunter, too, was on familiar ground. Marten pelts were a staple commodity in the fur markets. The Indians decided the matter among themselves. One of them said to Hunter:

"This animal does not live in Pawnee country; but the mink lives here, and this looks very much like a mink. We have it from the Utes that this animal lives in the trees and can outrun the squirrels in the branches. The mink can outswim the fish in the water. Perhaps these animals are mink that have left the streams for the forests. No doubt they have learned to outrun squirrels in the trees as they used to outswim fish in the water. Do you think that this is so?"

"There can be little doubt of it," said Hunter, "since you point it out to me."

"Then the price should be the same for these minks of the trees as for those of the streams," said the spokesman.

"It is written," Hunter agreed.

The owner of the little gray foxes of the Southwest also solved his own problem. The pelts were about half again the size of the swift fox of the plains and the animals seemed to be very similar. In point of size, he thought, his two gray foxes should be worth the price of three prairie swifts, which would equal one beaver.

"It is written," said Hunter.

It was the pelt of a wolverine that had been obtained from the Utes that repaid Hunter for many such trying palavers about odd skins for which he had no particular use. The owner, a subchief of another village, was very proud of this wolverine skin, the only one of the kind among the Pawnees. Eventually he offered it to Hunter for fifty trade beavers. Hunter declined. He said that he did not particularly care for it, but would give half the price of one beaver.

"Do you know what animal this is?" the Pawnee demanded.

"I know him well," Hunter assured him. "It is a wolverine—the glutton of the mountain man, the skunk bear of the Indian and the carcajou of the French *voyageur*."

"It is the great devil of the Utes—a real devil. It is the most savage creature in the hills. It can slay any other; so its pelt, naturally, is more valuable than that of any other."

"The wolf slays the beaver, but his pelt is worth but a third the price of the skin of his victim," said Hunter.

For the moment the savage seemed at a loss, so he fell back upon injured dignity and stalked from the post. However, he returned very shortly and picked up the argument where it had been dropped upon his exit.

"But wolves are very plentiful," he pointed out. "This animal is very rare, so its pelt is worth much."

"The white swan is more rare than the eagle," said Hunter. "Yet every Pawnee chief covets the tail feathers and the claws of the eagle. Who covets the feathers of the swan or longs to possess its flat webbed feet?"

Again the savage stalked out. When next he returned it was with what he considered a clinching argument.

"What you have said is true," he graciously conceded. "The wolf slays the beaver, yet his pelt is worth less. The swan is more rare than the eagle, yet we do not prize his feet and his feathers. Nevertheless, this skin has great value." He pointed to a dozen or more Pawnee bucks who had entered with him. "I have offered each of these braves twenty beavers for each skin of the skunk bear that they will furnish me. Not one would part with a single skin like this for twenty beavers. So you see its value."

The Indian was now on safe ground. He could make any extravagant offer, well knowing that there was no other skin among the Pawnees.

"It is all true. Nevertheless, the white men do not value the skin of the carcajou greatly," Hunter explained.

"I value them highly," the Pawnee declared. "I would like to buy many more for twenty beavers apiece."

"Do you want them so badly?" Hunter inquired.

"I long for ten of them, but cannot purchase them," the savage returned. "I have tried very hard. They are not to be found."

Hunter strode to and fro as if in deep calculation. The savage waited eagerly. This affair, too, had been going on since the first day that the new cargoes had been landed and Hunter was heartily sick of it. He seemed to arrive at a conclusion and turned to the Indian.

"You shall have them," he said. "Big Mandan is here to see that his Pawnee brothers get the things that their hearts most desire. Why else should he keep post for the Pawnees? Your heart longs for ten skins of the skunk bear for which you long have offered twenty beavers apiece. You shall have them, even though Big Mandan has to send to the great village of the white men to procure them."

Before the savage could remonstrate Hunter spoke in a loud voice to Brady and Tod.

"It must be done," he stated impressively as the throng of Indians in the post listened. "Antelope Two Eyes longs for ten skins of the skunk bear for which he has vainly offered twenty beavers apiece. So great is his desire that he no longer sleeps well at night. He is our friend and we would see that his great wish is granted. Start at once for the big village of the white men on the Great River. Travel with all speed. When you arrive search high and low until you have procured from the white men the ten pelts for which the heart of our friend cries out. Start at once! There must be no delay!"

Seizing a bale of fur, he strode to the boats, followed by his men, each one similarly laden. As if striving to lose not so much as a second, he rushed the work of loading the boat. The savage, torn between conflicting emotions, looked on. He was filled with rage that he must pay two hundred beavers in staple furs and robes in return for ten skins for which he had small use.

On the other hand, he experienced considerable gratification at the thought that a special expedition had been launched in his behalf, being unaware of the fact that it had been planned long since. Having been caught in a bad bargain, he could but put on a good face; so he stood with folded arms on the banks of the river and surveyed the loading operations with great dignity, as if he himself had arranged the thing.

"Hurry!" he implored occasionally. "The heart of Antelope Two Eyes is weak with longing for the skins of the skunk bear. Hurry! Be not long on the way!"

Hunter could not but admire the fortitude with which the savage accepted the small end of what was perhaps the worst bargain ever struck in the annals of the fur trade. Wolverine pelts were procurable in St. Louis at the price of a dollar or so apiece, and the Indian was destined to pay out the value of two hundred beaver skins for ten such pelts upon the return of the boat.

"If there are others here who have special skins of any animals for which their hearts yearn," Hunter announced, "come forward now. Declare your own price and Big Mandan will procure them for you in the fur lofts of the white men."

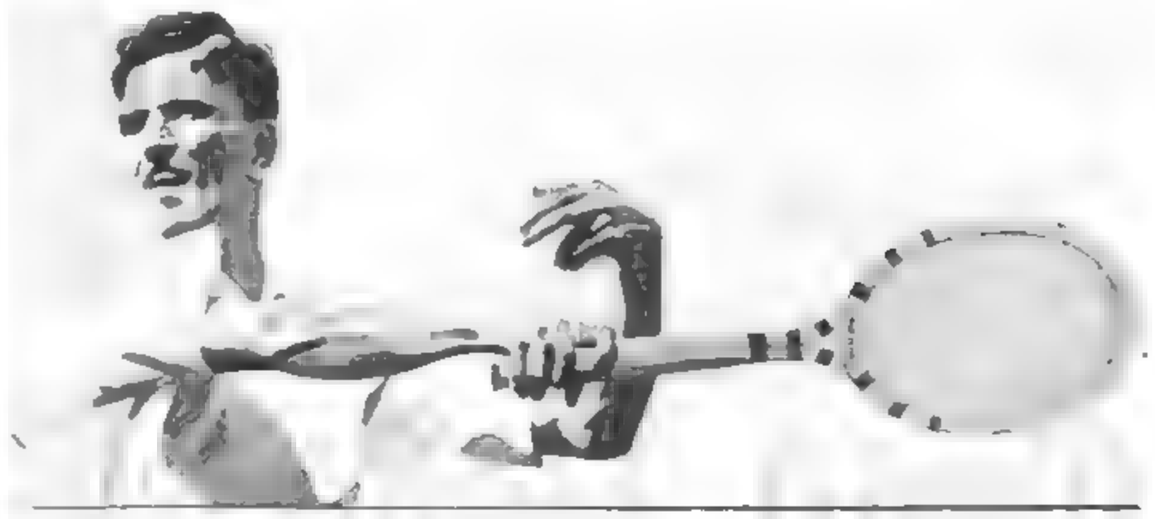
Those who had various odd skins with which they had made trouble for Hunter decided that they did not care to go in for them wholesale. Not one stepped forward. Hunter waved grandly to the boatmen.

"Go!" he said. "We will make the trip for Antelope Two Eyes alone. It is written."

The crew shoved off in the current of the Republican. Hunter strolled with the savage to the post, presented him with a musket, a red blanket and a scalping knife along with assurances of his friendship. The question of who should determine the value of odd skins had been settled quite definitely.

(TO BE CONCLUDED

Hunting With a Camera in Lake County, Florida



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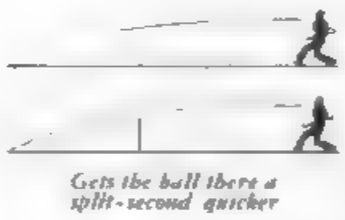

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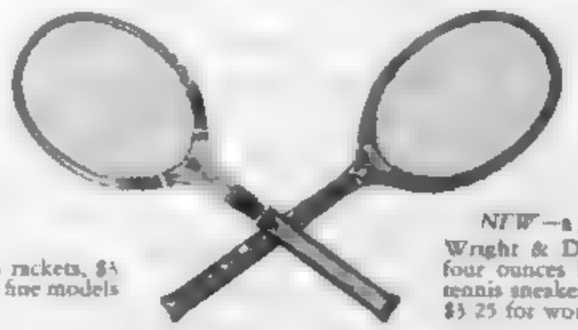

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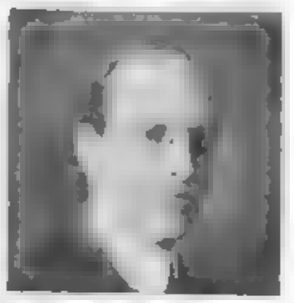

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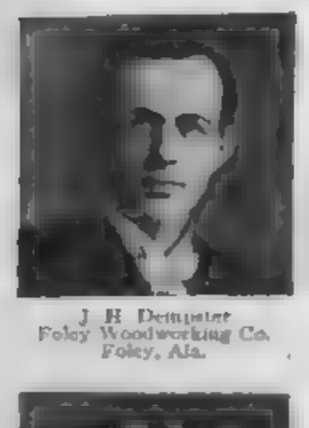

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Although it sells at this amazingly low price, it has that fine tailored finish for which Carter garments are so famous. Snubber back triple stitched for extra service. Carefully reinforced seams, *bar stitched* to prevent ripping. Buttons doubly sewed, to stay on.

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CAT ACT

(Continued from Page 21)

As he read, a crown of little sparks collected on his head:

A young couple married on Tuesday evening at Gossettville by Judge Thomas Prince has been identified, adding another chapter to the social history of Carmelsville. Miss Mary Shillito Watson, now the bride of Mr. Casimir John Sobieski Smith, proprietor of a garage at 159 Union Street, is the granddaughter of the late Noel Shillito, for many years Carmelsville's leading contractor and builder, whose estate was recently valued at more than a million dollars of realty and investments.

Mr. Smith, in 1921, became the subject of an extraordinary scene at a hearing in the Supreme Court, when his father, John Smith, attempted to recover the boy from the custody of his older brother, Mr. Alan Smith, and his uncle, Mr. Hugh Smith, the well-known architect. Taking the stand in his own behalf, young Smith established that he and his brother had supported their father for years by professional swimming and odd jobs and that the large receipts of his appearances in vaudeville as the Diving Kid had gone into John Smith's pockets. Among the witnesses summoned by the defense were two of Mr. John Smith's former wives.

The hearing ended in a lively moment of action when Smith attempted to throw an inkstand at Mr. Alan Smith as the young man, who lost a leg during the fighting at Château-Thierry, left the witness stand.

Mr. Casimir Smith, now twenty-two years old, owns the largest and busiest garage in Carmelsville. His bride has been residing with her cousin and guardian, H. J. Shillito, in the Shillito mansion on the exclusive Glendale Road. Mr. Shillito recently returned to Carmelsville, after an absence of ten years, to assume control of his properties. He served in the Navy during the World War and then was the pianist of Comesky's Navy Boys in vaudeville under the name Fingers. He was not present at his ward's wedding, but among the witnesses were Mrs. William Eustis, of Carmelsville, to whom his engagement has just been announced, and a small but healthy lion cub answering to the name of Murgie.

The crown of sparks was now a roaring fire on Harmon's head. But a man had to keep his temper.

He said: "I—I'll have to see Kate Eustis. That—that's hell, you know. She—she'll resent that awfully! A society reporter's the lowest biological type in existence! . . . I knew she was tryin' to break some news to me last evenin'. Why did you take her along, kid?"

"'Cause," said the bridegroom, "wasn't gonna get hitched 'thout you or M's Eustis there. 'N' Shilly thought you'd kick. . . . Y'awful sore, Harmon John?"

"She'll be furious. Bill Eustis has been dead only three years. . . . I wonder what swine told the reporter that? Known Kate all my life. Brother-and-sister kind of thing, y'know. Scratched my vaccination for me when I was nine or ten. Nearly cost me an arm. Blood poison. Golly, I was sick.. . . . She'll be mad as the devil! She'll be ——"

"Yeh?"

"Of course she will, kid!"

"Yeh?"

Harmon said furiously, "Of course she will!" and scared young Murgatroyd, who was coming down the front steps with a green-and-silver stocking in his mouth. The cub rolled the rest of the way and landed on the gravel with a tiny cough.

"Yeh? I know Mrs. Eustis," Casimir said distinctly. "Kind of good, guy."

"Kate doesn't want to marry anybody, you fool! This is an awful relief to me, kid! I've been scared that girl would grab some—some innocent kind of pup and he'd be havin' fits when she changed her lipstick or went to a dance with no clothes on, or those things. And there won't be any wedding reception. It's a merciful dispensation. And you've had lots of experience, Casimir. All boys ought to be stuck in vaudeville or the Army or something, when they're kids, for a couple of years so's to get over bein' shocked at things. I was tellin' Kate that last night. The human race is too willing to be shocked. That's always been the trouble with the poor thing. . . . By the way, how many people know your astonishing father's in jail?"

Casimir counted: "'You'n' me's two. 'N' M's Eustis 'n' m' uncle 'n' m' broth' 'n' Shilly."

"You told Shilly?"

"Yeh. She's all amused," said Casimir, beaming. "R'mantic. Dames are dumb. . . . Wait'l his term's out. Yeh. He'll come 'n' beef on Alan 'n' me for some coin. . . . Of course some other woman," he reflected, peeling more chocolate, "'ll marry th' ape. Always happens. Cries on 'em. Yeh. Curly. Blue eyes. . . . Look at him! Eight of 'em. One Polack—mamma—'n' a Swede. She was a hoofer. 'N' Elfie was Irish. 'N' Number Six was a Dago. 'N' this last 'at had him sent up was 'nother Dago—M'ria Ancona. Rest of 'em were 'Mericans."

"You mean Maria Ancona—the wild-animal woman?"

"Is she?"

"Yes," said Harmon John. "We were on the same bill with her in Chicago in '24. She's no more Italian than I am, kid—English or Irish. . . . What did she have him sent up for?"

"Threw a chair at one of her kids. Yeh. Always throws stuff. . . . Where y'goin' to, fella?"

"To get dressed. Here, you bring your clothes over from your place. Might as well make this look formal. Cabled your brother and uncle? . . . Answered you yet? Were they astonished? . . . No? I suppose everybody'll say they knew it'd happen. . . . It's the one thing I never thought of. Didn't think Shilly had that much s—— Well, you know what I mean, kid."

"'S all right," said Shilly's husband, backing the green car. "'N' Kate Eustis has lotsa sense, too, guy."

This remark meant nothing. Casimir receded in the green car. He backed it quietly into the Glendale Road, his wide bronze face dwindling to a speck above his white suit, and then retired to his quarters in his uncle's garage, where he lived with toy motors and bits of machinery, and stacks of chocolate bars around his cot. Harmon John watched him going along the bright street and stooped to pet Murgatroyd, who was gravely nibbling his left foot on the gravel.

"Hell to pay, Murgie!"

"Yow?"

"Yes. The social comedy will speed up in this scene, my friend. Thank heaven he has money! They can't say that about him. And all the kids like him. . . . Odd as it may sound to your ears, animal, nobody will remember in fifty years about this social catastrophe. Isn't that funny, Murgatroyd? But it'll be wonderful today. . . . If you'll quit eating my feet, you savage beast, I'll go an' get dressed."

He had to scour gravel from his soles with a moist towel before he put his socks on, and then Murgatroyd clamped on the tail of a clean shirt and had to be spanked loose. It was ten minutes before the addled young man trotted downstairs into the inspection of the eight wooden caryatids that held up the ceiling of the preposterous hallway. Sunlight now came every which way into this pompous octagon and illuminated Shilly's hair. She was standing in one of her rose-colored mists in the middle of the floor, eating an orange.

"I don't suppose you know who sent that rot to the paper, do you? Someone here in town must be the social reporter for "

"Murgie was so sweet at the wedding, Harmon John! He tried to crawl on the judge's desk! . . . And the first time I saw Casimir, he was standing on a tree in Mr. Smith's place, going to dive into the pool. And his legs are so beautiful! Of course he isn't as handsome as you are, darling. He looks Slavic. His cheek bones are too big. But he's ——"

Harmon John discovered that he was very fond of this creature, and took the

orange out of her hands. He put it on a table and told her:

"Now, sister, you're old for your age, an' pretty wise—wiser than I thought, as a matter of fact. But just remember that a man isn't a rubber ball, and the kid has a temper when he gets over bein' a philosopher. Out in San Francisco his brother Alan was still on crutches and his back was all bunged up. He was perfectly useless, just trailing along with the kid, trying to keep their father straight. And the old man said something snotty to Alan one night and Casimir turned round and picked up a monkey wrench one of the stage hands had dropped. Didn't do anything with it. He just stood and looked at his father. His eyes turned yellow. . . . Just because he's sweet-tempered and talks as if he was goin' to sleep, don't you forget he's a human being. Be good. . . . I'm—otherwise—delighted to congratulate you, Mrs. Smith."

"You're a dear, Harmon John," Shilly said, her voice deepening. "And I didn't do this, you know, because I wanted some excitement. I've been thinking about it a long time. And not just because he has beautiful legs."

Harmon licked the taste of orange off his lips as he went down the drive and thought that it would be all right. There was a lot in the girl. But he could not stop to think much about this simple matter of being married, because he was now in trouble and had to keep his temper. So he kept his temper out between the gateposts and into Glendale Road, where he paused to tell Murgatroyd to go home; and then he walked along the street carefully in his noiseless soles, so as not to wake up old Mrs. Van Dralen or the Hobarts or the Denrys or anybody else exclusive. Sunlight sprayed all over the elms, and the silver tag of Murgatroyd's collar twinkled. Day had come tremendously on the Glendale Road, and servants would be up in a little while, considering the breakfasts of these prosperous players in the comedy of superior Carmelsville.

The Albany paper would be on thirty breakfast tables along this wide roadway, where only two houses had been built since the Civil War, and the act would begin. Telephones would ring. Mr. Denny Hobart and Mr. Anthony Johnstone and Mr. Hobart Eustis would all possibly go gloomily out to the country club and get drunk in the united despair of defeated men at luncheon, or come with arranged buoyancy to Shilly's picnic; and Kate's father, Judge Barth, would be in a conservative misery, and Kate would be quietly furious behind her black eyes.

He walked between two obese stone eagles on Judge Barth's gateposts and then between two stone lions set in patches of nasturtium, and then glared up at the screened cube of balcony above the front door. Drying pale hair flopped down in his eyes and he had to brush it back when he had picked up some gravel, and then it fell down again when he tossed the stones up at the screen.

"You need a haircut," said Kate.

"You're a cold-blooded fiend! Were you awake?"

"Yes. I think sleeping porches are an overrated institution, Harmon John. Or the early birds oughtn't to get so excited about the worms. . . . Has something dawned on you?"

This voice coolly descended on him, but he could not see her. The wire cloth made a fog, twenty feet above him, and Harmon stared miserably at its meshes.

"It's in the mornin' paper, Kate."

"Don't drop your *g*'s! You have to be an example to Casimir J. now, and you must try to be correct, Har. . . . And if you're going to tell me that you're two years older than I am or to shut my face, or any of your usual remarks, when I'm just trying to improve you, you needn't."

"I wasn't goin' to. . . . There's a lot of rot in the paper, Kate. Digs up that stuff about the kid's father an'—an' I'm written up too. I'm"—his voice ran backward into his stomach; he gargled—"I'm ready to kill the reporter. And why on earth did the kids hide all this?"

The cool, level voice drawled: "Had you ever noticed that Shilly likes some melodrama, Harmon John? . . . Anyhow, you were busy with your novel, and they came over to tell me about it, and C. J. S. was quite dumb with joy and chewing his fingers, and so I took them over to Gossettville and saw them through. It's about time. She was having fits last spring when Rosemary Hobart took him up. It's been getting more acute ever since," Kate said, appearing in a white vapor behind the screen. "And this let you out of a huge wedding, Harmon. You'd have been deplorable in a long coat giving Shilly away."

"Yes, but what I wanted ——"

She was a vapor behind the screen, a slim, dark thing wrapped in some white matter, with two black braids swaying on her breast.

A chill went up the tall young man and ice drops budded on his face. He was afraid of her.

"Who—who the devil sends in those social notes—from here—to the Albany papers, Kate?"

"I don't know. . . . Is this grotesque?"

"Yes—yes, it is. I mean —— Oh, nothin' libelous. But—but they don't get things quite straight. And what did she have to take Murgie along for?"

"He enjoyed it tremendously, Harmon John. Where do you suppose he came from? It's not normal to have a lion cub drop in on you for breakfast."

Murgatroyd crouched on the gravel and watched a yellow butterfly careening on grass near him. His tail tried to switch ominously. But Harmon was looking up at Kate's hands, planted flat on the screen, and the cold wave was followed by a wave of heat.

"How—how well you always look in white."

"I rather do," she said. "I'm too dark for most colors."

"Rot! You used to look bully in red, when we were kids, out skating. . . . I—I'm afraid this'll be a ghastly picnic, Kate."

"You always look forward to things so gloomily, Harmon John. It'll be rather amusing. Dare say there'll be a dreadful cackle. The papers are rather late with it, aren't they? This is Saturday and that was Tuesday night."

"They're soon enough," he said.

Inside his heated head words piled up hastily, and yet he stood keeping his eyes on her hands. Something had happened in his stomach and he was emptily faint and his legs shivered. This was love! Only it was much worse than the girl who drove the ambulance in Southampton or than Maida Gurk, of Gurk and Hazzard, eccentric dancers, or What Was Her Name, in Minneapolis, who worked in the bookstore. This was very badly timed. It ought to have happened after breakfast. And that was just Kate Barth. Known her all his life. Oh, no!

"I—I've got to get some coffee or something. Been working all night."

"Don't take any coffee, you imbecile. Eat some toast and milk and have a nap. You'll be sleepy at noon."

"That's right—nap. Yes. . . . You do look well in white, Kate."

"Are you feeling bad, Harmon John?"

"Yes—no—sleepy. . . . I'll—I'll drive you out to the lake, of course."

"Thanks," she said, moving from the screen. "And be sure it's hot milk with your toast."

Murgatroyd went prancing back down the driveway and his collar jingled a little in the great silence of the street. But something had stunned Harmon John Shillito. He had been banged on the head. He was walking, and the world was a soundless mattress under him. He had fallen in love again. Again! You never got too old for it, and what was the use of thinking you did? . . . And yet last night she sat reading pages of his manuscript and he had not

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been in love with Kate. No! . . . But this was awful!

The green car had come back. When Harmon tramped up the limestone steps of his huge house, Shilly's pink robe was a pool spread on the floor of the hallway around her and her hair drooped over a bright machine. Casimir knelt above his toy, murmuring, "'N' this pokes in 'is one, 'n' 'at turns 'at. 'N' the gas's in 'is. 'N' you start it down here." And she was nodding and looking at the kid's mouth instead of the steel-and-nickel toy under his hands.

Machines like metal starfishes and a model of an airplane and a small crate of sweet chocolate were all over the floor, and Casimir had bundled his clothes into a scarlet blanket, labeled in white the Diving Kid. His life and his skill had all come into this house with him. He had moved in, and a great surge rose in Harmon, watching light glitter on polished shoes and metals and on the boy's hands twisting a baby wheel. This was the quiet adventure of living, and yet it was like watching a new ship slide down the ways into the sea. That was a stale image of the thing too!

He went limply away and sat down on a fat rubber porpoise on the edge of the pool. He ought to be getting milk and toast and taking a nap. Nine million people were coming to this picnic. He supposed that Shilly had ordered tons of food for it sent out to the edge of Round Lake.

But he could not think very well. He patted Murgatroyd's head. All he could tell himself was that he had known Kate ever since she could walk and that this was awful.

Mrs. Hobart, who was no fool, told him that Kate had married Bill Eustis because she was sorry for the big shy man who came home from France with his lungs burned by gas and found his wife dead. Now that might be so. It had certainly been a strange marriage, with Bill dull as an oak and tone deaf and bored by books. It might be true. And it hadn't lasted long. And Kate was a widow three years ago, almost. And she wasn't twenty-five yet. . . . But this was awful!

"Shilly's puttin' my stuff away on me," said Casimir, sitting down on his heels near by.

"You won't ever find any of it again, kid."

"Yeh? . . . Y'oughta get some breakfast, Harmon John. . . . Y'all pale."

"Am I? . . . Milk toast —— I mean, I didn't have the nerve to speak to Kate about that newspaper!"

"Somebody did a cat act on y' there," Casimir pondered. "'N' I bet it's a dame. Y'been ice on some hen 'n' she's done y' dirt, guy. 'S kinda ——"

"Oh, of course, we can just print a denial! But it's—it's awkward, kid. We're great friends—always have been—and ——" He looked away at the Glendale Road, in which a motor car painted white seemed to be picking its way past elms, and then up at the balcony of white stone outside Shilly's room. "It's so stupid!"

"Yeh? . . . She won't be so awful mad, Harmon John."

"Oh, don't talk rot, kid!"

"'S not," said Casimir, "rot. . . . 'N' here comes pop."

"Here comes what?"

"Pop," said Casimir tranquilly. "Yeh."

A set of tires was coming down the gravel. Harmon John had time to think Casimir was like a crouching animal that smelled trouble, and then he was looking at the white car and at a pink shirt in its front seat beside a woman in black silks. Everything got still once more when the car stopped abreast of him and then stayed still.

This car, with a vulgar big monogram in red on the panels, had arrived and now just sat on the gravel, and the woman boldly looked past a man's gray suit at Casimir Smith. Above and to the right of this intrusion, Shilly's rosy gown drifted on her balcony. Harmon noticed that it was now six hours and ten minutes since midnight by his wrist watch and that Casimir's eyes were yellow.

"There 'e is," said the woman.

She pointed a hand in a black glove out at the lawn, and Harmon saw young Murgatroyd distant on the grass, but staring toward this car.

"Then we can talk some business, M'ria," the man said.

"Well, it's nothing to make a fuss of, I'm sure," she answered. "You'll just tell the gentleman 'ow 'Annibal's a bit of my property and 'ow we came to lose 'm on Monday night, and what not."

Harmon thought it was the kind of voice which could only sprout in London, and wished it would go back there at once. It wasn't a pleasant, chipper cockney voice, but something greasily smooth, and yet—after you'd heard three words—rough on the ear. It was a loud voice commanded by its owner to be soft and gracious. He began to be angry with it before it spoke again.

"I don't suppose," she said, leaning past the gray suit, "that Mr. Shillito would be out of bed by now."

"I'm Mr. Shillito, Miss Ancona."

Maria Ancona smiled upon him with many white teeth. She ought to be in gaudy tights and a jacket, smacking her whip on the stage while her leopards and lions went their paces behind the movable bars of the setting. She looked curiously indecent in black silk clothes.

"Now you know," she said, "when I saw that bit in the paper about this kitten at the young lady's wedding at this registrar's office, or wherever it was, and that you'd been in Comesky's Navy Boys, I said to meself, 'I can remember 'im!' 'Ow d'you do? . . . We were on the same bill somewhere. Now where was that?"

"Chicago," Harmon John said. "In 1924."

"To be sure! I'm at Albany this next week. And I see you've been so kind as to take care of 'Annibal for me. We lost 'Annibal drivin' through 'ere on Monday night. Stopped a bit down the road, and down 'e 'opped and we didn't know it until we was in Albany. A lively trick, 'Annibal is. Some kittens that age are sluggish."

"Oh, yes," said Harmon miserably. "He had M. A. on his collar there. We've been calling him Murgatroyd Anstruther."

The man in the car was lying back with his face hidden. A slice of his pink shirt showed. John Smith had always worn pink silk shirts in San Francisco, with red or purple neckties slashing down them. It was the pink shirt that Casimir had seen. So the man was not in jail. But this was the end of Murgie!

"'Annibal's 'is name, sir. . . . Just run and get 'im, John."

What followed was odd. Harmon felt an embarrassment swelling out of the white car. The man did not move, sitting ten feet away from him, and if he spoke, it was too softly to be heard. But the woman now looked at Casimir John Sobieski Smith again, and her reddish face deepened its colors and her eyes opened widely under her fringe of dim hair.

Presently she said, "I'll fetch him myself then," and got down from her side of the machine.

She didn't know Casimir. That was plain. The kid had never seen his father's eighth wife. They had really come here for the lion kitten, a part of her cat act. She moved on thick ankles and bright unshapely shoes over the grass and commenced a purring, interrupted by Shilly's outcry from the balcony.

"Oh, can't I buy him?"

Maria Ancona looked up at the bride of her husband's second son and Harmon fancied that she flushed a bit.

Then she said:

"Why, miss, 'e isn't a safe sort, you know. 'E'll be dangerous in couple more months. Not safe now, except I dare say Mr. Shillito 'asn't let them feed 'im on meat. . . . Come 'ere, 'Annibal!"

Continued on Page 153

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PEERLE

(Continued from Page 150)

"Oh, but couldn't I—I just rent him for a while? We could send him back when he gets temperamental. We've been ever so careful. And my cousin's so fond of him!"

The wild-animal tamer looked up at the girl on the balcony and then she glanced at Casimir. But she looked back at Shilly and her face did flush. A deeper red passed over its common prettiness and her hands rose on the breast of her common rumpled gown.

"Really, ma'am, it's not safe. I've been dealin' with cats twenty years—and my father before me. They can't 'elp bein' tricky. I'd be wrong to leave 'im with you. It's the truth."

Her voice was not smooth now, but it was a nicer voice, loud and rough and frank. She wasn't trying to be a lady and she was all right.

"Miss Ancona knows, Shilly dear," Harmon said; "she's had experience."

"Oh, but, Harmon! Casimir J. knows how to run things! He can see that Murgie doesn't ——"

"Shilly, a lion just isn't a carburetor. . . . We'll all miss Murgatroyd, Miss Ancona. He's a lot of fun."

"They're dears at that age," the vaudeville woman said, still looking up at the lady. "Tiger kittens are prettiest, though. 'Annibal's a real African."

This side of the white car opened suddenly and the man in gray got down on the gravel. Harmon John saw that it really was Mr. John Smith, husband of eight wives now instead of a mere three, but not much different from the Smith of 1920 and 1919, when Comesky's Navy Boys and the Diving Kid showed together on bills in San Francisco and Portland, Oregon. He wore a red tie spattering its color down his pink silk shirt and his hair was still yellow and curly and his eyes were sapphires. He was an awful bounder, and handsome as fresh paint.

"Let's talk some business," he said. "You can introduce me to your wife, kid."

Casimir John Sobieski Smith rose from his heels and looked pleasantly at his father, although his eyes were yellow.

He murmured, "Y'out of jail, pop?"

"I am. . . . And I wonder if there's another man in God's world that had two sons an' wrote 'em to say a good word to the governor of Pennsylvania for him an' they wouldn't open their heads."

"'S all right with me, pop," his son said, "where you sleep. 'N' y' been in jail before—yeh, twice, anyhow. . . . Shilly, this is pop. . . . Yeh, 'n' y' said I'm makin' this ape up outa my head, an' there he is, girl!"

Shilly leaned over the white edge of the balcony and examined Mr. Smith as if he were a new kind of shoe.

Then she said, "How do you do? . . . But I thought he was in jail, Casimir J. . . . You made that up!"

Casimir snapped his fingers just as she stopped, and murmured rapidly, "I bet! Yeh! 'At's it! . . . Pop, you drove through on Monday night an' stopped at Unc' Hughie's an' tried to get in—yeh. The folks next door said someone was tryin' on Monday. . . . Yeh?"

"What of it? We did. It's how we lost the kitten. What of it?"

"Nothin'. . . . 'N' what did you want with me, ape?"

Mr. Smith looked at his son with a strange stiffening face. "You talk plainer, boy."

"Yeh? Gettin' old, pop. Twent'-two."

"How's your business, sonny?"

"Swell. . . . 'N' how was jail?"

"Oh, darling," said Shilly, perched on the stone rail, "that's rude!"

Maria Ancona came rapidly past Harmon John with the kitten in her arms.

She said, "Now, John, we'll start back for Albany, if you please! Don't let's 'ave an unpleasantness. Much obliged, I'm sure, Mr. Shillito, for mindin' 'Annibal for me. . . . Get in the car directly, John! We'll ——"

"Shut your mouth, M'ria," said John Smith.

There was now a silence. Miss Ancona sank soon against the side of the white car and let Hannibal down from her arms to the turf. The kitten sat docile and rubbed the gravel just beyond him with a paw.

"I see in the paper you've married a swell girl, sonny."

"Gonna try some blackmail, pop?"

John Smith said, "Call it anything you like. . . . You an' Alan are a fine pair of roosters! I hope your mamma sees you when she looks down from heaven an' prays to "

"Yeh?"

"Well, what would it ha' cost you two to give the old man some coin once a month? You're two elegant sons, or I'm an onion! You "

"Y'ain't any onion, pop," said Casimir, getting out his cigarettes. "Onion 's useful. Y'ain't nothin' but a ape. Useda thrash mamma. Lanny told me. . . . Yeh?"

"I'm outa jail," Mr. Smith said with the deepest dignity, "on p'role. M'ria had me let out. We had a misunderstandin' and "

"You've had eight wives," Casimir drawled, "'n' they all misunderstood y', pop. 'S tough. . . . How much y' want?"

Mr. Smith put his hands in his pockets and jingled some coins. It was a trick that Harmon remembered. This wholly improbable person was real, he knew, and he was still perfumed with violets.

"Ready to talk business, Cas'mir? . . . What about a thousand?"

"No," said Maria Ancona; "no. I won't 'ave it! I won't 'ave it!"

"You shut your mouth, M'ria. You were willin' on Monday."

"I don't care what I was on Monday! Today's another day! Get in the car and come away, John. I 'ad you let out, and the more fool me! We've the kitten, and don't let's ——"

"This is my business. Sit in the car and hold your mouth shut. . . . Let's say a thousand, kid "

Harmon Shillito said briskly, "One minute! Are—are Mrs. Smith and I s-supposed to stand here and let you try blackmail on Casimir?" His head burned. "You're trying to scare him into paying you money to keep away because he's married a—a girl who has some position in Carmelsville? That's a good catty idea! You're just out of one jail an' now you're trying to get in again! Is that what he's after, Miss Ancona?"

"Gawd 'elp me! On Monday 'e thought 'e could scare some money out of the lad. . . . We need some. I lost two cats this winter past, and—and cat acts ain't as popular as they was, Shillito. But I won't see it done. . . . Get in the car, John. The lad's married a lady and ——"

"Precisely," John Smith said. "I'm a Carmelsville man, Shillito. Worked for your grandfather when I was a boy. I know the old town. Been out West most of my life, but I know the town. . . . It's worth a couple of thousand to Cas'mir and the little lady not to have me blowin' in or sayin' anything where the Van Dralens an' Barths an' Eustises can hear about me. It's ——."

Shilly remarked in a voice made of blowing snow:

"That's delightful! Casimir, he's just as funny as you said he was! You didn't say his hair was false, though. Mr. Smith, you can go straight downtown and have a poster made about it and put on the fences. You can tell anybody anything. I don't care. I wouldn't care if you'd been in jail ten times. What's it got to do with Casimir J.? It just so happens that I don't care! Don't bother with him, Casimir J. Don't give him a penny."

"Wasn't goin' to, Shilly. . . . Yeh, pop, you can get in the lady's car and go'n away. Uncle Hughie 'n' Alan are in France. 'N' Harmon won't scare, neither, and I'm grown up," said the Diving Kid, "an' y' better take y' false hair off an' go to work. Be a change for you. Y' been livin' on

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dames long enough. It's all cold, ape. Run along."

John Smith's sapphire eyes swelled and Harmon saw positive tears in the fine lashes.

The man said, "Boy, I may've treated you an' Lanny wrong once, but I ain't deserved that of you! Think of your mamma watchin' you from heaven and ——"

"That'll do! That," Harmon shouted, "will do, Smith! I don't care to have Shilly hear this sort of thing. It's not even good vaudeville. I can remember you out on the Coast. Clear out of here! I suppose your idea was to catch me alone and scare something out of me."

"Sure," said John Smith, "if you want to know. I know some guys up in Albany. A fella came an' woke me up with that newspaper. I guessed you'd be sore enough havin' this pup get your cousin and you'd come through with a couple of big bills easy. But seein' what the kid's married, I guess it ain't worth your time. Hell! I bet you're glad to have even a Polack circus woman's son take her off your hands and —— "

Harmon John jammed himself between the pink shirt and Casimir's yellow eyes, and then was lost in a tangle of heavy shadows, as an arm flailed his ear and all things crashed with a noise of smashing glass that ripped his head open. Presently he went forward on his knees and watched Mr. Smith rising as an unusual pink water lily out of the pool.

"Why," he said, "it really was a wig!"

The man's eyes blinked below a dome of rosy head, faintly edged with gray fuzz, and his hair floated on the distracted waters with its lining of coarse cloth turned up. But Harmon saw this through a red effusion on his lashes.

"Fella!"

"Don't yell so! I'm rather ill," Harmon said. "S-send for Kate, will you? Get Kate here."

Ages afterward Kate said coolly: "Don't move your head, Harmon John. I warn you it'll hurt. It was quite an extraordinary cut. Casimir says you must have banged into the glass of the car door when it broke. They had to take six stitches. It's so nice your room was still vacant here. You're used to it."

"Is this the hospital?"

"Can't you open your eyes?"

"Don't want to. I'm so ashamed about that rot in the Albany papers, Kate. . . . What became of all those cats and things—Smiths—you know?"

"Oh, they went away. I rather liked her. Struck me as a decent sort of woman enough. And I am glad to have seen Mr. Smith, because he seems unusual. Are there many such blackguards loose?"

"Plenty. . . . I'm so ashamed about that stuff in the paper, Kate! Casimir thinks some catty woman sent it in. Of course," he said, "you telephoned the editor about puttin' in a denial?"

"Denial of what?"

"That we're engaged, Kate. Awf'ly exasperating—for you."

"Oh, that note in the paper? Haven't done anything about it yet."

Harmon squeezed his eyes shut and his head throbbed in its cap of bandages. The sun was warming his hand on the sheets and a clock struck two. Outside the window was a tiny park with a bad old statue of Colonel Augustus Carmel in the dress of a Revolutionary soldier. Kate ought to be watching the trees and the grass.

"Couldn't you—let the engagement stand, Kate? I mean—for a while. It'd be more dignified, wouldn't it? I mean—I'm so fond of—of you and your father and—and ——"

"Oh, that's all right, Harmon John. . . . Yes, I'll let it stand."

"Thanks. Damn good of you. I wonder who sent that news to the paper, though?"

Kate shifted in a wicker chair beside the bed and yawned. She said: "I am sorry about Murgatroyd. He was a nice kitten. . . . Harmon, all people have feline moments. They do something to see what'll happen. It was abysmally silly and vulgar to send that notice to the paper. But you've been sitting on the edge of my skirts for a month and telling me the story of your life, and—you're so shy. And —— Lie still, you idiot! Please lie still! Harmon, darling, please lie still!"

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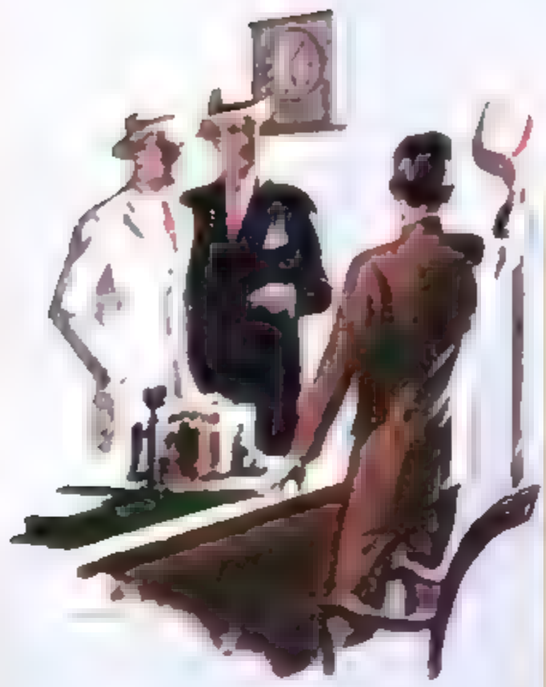
4. *At Fontainebleau: "Er, Could You Tell Me, Mr. Guide, Whether Napoleon, When He Retired for the Night, Vaulted This Railing or Did He Crawl Under It?"*

"To-night . . . important guests for dinner"



Do you know what this means to your wife?

"BRINGING two important guests for dinner to-night. Will be home about 6:30."

Perhaps you didn't have time to phone your wife all the details . . . busy men never do. Only time to say who are coming and when you will get there. That done, you're through. Nothing more to think about except the pleasant evening ahead. But what about your wife? Do you know what "important guests for dinner" means to her?

Swiftly she must check up on scores of details . . . the arrangement of the house . . . the table linen . . . the silver . . . the dinner must be planned . . . purchases made . . . etc. . . . etc.

For your sake, the crowning event of the evening must be the dinner. From the proverbial "soup to nuts" everything your wife serves must delight your guests. And somehow it always does, for your wife seems to know where to buy good foods.

To her, A&P is the solution of her every food problem. She is sure of genuine goodness, for A&P guarantees the quality of everything it offers. She is sure to find greater variety, for A&P always has in stock the popular, nationally advertised brands of food. And she is sure her food dollars have greater value at the A&P. Her experiences have proved this.

. . . If by chance your wife should be one of the few who have not discovered the advantages that come through shopping at A&P stores, tell her that America's Most Representative Women prefer to shop at A&P for many definite reasons, not the least of which are Good Foods and Good Values.

At the A&P she is sure to find the popular, nationally advertised brands of groceries.

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To Busy Executives

Your suits have a surprising way of wearing out just when you've begun to feel you are friends at last.

Serviceability in your business suits is, perhaps, the quality you most desire.

Yet, they must possess the other two attributes of the perfect suit—comfort and distinguished appearance.

KENWOOD ALL FABRICS WOOL

are designed and woven to emphasize those qualities which go far toward creating an impression of good taste in dress.

The lustre and richness, so noticeable in Kenwood Fabrics, are not superficial, but are inherent throughout the life of the cloth.

In addition, are qualities of comfort and serviceability which, we believe, will be of interest.

Rather than to make claims which, however justified, might be doubted or considered extravagant, we prefer to let the fabrics speak for themselves.

We, therefore, ask the privilege of sending you, without obligation, sample swatches of Kenwood Suitings and a showing of characteristic patterns.

We promise not to annoy you with "follow-up" letters. Just write your name and address below and mail to

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ALBANY, N.Y.

NAME

ADDRESS

UNALIENABLE

Continued from Page 19

"How much do you make now?" she asked. And when he told her she gasped. "Why, I—I paid three times as much as that for stockings only last week. Isn't that terrible, Jimmy?"

He shook his head. "It isn't terrible. It's just the way life is—different standards, different scales of living. You represent one and I represent another. You go with princes. I go with chauffeurs."

"Oh, Jimmy!"

"Well, isn't my father a chauffeur?"

She did not answer, but sat picking at the horizontal pleat which just veiled her knees. Then at length she smiled, as if at some secret thought. She turned impulsively.

"Jimmy, would you like to kiss me once more?" she asked.

He gulped. Then his face reddened. When he found words his voice sounded cracked and hoarse. What he said was: "Do I look it?"

She stared, and beneath the rouge on her cheeks she seemed to go white. But she said: "Courtesy isn't your middle name, is it, Jimmy?"

Now his eyes blazed. His words tumbled over one another.

"What are you after, anyway—a collection? Haven't you got one man? Isn't one enough?"

Rosalie said steadily, "He has never kissed me, Jimmy."

"That's a lie!" blazed the boy. "He slipped me a dollar bill that night—you know the night. I burned the dollar, but he did it. Night I drove you home from the yacht-club masquerade. Said it was for not looking around. But he forgot the little item of the rear-view mirror we hired chauffeurs have. He didn't know something else, too, the little runt—he didn't know that I'd be watching every minute!"

Now the girl drew away. "You spied," she said with scorn.

He lifted his chin. "Call it spying if you like," he retorted. "Just the same, I happened to be responsible for you. It was part of my job. Anyway, I don't like the little shrimp. I happen to know a little something about him, that's all."

Said Rosalie, "You mean his—his love affairs?"

"Call 'em that. Call 'em any pretty name you like. But that has nothing to do with it."

"They're Continental," said Rosalie weakly. "It—it's all right."

Jimmy said, "Applesauce! Anyway, what has all that got to do with the fact that I saw him kiss you?"

"He didn't. He never did."

Jimmy's laugh carried an edge. "It was a close decision, then," he remarked.

Rosalie bit her lower lip. Presently she said quietly, "I am certain of one thing. He is more of a man in a minute than you are in a year."

"You're certainly entitled to your own opinion," said Jimmy with a shrug.

The girl's face darkened. "For your own information," she said deliberately, "I can tell you now that you'll never be asked to drive this road again. I—I thought I liked you, from the old days, but now I know I don't. I never want to see this hill again."

"Me either," said Jimmy, but a sudden dull weight was tugging at his heart.

Said Rosalie: "Yes, and you'll never need worry about my calling you anything but James. I realize it now—there is a class distinction." She raised her head proudly, tucking her organdie billows about herself as if to keep them from contact with inferior clay. Then she smiled at nothing in particular and said, loudly and distinctly, "Home, James."

That evening Rosalie, evincing no apparent purpose, strolled idly into the great vaulted book-lined room her father called his study. She nodded with satisfaction when she saw that the elder Welleston was there, seated quietly at his massive walnut desk, his iron-gray hair mellowed to gold by the radiance of his writing light. He was working on some sort of paper—perhaps the address he was going to deliver in Washington—so Rosalie did not speak. Instead, she curled up upon the couch and took a magazine. But she did not read.

Eventually she sighed. Then she said quietly, "Dad, would I be disturbing you?"

He turned with a smile, a big-framed man in a gray tweed suit. "That you, honey? You were so quiet I didn't even know you were there. Something you want to ask me?"

"Well, yes," said Rosalie slowly. She took a deep breath, seemed to brace herself. "Dad, I've decided something. I've decided to marry the prince."

Her father, who for many years had held cards in the game of poker called big business, did not vary his expression by the twitch of a muscle. He continued to smile.

Then. "You're sure you know your own mind, honey?"

"Absolutely. I told you I'd think it over carefully."

"I know you did, dear," said her father gently. "And if you have and if you're sure you've made up your mind ——" He smiled a little more brightly and shrugged his shoulders. "One thing I've always told you, Rosalie—you could pick out your own husband."

She said carefully, "You don't like him, do you?"

"Are you asking me or telling me?" he countered.

"Both, I guess."

Her father said: "Well, honey, I'm not very anxious to have you marry anybody. That's selfish, but it's human. I like to have you here. And then I think you're still pretty young, but I understand that that trait, too, is habitual with fathers who happen to love their daughters. So the best I can say is that I'm not marrying your prince. If you are ——"

"Why don't you like him?" she demanded quickly.

"I've never said I didn't, Rosalie. I suppose he's all right. He's not exactly what I had in mind for a son-in-law, but I suppose that's because he plays so much better golf than I do. But if he's what you have in mind for a husband I've nothing more to say. Are you sure he is?"

"Oh, yes!" said Rosalie, and then again: "Oh, yes!"

"H'm" Now all at once her father chuckled. "At least you don't do things by halves," he remarked.

"What do you mean by that?"

He chose a cigar from an ebony case at his hand, cut it carefully and lit it with deliberation. "Why, to tell you the truth," he said negligently, "I haven't been quite sure these last few weeks whether I was going to end up by being father-in-law to a Neapolitan prince or the son of my old chauffeur. I'd call them two fairly good extremes, wouldn't you?"

Rosalie stiffened.

"You—you mean Jimmy?"

Her father nodded placidly. He said, "Your mother and I have been sort of speculating, like."

Rosalie said hotly, "There never was anything between Jimmy and me. He—why, he's in a different class." Since the words sounded somewhat familiar to her and since she recognized them as Jimmy's own, she amended them hastily: "Jimmy and I used to play together, but that had to end."

Her father puffed upon his cigar. When he spoke his voice had taken upon itself the quality of a drawl.

"Your mother and I've been sort of wondering lately just what you were trying to get at with Jimmy anyway. We've sort of argued it out that there must be something in your mind."

"You mean with Jimmy?" Rosalie demanded, startled.

"Well, now that you speak of it, yes."

"I've had to put him in his place," said Rosalie with a lift of her head.

"Been getting fresh, has he?"

Rosalie hesitated just too long before she said, "No." Aware of her hesitation, she added: "Not fresh, but cheeky."

Her father said calmly, "You should have told me. I'd have fixed him. Suppose I send for him now?"

"Oh, no!" gasped Rosalie. "He -not cheeky that way, dad. Just—just ideas."

"I've suspected he might have 'em," said the man with a faint smile. "You see, daughter, I've known Jimmy and his family a good many years. He's a good boy and I think he has ambition and ability. He'll have to work out his own life, just as I did. Maybe he'll work it out differently Certainly he'll have to stand on his own feet, which he doesn't seem to show much hesitation in doing."

Rosalie stared. She said, "Dad, you sound as if you liked him."

"I do. He's a good driver. Almost as good as his father. Doesn't keep his car quite so neat, but knows more about the various gadgets."

"Oh, as a chauffeur I have no complaint," said Rosalie, with what was meant to be a light laugh. "The only thing I was worrying about, dad, was that you were lining him up for me as somebody to get married to."

Her father sat upright. "Who, me?"

"You sound that way," said the girl. "Dad, you really wouldn't want to have me marry the son of your own chauffeur, would you?"

Her father said: "Get this, daughter: I don't want to have you marry anybody. I want to keep you. I know I can't, so when you do marry, whoever it may be, I'll promise to be a good sportsman about it. But it won't be because I want to have you belong to somebody else. It'll be because I accept the inevitable with as good a grace as I know how. If you've never heard a father's honest philosophy before, you're hearing it now."

Rosalie laughed, a trifle too shrilly. "Which would you really rather have me be," she flung at him—"the Principessa Rosalie Corriandina of Naples, or Mrs. James T. Torkson, daughter-in-law of your family chauffeur?"

Her father studied her shrewdly. "I thought that was settled," he observed. "I thought you'd made up your mind to marry the prince."

"Well, I have."

"Then why ask me fool questions, Rosalie?" His expression hardened a little. "If you don't mind, daughter, I'm afraid I'll have to go back to this speech I'm working on. I've got to get it out by tomorrow morning. Here, give me a big kiss and then trot out like a good girl. And if you want your prince, you have my consent. That satisfy you?"

Rosalie kissed him. But her eyes, too, were now a trifle stony.

After she had slipped out, her father bolted his study door. Then he went to a cupboard, which he unlocked with a key from his key ring. From the cupboard he produced a mellowed bottle and a glass, into which he poured about an inch of amber liquid. He sipped this slowly, pacing the room the while. Presently he nodded, stepped to his desk and twirled the dial of a telephone instrument. He listened. Then his face brightened and he said: "Henry? Good. Want you privately. Private door. Come as you are."

Three minutes later Jimmy's father stepped into the room.

"Henry," said his employer, "sit down and have a drink with me. We're in a jam again about those kids. I need advice."

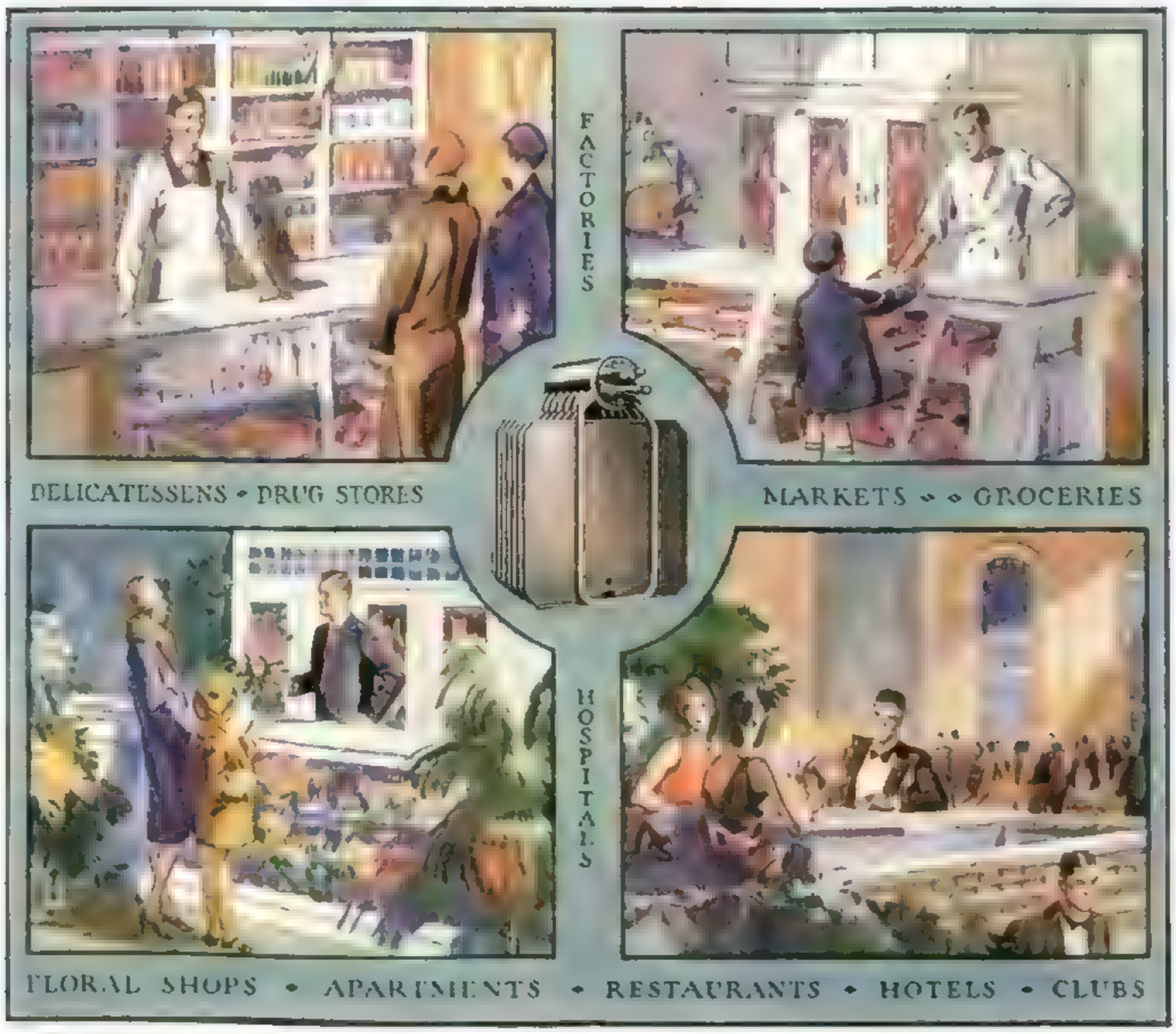
Jimmy's father sat down. He said, "The boy's sore. Mad clean through. Can't get a word out of him though."

"Yes, I know," said Rosalie's father. "Wonder how they've been deviling each other this time?"

Continued on Page 158

FRIGIDAIRE

THE CHOICE OF THE MAJORITY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By patronizing stores, fountains and restaurants where Frigidaire is used, millions of people every day are getting fresher, more wholesome foods. Their health is safeguarded! They are getting bigger values for their money. And while Frigidaire thus benefits the customer, it also pays big dividends to the merchant. It gives better refrigeration at lower cost. And its capacity may be increased—quickly and inexpensively—by simply installing additional units. These outstanding conveniences and economies have made Frigidaire the choice of more people than have bought all other electric refrigerators combined.

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(Continued from Page 158

"I can't get a word of sense out of him. Just grunts and growls. Something's up."

"That prince," said Rosalie's father.

The chauffeur grinned. "Jimmy's got goods on that bird ten yards long," he volunteered.

"Fine," said Rosalie's father. "I don't like him, either—damn little climber. Of course, there's no chance she's going to marry him."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that," said the chauffeur. "He's a fascinating sort of black-haired devil. I've driven 'em. Of course, as long as Jimmy's around she's safe. He'd kill the guy. But when Jimmy quits "

"What do you suggest we do, Henry?"

"You mean about the prince? If I were you I'd invite him off the place."

"No, I didn't mean that, Henry. Anyway, that would be the wrong way to handle Rosalie. I'd be a king, or whatever a prince's father is, inside of twenty-four hours. Yes, and court treasurer, too, for life." He grinned, then quickly sobered. "No, Henry, I meant Jimmy. I don't want her to fall in love with him, either, or vice versa. She's too young and he's got to finish college. By that time they'll have forgotten it."

"I hope so, sir. He's been told plenty of times that he's not in her class nor she in his."

"Yes, it would be very difficult," Rosalie's father agreed.

"It would be the devil, sir, all around. Matter of fact, Jimmy's had life pretty soft. A jolt won't hurt him. He's a good boy, but at that, maybe he's a little spoiled. You see, I'm thinking of his future—ten and twenty years from now."

"And I'm thinking of hers," said Rosalie's father. "Well, Henry, I guess we're agreed. We know what to look out for anyway. Incidentally, if he and Rosalie should fall in love—and I suspect they are—and if they should do anything foolish ——"

The chauffeur sat up. "What's that, sir?"

"If they should get married, Henry—and I'm only considering all eventualities—it will be understood that I shall cut Rosalie off without a cent."

The employe digested this. Then he said, "You'd be perfectly right."

"Perfectly, Henry. Rosalie, too, has been spoiled. A jolt would do her good. But I haven't finished. I should cut her off, but if it should happen, my old friend, it will be understood that your salary will be automatically doubled—yes, and that this increase will be retroactive for the past fifteen years."

"But, Mr. Welleston ——"

"Henry, somebody would have to be in a position to help those kids, and for Jimmy's sake I won't. Get me? All right. We'll hope it'll never happen—and of course this is purely an understanding between us, not to be breathed to another soul. I merely mention it as a measure of preparedness. It's my habit to be prepared."

"But, sir, do you actually think ——"

"I'm not thinking in this situation," said Rosalie's father bluntly. "All I know is that it wouldn't surprise me if she told me tomorrow morning she was going to flip a quarter to decide whether to go into the Follies or into an Eskimo convent. The thing I'll bet on, though, is that she's as wise to her prince as I am."

But Rosalie, so it seemed, was not.

Three days later Jimmy and his father were sitting once more in the wide cool doorway of the garage, doing the best they could to get the breeze and at the same time stay out of the white incandescence of the noonday sun. The shrilling of the bell was a surprise to both of them, for at this time of a summer's day a car was seldom summoned.

Rather oddly, it was Jimmy who jumped to the telephone. He listened carefully, stolidly. Then he said "Right away" and without a word to his father, strode out of the garage and up the driveway that led to the house. Halfway up the hill he stepped aside into a cluster of white birches, pushed roughly through them and came to a halt in a moss-green circle surrounded by a planting of spruce and pine. It was an old meeting place.

A pine bough moved aside and Rosalie was there, bareheaded, her chestnut curls seeming to dance under the brilliance of the sun. She was in a one-piece sports dress of tan silk, utterly simple.

She said, "Jimmy, I'm sorry. I've got to ask you one more favor. It'll be the last." She smiled faintly and added: "I suppose you'll be glad."

Jimmy said dully, "What is it?"

She said: "You're going so soon, it won't make any difference. I wouldn't ask it if you weren't going—I mean giving up your job tomorrow. Dad would fire you, but now it won't matter."

"What is it?" Jimmy repeated.

Then, at first rather hesitantly, she told him. Her father didn't want her to marry the prince, but she was going to anyway. The only way to do it was to elope. She had it all planned. It necessitated a four hours' drive to the town in middle New England where a certain probate judge, for value received, would issue the license and perform the ceremony on the spot.

"I'm to meet him there at midnight," breathed Rosalie.

Jimmy curled his lip and said, "Who—the judge?"

"No, the prince."

"Brave guy," said Jimmy, and if ever in his life he had sneered, he sneered now.

"What do you mean—brave to marry me?"

"I hadn't meant that," said Jimmy, "but maybe he is. Yeh, I guess he is brave."

"I know he is brave," said Rosalie with finality. "He is not only brave, he is handsome and talented. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, panning him."

Jimmy said: "Uh-huh? Why not save that for him? Suppose we get down to business. Why am I the goat? Can't he drive his own car?"

"His cars are in Italy," said Rosalie.

"Yeh, on a street railway—what we Europeans call trams."

"He has plenty of cars."

"Yeh, what I said. Eight wheels and they run on tracks. He rides in 'em for a nickel, any time he wants. Just hold up a finger and they stop."

Rosalie said scornfully, "You think you're funny, don't you?"

"I've got to be something," said Jimmy. "If I can't outrank that bird one way, I've got to do it another. Or maybe he's funny too. Come to think of it, he looks funny enough."

Said Rosalie, "Are you going to help me or shall I have to telephone Purcell for a private cab?"

Jimmy dropped his hands limply. The light that had been in his eyes faded out. "I'm still at your command, Miss Rosalie," he informed her. He stressed the word "miss."

"No, Jimmy, I want you as my friend. I really need your help. Dad will be raving. I—you think so quickly." She clasped her hands. "Please, Jimmy."

He seemed to ponder. Presently he nodded slowly. Then he said crisply: "I'll have a car by the front gate at 7:45. I can borrow a car. I wouldn't use one of our own. It'll be missed." He nodded again, as with renewed decision. "Yep, I'll borrow a car—speed truck, delivery body. Nobody'll be looking for that. Deliver you on time. You be there?"

"Yes," said Rosalie. "Oh, Jimmy, you're such a dear!"

At 7:45 she was there, her eyes dancing.

The truck roared away and presently the night became dark. Jimmy slowed down upon a wooded stretch of road, finally came to a stop. He turned to Rosalie, who was beside him.

"You better get back there in the body," he suggested. "They may be telephoning around. You might be recognized."

(Continued on Page 161)

Schick Repeating Razor

Saving the minutes that count the most

With the Schick when you're lathered you shave. If you want a new blade—1 second, and it's in place.

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If he cannot provide them, send us $5.00 for the silver-plated model, or $7.50 for the Schick in gold plate.

A clip of 20 blades comes with each—20 more can be bought for 75c. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York City. Canadian Distributors, T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd., Saint John, N. B., Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

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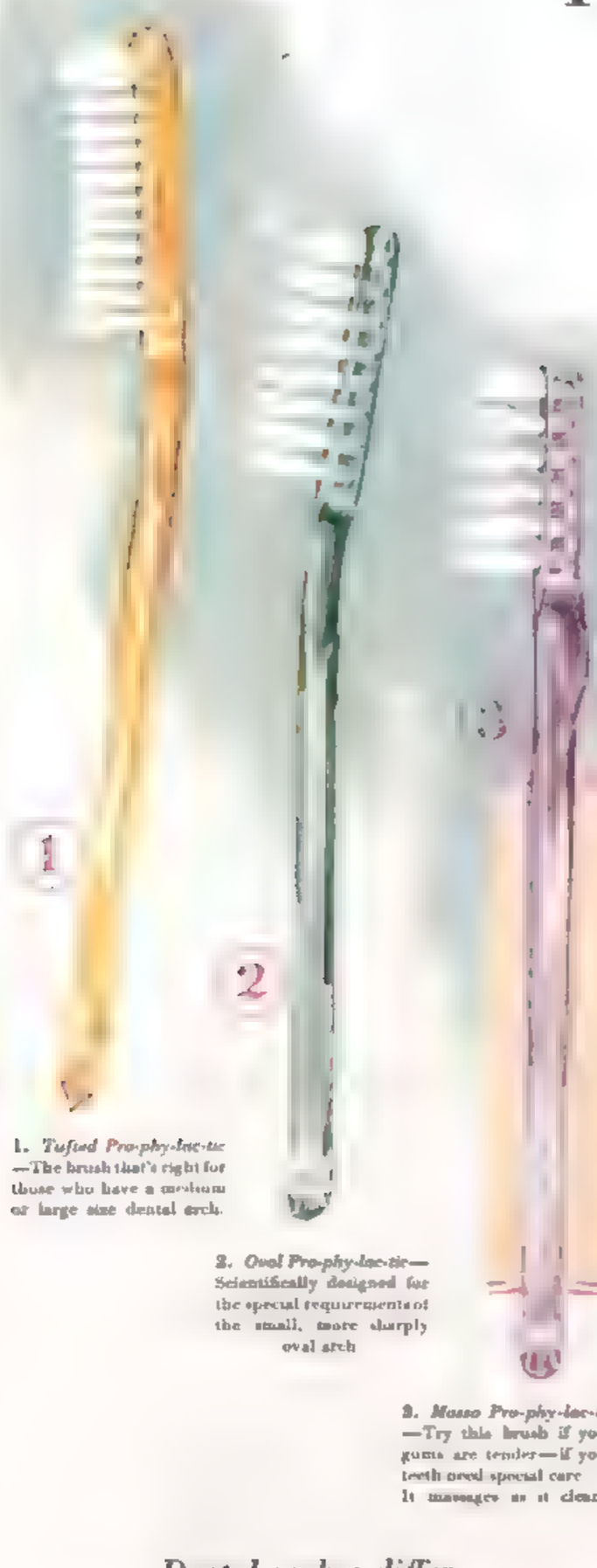
Three Modern Tooth Brushes

One exactly suits your dental arch



1. *Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic*—The brush that's right for those who have a medium or large size dental arch.

2. *Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic*—Scientifically designed for the special requirements of the small, more sharply oval arch

3. *Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic*—Try this brush if your gums are tender—if your teeth need special care . . It massages as it cleans.

REVEALED . . . BY YOUR MIRROR

Easy as ABC's to know what type of dental arch you have . . . to know what type of tooth brush is best for you to use. Just look into your mirror. If it reflects a full-formed face, your dental arch (teeth and gums) is full-formed. But . . . your face and mouth may be small, more sharply oval. Still—either large or small—your dental arch may require special brushing care. Know your type. Then select the brush that is scientifically designed for the specific shape and condition of your dental arch.

Dental arches differ.
So Pro-phy-lac-tic now makes a different tooth brush for each type

NOW, thanks to the help and advice of the dental profession, it is an easy matter for you to pick the right tooth brush—right in size, right in design, right in the quality of bristles and handle.

On this page you see three new and distinctly different types of brushes. Each fills a specific dental need. All have won the hearty approval of leaders in the movement for greater care of teeth and gums.

To choose the right brush for yourself, simply spend ten seconds with your mirror. Decide what kind of dental arch (teeth and gums) you have. Then use the Pro-phy-lac-tic that is designed to bring your type whiter, brighter teeth—firmer, healthier gums.

If your mirror shows a dental arch of normal size, as shown by a full-formed face and mouth, the brush for you is the new Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic. A brush of this type has guarded the teeth of millions for forty years. Now we have actually improved it so that it reaches and cleans every part of every tooth in mouths that have even the very large, square type of dental arch.

But if your mirror reveals a small, sharply oval facial contour, your dental arch likewise is smaller, more sharply oval. Then the new Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic is the right brush for you. This brush is scientifically designed to clean each tooth thoroughly in small mouths that have this smaller oval arch.

Now look again. Examine your gums carefully. If they are pale and lifeless-looking—you need the new Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic. This brush massages your gums as it cleans your teeth. It suits both large and small dental arches.

Periodontists (gum specialists) acclaimed this new-type tooth brush. Dental clinics tested and approved it. If your gums are tender—if a clean, sweet mouth is not always yours—try this remarkable dual-action brush.

In a few weeks—the difference

Use your new Pro-phy-lac-tic a few weeks. Then examine your teeth and gums again. You will see with your own eyes how much the right tooth brush can do to give you whiter, sounder teeth—firmer, healthier gums.

All Pro-phy-lac-tics are alike in quality. All have specially selected bristles, transparent handles in new beautiful colors, and are delivered to you in individual, sealed containers. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass., U. S. A. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada), Limited, Montreal.

. . .

See this display cabinet now at your local store. It shows all three Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes . . . new transparent handles in color . . contains mirror to help you choose brush that exactly suits your dental arch.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

different in shape and size . . . alike in quality

(Continued from Page 158)

"Do you think s' "

"That's what I said."

"But I'd rather ride up here in front with you."

Jimmy said: "There's a big cushion in there. I fixed it nice and comfortable. It's a long ride."

"But I want to stay here."

"I hate to be rough with you, Rosalie," said Jimmy curtly, "but for once you're going to take orders from me. Get in there."

"Put me," challenged Rosalie hotly.

Scarcely moving from his seat, Jimmy obeyed. After that he yanked at a hatchway door behind his head and shot a bolt. "The rear door's bolted too!" he shouted. "It's bolted from the outside! Bang all you want to! Bang and yell, for all I care. This motor would kill an anvil chorus. Now, let's go."

Rosalie banged, but she did not yell. She banged until she was tired. The truck roared and rocked and reeled. Jimmy had his eyes solely upon the road, a brief light-whitened ribbon of road that unreeled itself toward him out of the darkness as the car ate up the miles.

After what seemed like hours Jimmy brought his machine to a sliding halt. As before, he had chosen a pitch-black stretch of woods. He killed the motor, whipped open the bolt behind him, and shot the beam of an electric flash light into the vacancy. The only white thing was Rosalie's face.

Her lip twisted itself and she said, "You coward!"

He said: "Coward, hell! You can drive as well as I can. I haven't the faintest idea where we are, except we're on the road to where you're going. Maybe five miles to the next town. Suppose you take the wheel now. I'm done. I hope to heaven I never see you again in my life."

"What?"

"You heard me," said Jimmy. "I'm getting off. For the first time in history a man is going to walk home from a ride with a girl."

Silence.

"Your prince is waiting for you," said Jimmy. . . . Standard gear shift. Starter button on the dash. Plenty of gas. I hate to make you drive by yourself at night, but I wouldn't deliver you into the hands of that little worm for the privilege of being Lindbergh. That's all. If you want your prince, go get him yourself."

"But—but, Jimmy, why did you lock me up?"

"Damned if I know. Had an idea of kidnaping you, but the dickens with that. If you prefer that bird to me, take him." He vaulted from the seat into the darkness. "Good night," he said.

Before he could move, Rosalie was on the ground beside him. She caught his lapels with firm slim fingers.

"Why did you want to kidnap me, Jimmy?"

"Because—because—say, how is that any of your business, Rosalie? You're going to marry that yap at midnight, aren't you?"

She did not answer. "Are you in love with that guy or aren't you?" demanded Jimmy incisively

No answer

Suddenly, there in the pitchy darkness, a thought occurred to Jimmy. His mind rejected it, caught it back, tossed it in the air, bounced it once or twice, then held it and considered it soberly

"Rosalie," said Jimmy very slowly, "I think you've been lying to me."

No answer, though he became aware that her elbows as well as her hands were now against his chest.

Jimmy said sternly, "Rosalie, if I thought for a minute you weren't honestly in love with that sap ——"

Two starry eyes lifted themselves toward him and he thought he heard a faint whisper of "What"

"Say," said Jimmy, "I've been trying to play the game. Only I guess the rules are bigger than I am. I don't care whether you are or not."

A shoulder was against him now and it was quite easy to lay an arm about it. Suddenly Jimmy felt nicely warm. His voice lost its definiteness, softened, turned husky.

"Rosalie," said Jimmy, in the manner of a person making a tremendous discovery, "you know I'm in love with you, and by gravy, I think you're in love with me."

No answer.

"I don't believe you were going to meet that prince at all," said Jimmy.

No answer, but the second shoulder was now pressing against Jimmy's chest. It seemed to burrow.

"I don't care if you were," said Jimmy firmly. "The prince is out. Rosalie, it's always been you and me. Isn't it just you and me still?"

Then Rosalie spoke. She said: "How far are we from that place where we can get a license from the probate judge? I—I have five dollars with me."

Said Jimmy proudly, "I have twenty-five—and it's earned money too. We can make it in an hour and a half and be back by morning."

"Will we have to be back?" queried Rosalie.

It was then that Jimmy put both arms about her, tight.

Later, as again they roared through the night, Rosalie put her lips close to Jimmy's right ear. "Won't everybody be surprised?" she shouted.

"I can tell you one person who won't," said Jimmy—"and that's my father. He's wise."

"Mine too!" shouted Rosalie. "He thinks that I think I've been fooling him, but he doesn't know that I know I haven't been."

Jimmy said, "Wait till I figure that out. You'll have to say it again. But isn't it a shame we didn't know, ourselves?"

Rosalie was so happy that she jabbed him in the ribs with her left elbow. Then she slapped a silken knee.

"Jimmy," she told him, "you're so darned much faster in your head than I am that I hope you'll always be dumber about something. You blessed love, who do you think staged this party tonight, anyway? Don't you know yet that your friend the prince sailed for Italy at noon today?"

"Did he? Well, I'll be darned. Why?"

"Because I told him I was going to marry you," said Rosalie, and leaned so far to the left that Jimmy yelped: "Get off that wheel. How do you expect me to steer?"

"I'm not sure that I do," giggled Rosalie.

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

from him since he went away in the fall of '24. And it would be difficult for him too. After the visiting he has done he could hardly be expected to adjust himself to a home like ours.

"Nobody in John's set ever spends a vacation with anything less than a three-car and two-mortgage family. We are terribly old-fashioned. Our house is paid for, we have a little laid by and I have a paying business. We aren't a bit up-to-date. It would be ridiculous to expect our boy to put up with us after the advantages he has had.

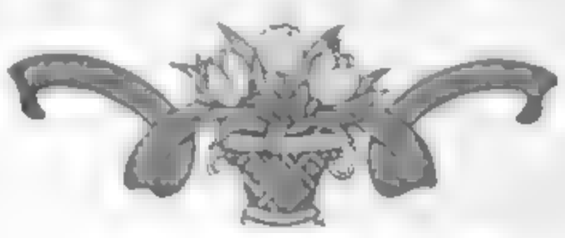
"Maybe, by the time we have to face the problem next year, John will marry some girl who can support him in the style to which his college vacations have accustomed him." —*McCready Huston.*

Back-Seat Flying

LOOK where you're going, Harry! You're up too high. You know it makes me nervous. What's the fun of flying if you can't see anything? I'd rather be down in traffic and go a little slower. There! You passed another altitude post. It's positively dangerous. Hush up, Junior! Mother wants to go lower. It wasn't bumpy. There weren't any ruts in those clouds. Yes, that's better, Harry, but you could go lower yet. I can't make out the letters on Baker Brothers' floating sign and I know we're miles up. . . . No, Junior, no! Stop it this minute. What did I tell you about throwing things down on church steeples? You ought to be ashamed! . . . What, Harry? Yes, it's better! I like this air road much better. It's the one Mrs. Jones' pilot always takes when he goes to market. I think it's nice.

Oh—oh, land sakes, Harry! Watch out! Don't you know you've got your child with you? You almost hit that man's spare wing. Look how it's sticking out. He ought to be arrested, and he's not paying a bit of attention to the traffic blimp. Wait a minute, the air cop stopped him! I just want to hear what he says. Well, a careless person like that deserves every word of it. Now, there you go again, Harry! I can tell you're climbing. You can't fool me. Even if my father did use a motor car till I was a grown girl, I'm not so old-fashioned I don't know when I'm going straight up. An air pocket? Oh, for goodness' sake, Harry, get a new one! All right, have it your own way. Our lives are in your hands! Wait—wait—for heaven's sake, wait! Don't you see that plane's giving you the parachute signal? Somebody's going to get out. What if it is a woman pilot? She's doing very nicely. I saw her signal as plain as day. There! She's dropped her husband. It's all clear now. You can go ahead.

We're coming to Marx's Hangar, Harry. Be careful here. There's always a jam. Watch out! Didn't you see him? I told you so. I don't care if you did have the right of way. What good'll it do you if you're dead? Stop it, Junior! This minute! That lady doesn't want peanut shells on her wings. You'll not come next time. Oh, lookit, Harry! There goes Mrs. Cardwell, our new neighbor. Why don't you stay on this avenue? I think it's nice. I do know her too. Hasn't she got a snappy little plane? I saw her taking it out of the hangar yesterday. She's just ordered those blue wings. I suppose they're the last word. No, I wouldn't want them myself. I think they're affected and they make you so conspicuous.



Oh, my gracious, Harry! Look—look! There on your left! I never saw such flying in my life. Watch out! He's drunk. He don't know what he's doing. Honestly, the danger in flying isn't what you do, it's what the other fellow does. Sit down, Junior! How many times do I have to tell you, you can't get out on that wing? Certainly you'd blow off, and don't try to tell me you wouldn't.

Here comes somebody acting funny, Harry. Two of them! They're racing. Would you believe it? Right on Air Avenue! They ought to be reported. One of them's a woman too. Watch out, Harry! He's trying to pass her. Oh, heavens, he hit her! He bent her wing. She's going down. Get his number, Harry. He didn't even stop. Another hit-and-run flyer! Yes, chase him. I don't care if he is climbing. Follow him up! We were that high a minute ago. Go on! You're gaining on him. There's a reward for anybody who reports a hit-and-run flyer. I guess I could use $500 as well as anybody.

—*Hortense King.*

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FLYING WITH LINDBERGH

(Continued from Page 7)

This matter decided after careful consideration from both sides, his serious manner departed as quickly as it had come. These rapid transitions from gravity to humor soon ceased to be of surprise when we were alone, but I was hardly prepared for anything of this kind in public.

The first instance came at a large amphitheater where the afternoon meeting was being held. The colonel had just received a very large bouquet from a young lady representing a local society. He thanked her graciously and turned around to put the flowers down while he gave his address. Just then his eye fell on me, and instantly there came that warning twinkle. With a perfectly impassive face he deposited the huge bouquet in my lap, then grinned delightedly and turned back with an absolutely grave face to begin his speech on commercial aviation.

Later on, our custom of sending flowers to hospitals brought about an odd situation at one city. On our arrival at the hotel we had found several beautiful bouquets and had sent them to two or three hospitals. But when we came back to the reception room after dressing for dinner, it was again filled with flowers.

Lindbergh looked at me inquiringly. "Did you forget about them?" he asked.

"No, these must have been brought in just now," I told him.

"Well, let's send these out too," he suggested.

This was done; yet on our return from the banquet still a third supply filled the room.

"You're certainly popular in this city," I told the colonel as I rang for the bell-boy captain. "This is the record."

After the bellhops had departed with the flowers, someone knocked at the door.

"The police want to know if they should keep on letting the florist in here," stated the committeeman who entered.

"What florist?" I asked.

"The one downstairs. He has orders from the hotel to keep fresh flowers in here until the colonel leaves. But the police say that one man has been bringing them in and another taking them out for the last four hours. They think there's something crooked about it."

In Training for a Banquet

A chuckle told where Lindbergh had vanished in the direction of his room. The committeeman stared at us in pained astonishment as we laughed outright.

"It's a good thing we found it out," said Phil, after we had explained. "We'd have had the hotel bankrupt by morning."

Often we were glad to have such gifts to help soften a refusal that we could not avoid. One request in particular was hard to deny. This was that Colonel Lindbergh visit the hospitals, especially those for children and war veterans, and go through the wards. Our difficult schedule and limited time made this impossible in most cases, but Lindbergh always did the best he could.

"I'd like to do it," he said when I showed him a letter signed by every crippled child in one of the hospitals. "But since there isn't time, I'll fly over the building tomorrow and circle as low as I can, so they can see the Spirit of St. Louis. They'll enjoy that more, anyway."

The inability to grant these pleading requests always left Lindbergh a little sober. We were glad when incidents of a less serious nature occurred, so that our small leisure time was more pleasant, even though one of our party was frequently the victim.

Lack of realization that we were making the trip with Lindbergh frequently resulted in humorous complications. The first occasion was on the delivery of our late afternoon lunch, after we had reached the hotel. As the food for three of us was being brought through the corridor, a zealous but not well-informed reporter checked off the items and then dashed for a telephone. The latest edition of his paper carried this story:

COLONEL LINDBERGH EATS HEARTY MEAL BEFORE BANQUET

Not two hours before leaving his hotel for the banquet given in his honor, Colonel Lindbergh had the following luncheon brought to his room:

4 clubhouse sandwiches
3 pimiento-cheese sandwiches
1 potato salad
1 double order potatoes au gratin
1 sliced tomatoes
1 pot of coffee
2 bottles of milk
1 fruit salad
1 apple pie à la mode

That night an unusual interest was manifest among those who attended the banquet, an interest that amounted to fascination as many of the guests watched the colonel composedly finish the major portion of roast capon, dressing, vegetables, salad and dessert, with the usual accessories.

Three Inches From Heaven

Soon after this an incident occurred which forced us to consider new methods of safeguarding crowds at airports. A photographer, eager for a scoop picture of Colonel Lindbergh looking out from the window of the Spirit of St. Louis, broke away from the rest of the press cameramen and dashed directly in front of the slowly taxiing ship.

Unaware of this because of the huge gas tank before him, Lindbergh opened his throttle to take the plane up a slight incline. The Spirit of St. Louis jumped forward, its flashing steel propeller hissing through the air straight toward the man in front.

An airport attendant shouted a warning and Lindbergh jerked his throttle back, the propeller missing the photographer by less than three inches. In an attempt to make light of his escape, or perhaps even ignorant of what to us had seemed a miracle, the man began to laugh.

Lindbergh looked at him steadily for a moment and then beckoned him to the side of the ship. The man's laugh died as he saw the expression in the colonel's eyes.

"Do you know you just missed being killed?" Lindbergh asked him sternly. The photographer mumbled an inaudible reply. "We're trying hard to complete this tour without hurting anyone," Lindbergh went on. "But if everyone acted as you did, we wouldn't get very far. The other photographers waited as they were asked to do. You took a foolish risk and nearly got killed. Don't ever cross in front of an airplane again."

The man stepped back, somewhat dazed. The colonel's voice had not been raised to carry to the onlookers, nor had his tone been biting, but his words had been quietly convincing. Undoubtedly, that photographer will never again come close to the business end of an airplane.

That night Lindbergh called a conference on this matter.

"Wire Kusterer to tighten up on precautions," he told me. "People simply don't understand about this danger, so we'll have to watch out for them. From now on, when you land at an airport, explain this situation carefully and ask the committee to keep everyone off the field and out of the inclosure until my engine is stopped."

Phil shook his head dubiously.

"We've tried it already. When we insist, they think we're getting hard-boiled without any reason."

Lindbergh listened patiently and then went on

"I know it's not easy to ask, especially when the committee and others have worked so hard, but we can't help it. If you tell them that the Spirit of St. Louis is blind, and that I might taxi right into people

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without seeing them, they will listen." He thought for a few seconds and continued determinedly: "But if you can't get everything cleared, you'll have to signal me not to land. I'll watch for one of you, or your plane, in the middle of the field, if things look bad, and I'll circle around until you wave me down."

We agreed that he was right, though it was hard to request committeemen who had worked for weeks not to ask for special privileges at that first moment when the flying colonel came to earth.

Often, photographers accustomed to more willing subjects forgot Lindbergh's honest dislike for posing and for artificial gestures. Phil and I frequently would hint that they could secure better pictures by not asking for unnatural positions and motions. The majority were willing to follow our suggestions, but in the excitement two or three would forget and shout contradictory orders:

"Come on now, colonel; give us that famous smile!" "Shake hands with the mayor." "Look this way, Lindy—hold it!" "Wave your hand, colonel." "Come on with that smile"—until a double-headed man with as many arms as an octopus would have despaired of complying with their demands.

Under it all, he performed his part with a patience that was remarkable, only insisting on that one point of safety in landing his plane.

One afternoon there was a sudden and unexpected cessation of attention from the crowd that swirled, as usual, about the airport. Lindbergh had been escorted through the hangar and out to his car by a side door, and for a few seconds was unnoticed.

Phil had decided to ride in a press car just ahead, which by some chance had been decorated similarly to that carrying the colonel. Climbing into the rather crowded tonneau, he found a seat, evidently upon a camera box, which raised him above the other occupants. Though he bore no particular resemblance to Lindbergh, his light rather curly hair and his high color for the moment caught the searching eyes of the spectators. Instantly the customary shout arose: "There he is!"

At the Hospitals

Immediately there followed a rain of confetti and a barrage of flowers. As the press car moved on, the crowd saw Lindbergh and realized its error, but those along the line had already taken up the cry and, to Lindbergh's great amusement, continued to mistake the now discomfited Love for the transatlantic hero.

With a blush as red as his hair, Phil stood up suddenly and waved excitedly toward the car behind, only to be deluged with a flower-and-paper storm from a joy-mad throng that mistook this for a gracious acknowledgment. Lindbergh laughed unrestrainedly, as Phil disgustedly sank down into the car and sought to hide himself. The chairman of the committee, chagrined at what, to Lindbergh, was the funniest incident for many a day, hastily sent a motorcycle policeman to order the press car behind.

In almost every case the unusual happenings of the tour gave some new insight into Lindbergh's interesting character or affirmed some admirable trait. Boston furnished two instances of this kind. The distance to be traveled and the extensive program at the Hub City made it impossible to include a trip through the Naval Hospital wards. However, the committee had finally agreed that the colonel should be driven slowly through the grounds, where all but the bed patients would be grouped.

As the car reached the main building the commanding officer halted it and opened the door. Colonel Lindbergh started to get out, but a committeeman came forward hurriedly.

"We haven't time to stop, colonel," he said anxiously. "There is only time to drive through."

Lindbergh glanced back at the waiting officer, whose face held a silent plea. His blue eyes were troubled as he spoke, and there was a genuine regret in his voice.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said kindly. "You understand how it is. But I wish you would tell the patients inside that I would have come if I could."

Then he was moving on, though the troubled look did not leave his eyes until the hospital was far behind.

Many weeks later a similar situation occurred. But as we left the hospital a plaintive voice from a group of crippled veterans was heard to say:

"They promised us he would stop and talk to us."

Lindbergh bent over toward me and quietly asked me to check up on the arrangements. It developed that at the last moment a stop and a short talk had been included for the hospital at this city.

"That's too bad," said Lindbergh quickly. "Ask the chairman if he'll take me back there after the open-air meeting is over."

Back we went, only to find that the patients had been taken to their wards. Lindbergh approached the commanding officer.

"I have made a mistake," he announced. "Would it be too much trouble to let me go through the wards and see your men? I would like to have them know that I did not purposely break my word."

An Appointment to Keep

Had this been possible at Boston, undoubtedly he would have returned to the Naval Hospital for such a visit.

By chance, the morning of our departure coincided with that on which Boston was welcoming Commander Byrd with his plucky crew, and Clarence Chamberlin, and Lieutenants Maitland and Hegenberger. The committee planned to include the colonel with the other pilots in the morning ceremonies. Learning this, Lindbergh requested that he be allowed to be a spectator. "Boston will have said hello to me," he explained. "I would rather watch than to take a part of their day."

But the committee insisted, saying that this was a reception to all the transoceanic flyers. Lindbergh finally agreed, but during the entire demonstration he attempted to efface himself as much as possible.

When we reached the airport for our take-off to Portland we found a low thick fog covering the field and the surrounding territory. Weather reports showed that this extended beyond Portland.

"It's a tough break, losing a day so soon on your trip," observed one of the airport officers, as we watched the sullen fog clouds drift in from seaward. "But nobody would expect a man to fly through that stuff, especially clear to Portland."

Lindbergh seemed not to have heard him. He walked out for a long glance up and down the field. Then he turned about briskly.

"Will you have the ship rolled out, please?" he asked the officer in charge.

The officer's jaw all but dropped. "You're going ahead, through all that?" he demanded.

"Yes, they're expecting me, so I'm going to try to make it. It isn't as bad as it looks. The flying won't be hard. I've seen worse days on the mail. The only trouble will be at Portland, if the airport is covered with fog."

The other man was about to argue with him, but Lindbergh had already put on his helmet and was critically inspecting the Spirit of St. Louis. The officer looked at us helplessly.

"What can you do with a fellow like that?" he demanded. "Nothing on earth can stop him, and if anything happens to him the whole country will blame me for letting him go."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry," returned Phil Love. "He'll get down all right, even if he doesn't get through."

But though his tone was light, I saw that he was anxious as he watched Lindbergh warm up his engine and signal the mechanics to pull the blocks.

Actuated by a sudden impulse—a feeling that was more than admiration for a courage in keeping his word under any circumstances—I ran to the side of the ship.

"Don't take any more chances than you have to, Slim," I begged, not realizing that I was saying his nickname for the first time, though I had envied Phil Love his easy use of it. "Your getting down safely is more important than the tour any time."

He smiled. "I'll be all right," he assured me. "With these instruments I can get through the fog, and if I can't find the Portland airport, I'll drop in somewhere else."

With a cheery wave of his hand at the crowd that watched in awe-struck silence, he pushed open his throttle and was almost instantly lost in the gray mists that clung to the ground.

The rest of that splendid flight is well known. Reaching Portland after a blind journey from Boston, he circled in the fog for three hours, searching for an opening through which he could descend onto the airport. Only after his gas ran low did he give up and turn west, landing at Concord. The next day, after another difficult hop, he landed upon Old Orchard beach, using Sunday, his first rest day, to carry out the program that had been scheduled for the preceding day.

After his long hours in the air during these two days, it might have been expected that Lindbergh would not go out of his way to do any unnecessary flying. But he called us together to consider this very thing.

"What do you say we go sight-seeing?" he asked eagerly. "This is our big chance to see every interesting place in the United States. There are some mountains and lakes right here in New England that we oughtn't to pass over. And out West there's Glacier Park, Yellowstone, Crater Lake and a lot of other places."

"All right with me," said Phil laconically. "But it'll mean getting up mighty early sometimes."

"Don't forget the Grand Canyon and Death Valley," cut in Sorenson.

Lindbergh glanced inquiringly at me.

"Count me in," I told him readily. "I've always wanted to see those places."

Lindbergh beamed. "That's good. We'll start in tomorrow. But we'll have to keep this quiet, or someone will be trying to stop us from flying around in the mountain country, though it's perfectly safe."

"They'll check up on the distance between cities and figure we've taken a lot of extra time," declared Phil. "How are you going to get around that?"

"You can always find a head wind if you look hard enough," responded Lindbergh. "And one of us might get lost and the other would have to look around for him. Most anything might happen."

An Expert at the Controls

Next day, watching the Spirit of St. Louis twist in and out between the picturesque peaks of the White Mountains, I wished we could fly closer to watch the colonel's skillful handling of his beautiful ship. I mentioned this to Phil.

"It's a little bad around here," he replied. "We'll get plenty of close-up hops later on. . . . Look at Slim!"

I glanced down hurriedly. He had started up a pass which had suddenly become choked with clouds. Heading into them would have meant taking a big chance by flying blind between the rock walls. With incredible quickness he dropped the plane into a right-angle bank, expertly pivoting back on his course.

"If we'd been behind him then we might have cracked into him," Phil pointed out calmly. "Remember, he can't see in all directions out of that ship."

Phil's solicitude for his companion of air-mail days was again demonstrated on the day that we flew over Niagara Falls. Though the day was misty, we circled fairly low to see the magnificent cataracts. Suddenly several high-tension transmission lines loomed up ahead. Phil zoomed over them without difficulty, but he looked worried.

"I think we'd better stay here and warn Slim about those wires," he said. "I just saw them in time, and our ship has full vision."

As we waited, the gray mist that had been falling grew into an almost impenetrable cloud.

"We'll have to get out of here," Phil decided quickly. "There's more chance of our bumping into each other in this stuff than of his hitting the wires."

We were more than thankful when out of the low clouds above the Buffalo airport came the shining silver wings of the transatlantic plane. Whenever that ship came soaring down out of the sky I always wondered what its pilot's sensations had been on that eventful flight across the sea. He had mentioned it in a casual way one evening, but only to describe the action of his compass and the weather conditions he had encountered. He spoke as casually as though he were telling of a trip around an airport.

Gradually the realization came that he had never described his emotions in any situation, and that probably he never would. Their accurate portrayal would undoubtedly prove him more keenly sensitive than the average man to all that goes on about him, but he forestalls any reference to his feelings, whenever possible.

Ordering Breakfast

Once, when the conversation had veered in this direction, he broke off with the remark that it was time to plan the next day's flying schedule.

This was a task he never delegated to anyone. After figuring the time needed for flying to our next stop, he would mathematically compute our rising hour, allowing a certain number of minutes for dressing, for eating, for packing and for reaching the airport.

"I'm going to make it three-quarters of an hour for dressing," he said to me one night. "It was half an hour, but it takes fifteen minutes to wake up Phil and for you to get out of bed. He's bad enough, but I never saw anyone that hated to get up worse than you."

"I remember I got up at 4:30 one morning to attend a breakfast for you at Washington," I retorted, not without satisfaction, having waited long for this opportunity.

He laughed. "All right, I'll get up at 5:30 tomorrow and attend breakfast with you. How's that?"

In as much as we had to make a six-hour jump, this had to be satisfactory.

Breakfast was always ordered on the night before, to save time in the morning. Whoever happened to think of it first, made up the order, and if one of the party chanced to be absent at the moment, his portion was selected for him, sometimes without much consideration for his tastes or desires.

At the start Lindbergh himself often telephoned these orders down to the room-service desk. I suspect that he enjoyed a chance to talk to someone who did not know him. But after a while long delays began to occur while the connections were being made.

"This service is terrible," he complained one night after such a wait. "I could have walked down there by this time."

Sorenson snickered. "I'll bet it's those girls downstairs," he commented to Phil and me.

Lindbergh swiftly covered the mouthpiece with his hand and turned around. "What girls?" he demanded.

"The girls on the hotel exchange," explained Sorenson. "Last night I was down by the switchboard in the lobby when you ordered breakfast. They must have known the voices of the rest of the gang, for one of them giggled and said to the others, 'There

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he is, now.' Then they all plugged in and listened."

Lindbergh looked at him with mock severity: "You must have been pretty close to hear all that. Why were you hanging around that switchboard?"

Sorenson seemed rather embarrassed.

"I'm going to bed. You give them the order," said Lindbergh, handing him the receiver. "If you know them that well, maybe you can get some service."

Frequently Lindbergh locked his door to prevent nocturnal prowlings by one of the party who fancied there was a score to be evened. But on this night he neglected the precaution. The opportunity was too good to lose.

"Did you see that cardboard figure of Slim down in the lobby?" I asked Phil.

He shook his head.

"It's life-size and braced to stand by itself," I told him. "Let's get it up here and put it alongside his bed. He'll think he's seeing things when he wakes up."

Phil was enthusiastic. "We ought to dress it up," he suggested, when we had borrowed it from the hotel management. "Here's somebody's pajama coat, and we can use my hat. It's all shot anyway."

With the figure thus attired, we sneaked into Lindbergh's room, holding it upright between us. Without warning, some object struck solidly against the head of the cardboard colonel. Lindbergh had waked up and had gone into action with all of the pillows he could reach, deceived by the darkness into thinking the figure to be one of us. Phil ducked low and I reached for the light switch from the protection of the doorway.

Lindbergh stared for a second at the dummy, whose neck had suffered a severe twist in the mêlée.

"I never did like that picture," he declared critically, following this unexpected remark with an expert shot at Love, who was attempting to escape by a side door. With a grin at the success of his aim, he went back to bed.

Up to the time when we reached Buffalo there had been no rest day, though from then on, one day in each week, in addition to Sunday, was set aside for this purpose. For this reason we were glad to start across the International Bridge for a week-end in Canada.

Through some strange cause, all the cars following ours were held up longer than usual by the customs officials, so that the caravan of reporters behind us was soon lost from view.

A Good Joke Turns Sour

At the Turkey Point hunting lodge, on Lake Erie, the colonel's presence was at first unknown, and here he was given a real chance to rest.

By the next day, however, the news had leaked out in some way. When we reached the fishing grounds we began to overhear remarks from occupants of other boats, who were curious as to his whereabouts.

Two women glanced at him casually, and one nudged the other after a moment, but the second, after a cursory inspection, shook her head scornfully and continued her search of the near-by craft.

Shortly after this a large launch containing a group of hilarious young men drifted to within a few hundred feet of us. Suddenly a shout came across the water:

"Hey, Lindy! What are you doing up there?"

Lindbergh started and looked around hastily. But the florid-faced young man in the stern of the launch was not looking in our direction at all. He was bending down as though to address someone in the group under the awning amidships. In a moment he glanced casually around to see if any of the neighboring fishermen had noticed this byplay. Apparently not, for it was soon repeated, this time more emphatically than ever.

Lindbergh grinned in enjoyment of this masquerade, which was carried on whenever any craft came near enough. Our boatman, probably relishing this performance and determining to add a touch of his own, maneuvered our boat so that it passed close to the launch.

The florid-faced youth was giving an off-key rendition of a popular song, but he broke off to begin his customary shout toward the supposedly hidden guest:

"Hey, how'd you like that, Lin——"

That was as far as he got, for his bulging eyes suddenly fell on Lindbergh's amused face. He gulped, his cheeks redder than ever, and sat down heavily as we went on.

Through such incidents as these we became used to the keen sense of humor that constantly surged below the surface of the colonel's apparently quiet and serious nature. It seemed strange that the admirers who eagerly watched his every change of expression should not also perceive this trait, yet the majority did not even guess at its existence.

One reason for this was the manner which he was almost forced to adopt at banquets. Naturally, every guest had come to obtain as close and as thorough a glimpse of the colonel as possible, and from the moment of his entrance he was the target for a battery of eyes, from boys to graybeards, from debutantes to grandmothers. Under this well meant but searching scrutiny he soon acquired a habit of looking down at the table, or into space, or above the heads of the hundreds seated before him, except when talking to someone beside him. Thousands of people who sat only a few feet away from him at the sixty-nine banquets he attended did not see a single sign of that characteristic which is as much a part of him as his modesty, his courage and his keen intelligence.

Knowing When to Play

For Lindbergh's humor shows mainly in his eyes. When he smiles, his usually high color creates an appearance of a slight blush, as though he were embarrassed at having been led out of his gravity for a moment. Frequently his smile is one of politeness, sincere and unforced, but without the quick twinkle that betrays the flashing humor which makes him so human.

Another reason for the general lack of knowledge of this trait was that in speaking he was extremely earnest about his subject—aviation.

For a while I supposed that this seriousness in public was a natural result of his elevation to the difficult position of a world hero, and that it was part of his quiet, modest way of disclaiming greatness. But Phil Love disagreed with this idea.

"Slim's always been that way," he stated. "Even at Kelly Field you'd have to be around him a long time before you'd begin to understand him. He never did believe in showing off, and he never acted funny except just with the gang. What's more, he knows when to play and when not to."

Phil's last words summed up the situation accurately. When there was work to be done, Lindbergh pitched in and did his full share, if not more. Coming in from the press interview that always followed the busy afternoon's ceremonies, he would often stop to help Phil and me in going through the piled-up telegrams and mail, instead of attending to details that would later claim a great portion of his entirely too short rest period.

Few people realized the many things that had to be done after the colonel had retired from the public view at each city. Mapping the next day's course, deciding which cities could be circled en route and advising their mayors, bringing flight logs up to date, telegraphing Kusterer of necessary changes in management—these formed only a part, in addition to the autographing of numerous programs, books and photographs.

The wonder of it all was Lindbergh's unfailing good nature, even when the carrying out of these details cut deeply into his sleeping hours.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Keyhoe. The next will appear in the issue for June second

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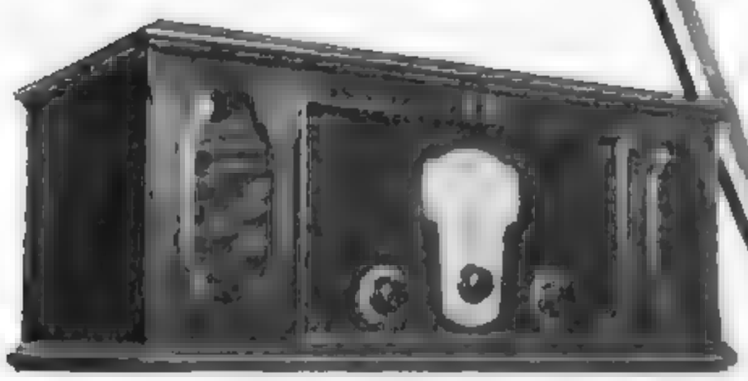

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SEAWEED

(Continued from Page 9)

shining white speck was to be seen. Through binoculars the speck grew into a gorgeous steam yacht, all brass and gold and glossy paint. Captain Tarbert gave the yacht scant attention until the second mate remarked that something seemed wrong with her. Then the Old Man got out an ancient powerful whale ship's telescope and gave the speck a keener scrutiny.

"Seems to be flying some sort of a signal," he muttered. A longer look. "Take a look, mister. Isn't that a two-flag hoist? And is it N. C.?"

"It is, sir. Needs assistance. What can the like of us do to help the likes of her?" grumbled the second mate. That peep through the powerful glass had shown him the flash gingerbread sort of pleasure craft which irritates a plain sailor working at the more arduous business of seafaring.

"There's not much we can do, I'm afraid," said Captain Tarbert gravely. "But I can't ignore that signal, can I? How far away would you say that steamer is?"

"Eight miles or better."

"Call the mate, mister. Then put a boat over. I'll go see what his trouble is."

The mate came up, rubbing his eyes. He didn't mind a call for all hands when a big blow threatened the ship, but here was a morning all blue and gold and calm.

"Put over a boat, mister," said Captain Tarbert. And they put a boat over—and it filled and began to sink. It was old and rotten and dried out.

"Hoist it in and try the other, mister," said the Old Man. They swung in the boat and swung out the other, and that one sank faster than the first.

"Hoist it inboard and make both fast," said Tarbert.

He gazed aloft. The sails slept in the warm soft morning breeze. He looked out across the heaving golden weed. For a hundred fathoms around the ship the weed moved forward, dragged by her foulness. But forward it was, and in a fashion the vessel steered a course.

"You'll hold her to her course, mister, and watch you lose nothing the breeze'll give you. Call me when the sun bears east, true, and report any change in the weather."

For a whole forenoon the novelty of that old windjammer going to the aid of that dazzling steam yacht kept the Teviot's aged crowd interested. But the noon meal brought a change. That was the hour for thought. The meal itself shrieked warning of vanishing stores. And anybody, looking over the side, could see that it would take the Teviot perhaps days to get to the disabled yacht.

After all, those yachtsmen might, with the beautiful inconsequence of their idle kind, merely want to attract the windjammer in order to get a picture of a disappearing type. There have been yachtsmen with no more sense than that.

"A lot o' do-nothin', know-nothin' sissies an' flooseys, swillin' their likker and eatin' fine grub, flyin' a two-flag h'ist while we be eatin' wormy bread an' saltpeter horse and wastin' time to look 'em over," grumbled an old derelict, fishing in the mess kid for bits of fat that would not break his brittle teeth.

On the poop the two mates waited for Captain Tarbert to come up for his noon observation.

"The Old Man will never pass a signal of distress; but what can he do when he gets up to her?" muttered the second mate.

The skipper appeared, screwing his sextant to zero. "Gentlemen, you have seven minutes," he said.

Two days it took to reach that yacht; two days to press through eight miles of golden weed. Blue flashes where the sea shone through were like the laughing blue eyes of a sun-kissed island maid. The distress signal still flew, but beyond that the people aboard the distressed vessel showed little sign of uneasiness or discomfort. Through the glasses, as the Teviot crept nearer, white-clad folks could be seen lounging in easy-chairs under snowy awnings, and other white-clad figures flitted about them, bringing service. Now and then one of the crew might be seen trying his luck with a fish line. Once a guest dropped a hook, but the idea soured; he left the line hanging and returned to his deck chair.

Things were not so splendid aboard the Teviot. After the first forenoon, starved old men began to grumble.

"Rations is short enough now, and he goes driftin' further into the weed after somebody who'll likely only laugh at him," was the plaint.

"The hash wuz rotten this noon. There'll be scurvy if he don't shove off for port," muttered an old sea dog who had lost his teeth long ago and who had been fingering puffy gums for two days past.

Aft, two mates glared at the gleaming craft ahead.

"This passage will be three hundred days, Mr. Pusey," said the mate.

"Aye, Mr. Bunce, and you and me'll need to seek new employment. 'Twill be hard to find. This ship should be heading for home instead of the way we're going."

"You're not hinting the captain doesn't know his business, are you?" the mate returned stiffly.

"He couldn't ignore that N. C. hoist, I know that."

"Then maybe the owners'll give him credit."

"They may well do that," muttered Mr. Pusey. "But I doubt they'll risk another losing voyage with the Teviot. And credit's poor living for men our ages, Mr. Bunce."

"And criticizing orders is poor seamanship, Mr. Pusey."

That night the distant yacht was lighted up as if at a regatta. Captain Tarbert walked his deck long after he would otherwise have turned in. There was a fascination in all that blaze of electric light on a vessel flying the urgent-distress signal in the Sargasso weed. But there was more than fascination keeping him awake. The steward had told him of men complaining of the scanty food again.

"They don't growl for themselves, sir. But one of 'em's sure he's got scurvy. They all believe him. They say it's the grub." Captain Tarbert had not answered for some moments. "It's us ought to be flyin' distress signals, not answerin' 'em," the steward said, bold in the face of the skipper's silence.

The skipper himself visited the forecastle. When he returned he sent the steward forward with the last of the vinegar in the stores.

"Rub his gums with it and make him swallow some, steward."

At midnight the helmsman began to whimper. Tarbert examined him by the light of the blazing moon. He sent him to awake the steward for what was left of the vinegar. It was scarcely a moist drop. Soon other men came aft. Tarbert spoke them all kind and fair. What could he do? What did they want? The ship must get out of the weed? Yes, but so must yonder vessel, flying a signal of distress.

In the morning the skipper still kept the deck. His face was aged and haggard. His eyes, patient with the sea's infinite patience, yet held the grave dignity of command, the depth of real concern for his sick. By noon the yacht was near enough for voices to be heard. And without glasses the old men of the Teviot could see sportily dressed folks lining the yacht's rails, gesticulating toward them. And through the glasses now might be seen the signs of sea wear. A mahogany launch trailed astern of the yacht by its painter. The varnish was blistered and gray. The water line of the yacht showed rust; bunches of weed hung in her bobstay and across the rudder pendants. The yellow smokestack was flaking its paint. And the sporty clothes of the guests lacked much of the freshness that should go with their style.

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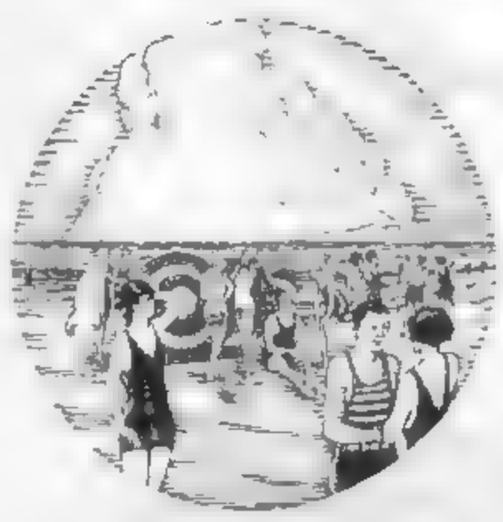

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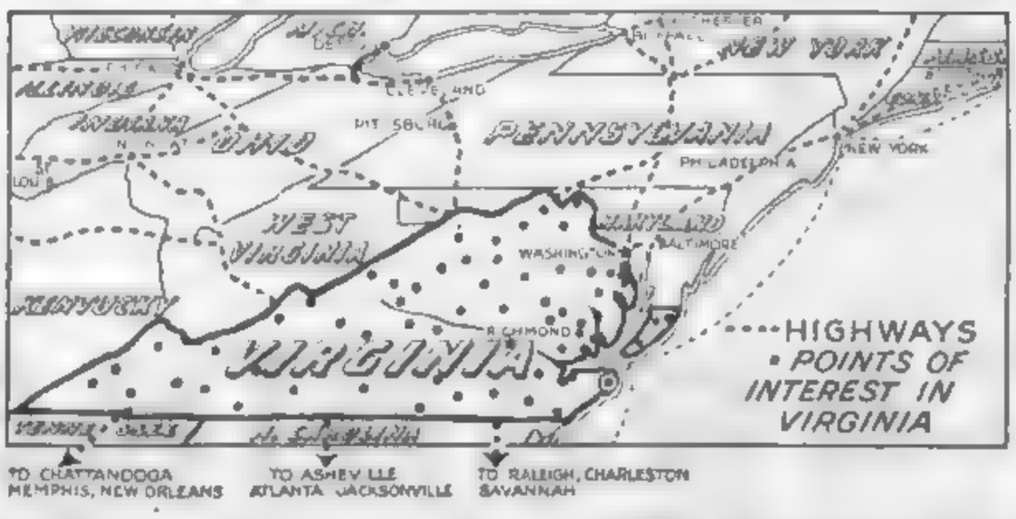

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White was not white: there were creases where no creases should be, and no creases where tailor and costumer had put them.

"D'you make out what they're shouting?" Tarbert asked.

"No, sir. There's somebody on the bridge with flags. Shall I bring up the code book?"

"We'll not bother with flags, mister. Get a line ready."

The skipper paid no attention to the shouting until he could shout himself with a megaphone. That was when he had steered the ship sluggishly across the yacht's bows. It took an hour to make the last half mile. Then he hailed the pleasure craft.

"Hold your breath until I make fast to you!" he bawled, and then Mr. Bunce got his line across.

He had only to heave it ten fathoms. Then haggard old sailormen wearily hauled it in until the two vessels lay together, while, as had been surmised, yachting swells in soiled sporting attire took enthusiastic pictures with little hand cameras. There were, besides a crew of twenty or so, eight young people of both sexes and two elderly men. One of the elderly men showed some slight trace of worry; none of the rest did. As for the yacht's crew, they stood huddled in a crowd apart, watching with silent interest the preparations of Captain Tarbert to climb aboard the yacht.

"Oh, what a funny old ship! And what funny old men!" the younger members of the party exclaimed. A pert, plump little flapper, staring rudely into Tarbert's face as he stiffly crossed the rail, cooed: "Girls, it's Noah himself! Beaver!"

The yacht's skipper detached himself from the rest of the crew and joined the eldest of the party, who greeted Tarbert.

"Glad to meet you, captain," the owner said. "This is my sailing master. Lucky you happened along. We're in a bad fix."

"I'm in straits myself, sir," said Tarbert, gravely inspecting the vessel and her people. "There's little I can do for anybody. What's the trouble?"

"Jarred our propeller off against sunken wreckage and the radio's gone dead. Got the batteries full of salt water. Tried towing with the launch, but knocked her propeller off too. We've been in this confounded weed so long our stores are running short."

"We've been on quarter rations for six weeks, sir. If you are as badly off as that, you are indeed in a bad way. The only thing I can do for you is to hang onto you and try to drag you clear. You see how much wind there is. Have you fresh water?"

"Enough to freshen the ocean," the owner said petulantly. "We have a condenser. Give you all you want. Got plenty of rough stores too—crew stuff. Captain"—turning to his sailing master—"take him around and see if we can spare anything he wants, and see what he can do for us. I'll discuss terms with him later."

In half an hour Captain Tarbert was aboard his own good old ship again, and there was a curious gleam in his tired eyes. He was followed by some of the yacht's crew, who passed onto the Teviot many boxes and bags. Water had been run through a hose. There was a small cask of vinegar, too, and a few—very few—potatoes. A young man of the owner's party visited the sick men in the windjammer's forecastle. He was a medical student from one of the large universities. He had never seen scurvy.

"They'll be all right, captain, once they clean themselves," he said with wrinkled nose, staring incredulously around the dim, dingy interior.

"Perhaps you're right, sir. We've been very short of water," replied Tarbert patiently. As soon as the young medico departed the steward was sent forward with potato juice and vinegar. That was the cure for scurvy. Those old sailors were clean enough. The ocean saw to that.

"Mr. Bunce, we'll pass them our line and they'll give us their wire," the skipper said. "There may be wind. The weight of that vessel won't make any difference to us, with the weight of weed we're carrying. I shall try to drag them into Bermuda."

Late in the afternoon the queer tandem started. Every threadbare sail on the Teviot was full of the light air. She moved forward, pushing ahead an acre of golden stagnation. And the white yacht followed lightly in the open water she left behind her, keeping the towline sagging in the blue water. On the sailing ship's poop the skipper and mates and steward inventoried the stores sent on board. The party on the yacht had stood for a while on the fore part, looking on at the tow with faint interest. But it was too slow for them. They saw they were actually being pulled out of a bad predicament, and that was enough. How bad, they might never know. "Mister, that's a bewildering craft," the skipper said, puzzling over the names of some of the stores items. "Fresh water enough to supply a bathroom for every guest and two for the crew. A condenser makes it. What have you there, steward?"

"The label says *pâté de fois gras*, but it's nothing but paste truck to spread on bread, sir."

"Let the men have it. It's good for sore gums, maybe. Give them some of those hams too. They've plenty of fresh water now. Yes, mister, and she has a sounding device which gives the depth by echo. Just like looking at a clock. And a compass without a magnet. And a contrivance they call Metal Mike. It steers the ship without a hand at the wheel."

Pusey and Bunce were too respectful to dispute the skipper's statement. But they glanced astern at the helpless yacht being towed from almost certain death by an ancient old windbag tottering toward the end of her career, and Mr. Bunce met the eye of Mr. Pusey and they almost smiled.

"They wasn't very short of stores, sir, according to this," the steward said. "Crew's stuff they call this. It's better than our cabin stores when we first sailed from Callao."

"Aye, steward, the owner is suffering hardship because the ice chest has no more chicken and porterhouse beefsteaks. They've had to drink ginger ale in their whisky for over a week because all the carbonated water is gone."

"And their Metal Mike an' all ain't doing 'em much good right now," murmured Mr. Pusey, surreptitiously breaking off a potato shoot and slipping it into his cheek to chew.

To untried eyes, no progress was made. The breeze strengthened as the sun wested and the Teviot rolled grandly, creaking and clanging to the stress of that deadening burden astern of her. The mates, by turns, watched the tow and regarded the straining towing bitts darkly. No sailing ship ever built was expected to be so misused. Yet at suppertime there was a welcome change from short rations. When Captain Tarbert went on deck afterward and also looked dubiously at the bitts, he found both mates and half the crew fitting springs and preventers to the towing hawser from the mizzenmast itself.

"She'll not pull that adrift, sir," said Bunce.

On the yacht the folks had very quickly forgotten their recent hazard. They were being towed out to the open, where they would soon be taken to port, and that sufficed. The owner, a rich idler with neither sea sense nor perception, could never appreciate the full peril or value the real service. To him the Teviot was simply a grubby old sailing ship which had happened along in time just to pull him out of some seaweed. He was inclined to regard the towing much as he might regard the towing of a garage service car if his big automobile met with a mishap which his chauffeur could not repair on the road.

Only the old men on the Teviot knew exactly what it meant. It was Captain Tarbert's business, of course. If he chose to risk wrenching the ship to pieces, nobody but his owners could oppose him, and by the time they knew about it the job would be over. And after weary weeks of short whack and driblets of evil-smelling, rust-thick water, those fresh provisions and that

(Continued on Page 172)

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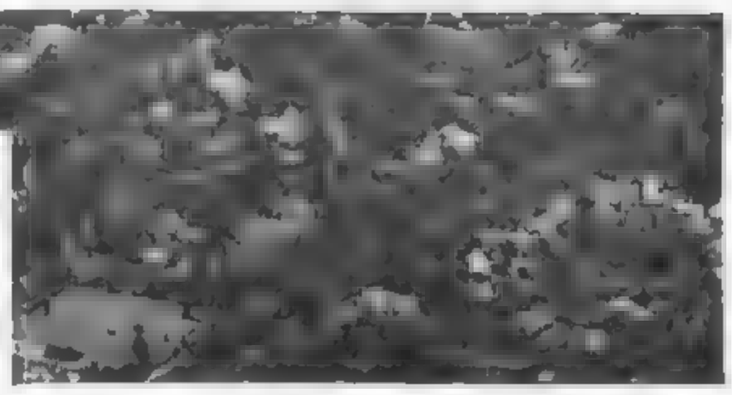

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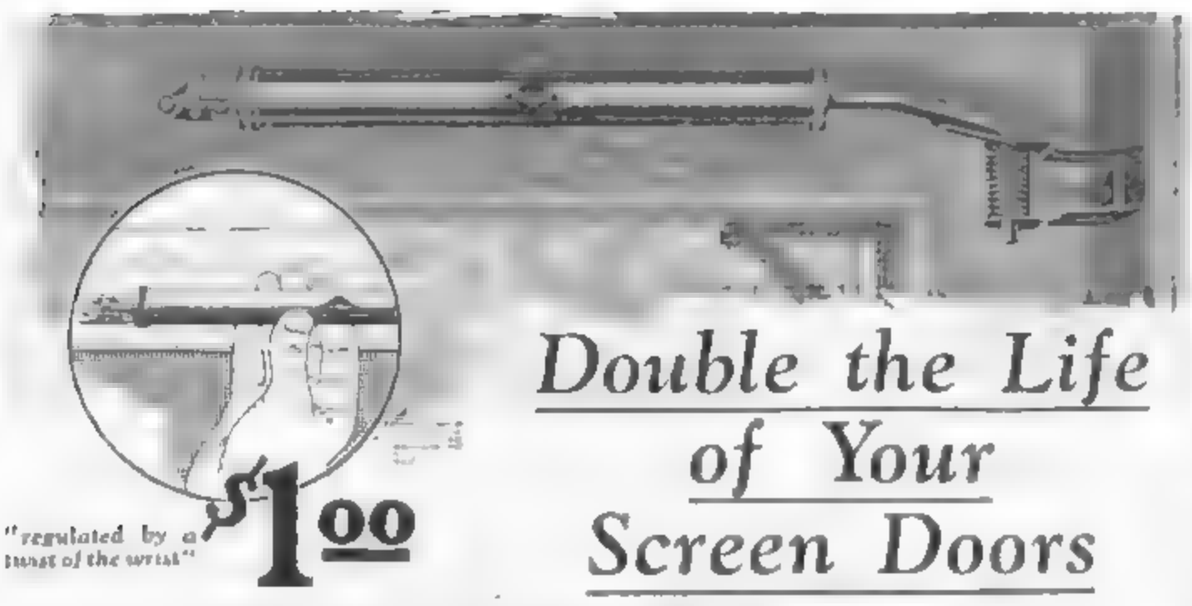

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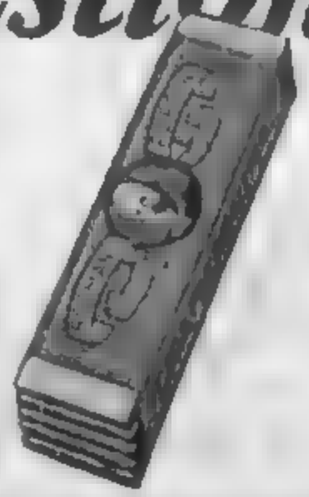

(Continued from Page 170)

lavish fresh water were cheap at the cost of a little while longer at sea.

"More days, more dollars," chuckled the optimist, licking the last smear of ham grease from his tin plate.

"Ought to put out fer home, that's wot he ought," mumbled one of the scurvyites, rolling a drop of lime juice gratefully around his gums.

"Shut up! You'll grab yer share fast enough if it comes to a bit o' salvage, won't yer"'

"Salvage?" the ancient echoed, his swollen mouth gaping. Then he cackled, shaking his head: "Who's a-goin' to stump up salvage to the likes o' we? Damned if that ain't a good 'n, Joe!"

Toward morning a squall whistled along. It blew away the Teviot's fore and main royals and sprung a spar. The mizzen groaned and crackled under the screaming strain of the hawser; the mate stood by with an ax to cut. Tarbert stood beside him, a hand on the ax.

"Put the ax away, mister. While she cracks, she'll hold!"

The port-quarter bitts tore loose from the deck, ripping up planking and drawing great bolts from the iron beams below. The heavy iron casting whanged across the deck, burst through the poop rail and plunged into the weed with a sullen sound. Skipper and mate sprang clear of the whirring hawser, suddenly slacked. The helmsman climbed on the taffrail, leaving his wheel.

"Take the hawser off the other bitts and make it fast entirely to the mast," the skipper said, when the squall passed; and the ship rolled on, dragging her burden, still triumphant. On the big yacht astern not even a lookout showed his head. Those frivolers of the sea were content to be dragged by the nose at the stern of an ancient windjammer, feeling secure, though never knowing why, never caring how those obsolete old seafarers brought about the miracle.

As the edge of the weed was approached, the wind grew strong from the west. The Teviot shook the last of the golden trammels clear of her flanks and began to surge forward, moving the tow at last at a speed which made the sea curl at her bows. But Tarbert shook his grizzled head.

"If we'd only a slant o' wind!" he muttered.

But the wind stayed in the west. It was dead ahead. The old square-rigger stood off on the port tack, far to the northward, dragging the glossy yacht, whose people had thrown care overboard again. The wind increased to a point where the Teviot should have taken in her topgallant sails; yet had she done so she could never have moved the tow.

"Put some more rovings in along all the yards, mister, and have a good look at all the nips," Tarbert told the mate. As he spoke, the outer jib burst and flew athwart. The main topgallant sail split from head to foot down the weather leech.

"Hurry and tie up the weather side of that topgallant s'l," the skipper shouted. "Get a move on, before it all goes! You can leave the lee half set. And you can shift jibs too."

"There's no spare outer jib left, sir," grumbled Mr. Bunce.

"Then shift the inner jib to the outer stay, mister. She'll hold on better with more headsail. Better put more parceling around the hawser at the fair-lead, too. Dammit, we're beginning to move!"

"Aye, like a crab sailing full an' by!" grumbled the scurvied old sailor, who had sharp eyes for a vessel's leeway.

Through the night the weary old men labored. There was no cozy little pipe in the lee of the galley, no forty winks under the forecastle. The ship ought to have been foaming along toward home before that brave westerly with dry decks; instead, she lay down heavily to a fierce beam wind, hampered and strangled by that dead weight astern, her decks full of water and every fiber thrumming at breaking point.

Grim work, thrashing a foul-hulled square-rigger against a westerly gale, even without other encumbrance. When the mizzenmast began to work in its partners, spewing out the wedges under the drag of the towing hawser, Tarbert glanced furtively at his mates. They carried on, like the dour old shellbacks they were, grumbling perhaps, but beneath their breath, obeying orders, doing their best by the ship. Men shuffling aft to take the helm looked boldly and critically astern, never troubling to hide their unexpressed opinion from the Old Man. But it was not their duty to complain. They steered their trick, stood their lookouts, hauled braces and sheets in going about, and all the time conscious of their utter superiority over that helpless piece of marine frippery they were lugging to safety.

The towline broke. It broke at night, as towlines always do. Remembering the condition of his boats, Tarbert did not try to launch one now. He shortened sail and sailed around the wallowing yacht until he made them realize what was the matter; then he steered his old windjammer past the tow, close enough to cast a line. How it was accomplished nobody knew, in the darkness, a gale blowing, with sleepy fumblers aboard the tow scarcely able to handle a wire. But the old Teviot lads got the line fast again and the ship forged ahead. The strain came too sharply on the mizzenmast and that tall spire of canvas sprang and groaned and ripped up deck planks until men screamed to Tarbert to cut adrift.

He held on. The mates led the way and they set up preventer stays to the weakened mast. The breeze hung doggedly in the west. Bermuda lay far over the windward horizon. Twice the yachtsmen signaled, asking why the ship sailed north when Bermuda lay to the westward. One of the owner's party signaled that futile demand. Tarbert gazed reflectively at a steamer's smoke, coming nearer. It was too much to expect of the old Teviot. That steamer could do the job properly. Yet the Teviot had earned the right to hold on. She had dragged the helpless derelict out of the weed, where no steamer would have been likely to see her perhaps for many weeks.

"They're signaling us to cast them off, sir," the mate reported, after decoding a signal fluttering at the yacht's peak. "That steamer's standing towards us."

"Take no notice of their signals, mister," grunted Captain Tarbert, gazing steadily ahead.

The steamer circled the tow, one of her officers semaphoring, one of the yacht's officers answering not quite so glibly. Tarbert held his course, while his mossy old crew stared over the rails at the great steamer, rolling athwart the gray seas with creamy foam at stem and stern. Signals still flew. The yacht repeated the order to cast the towline off. It was ignored, as Tarbert decreed. Then the steamer began to lower a boat. The yachtsmen crowded forward and began to cast loose their end of the towline. Tarbert sighed.

"They're too many for us, gentlemen," he said. "Signal yonder steamer's boat to stop alongside of us."

The boat swooped near. Tarbert went below, reappearing in a moment. He clambered over his rail, holding onto an end of the main topsail brace.

"Just take me over to see yonder yacht owner, if you please," he hailed the officer in charge, and dropped into the boat. He was rowed across the leaping seas and clambered aboard the yacht as briskly as the youthful officer. The owner met him, puffing importantly, holding out a pudgy hand:

"Much obliged, captain. You helped us quite a bit. Can't stay out here forever, though. Lucky the steamer came along. I've told the steward to give you some more stores. That about squares matters, doesn't it? You didn't tow us far."

"I suppose you're right, sir," said Tarbert humbly. "'Twas through the worst part o' the weed, but no doubt the steamer's the

real help." His old eyes dwelt for a moment upon the youthful party, gayly chattering to the steamer's boat crew. The steward heaped stores on the deck by the old skipper's feet. Tarbert sighed again. "I'll not keep you, sir. I'd take it kindly if you'd just write a line in my log book for my owners. You see, we've been nigh onto nine months coming home from the west coast and it'll help me explain why the ship is so late."

"Surely, captain, surely I'll do that little thing," puffed the owner. "Glad to help you out as you helped me."

Tarbert turned to the page where he had written the brief details of the tow and the times of picking up and dropping the yacht. The owner set his name to it with a flourish.

Then the boat took Tarbert back, with his stores, and the old Teviot squared away for home, with a steamer captain watching her, chuckling at his windfall, a puffy owner shaking gleefully over a smart piece of business with an ancient has-been. The young people of the yacht gathered at the rail as the old square-rigger started, waving and calling exuberant witticisms:

"Good-by, beaver! Don't exceed the speed limit!"

"Something about this ain't right," growled the second mate.

"Smart youngsters like them ought to know real trouble once," the mate muttered. "What'll we get out of it? Sure sack, that's all. The owners'll never keep the ship after this. I said the Old Man was crazy!"

Tarbert had gone below. Now he came up, sextant in hand, and fell to ogling the sun. It was near noon. His eyes held a twinkle.

"You have seven minutes, gentlemen," he said. The mates hurried to get their instruments. The westerly wind, which had been a dead muzzler while trying to tow against it, was now a fair gale right behind the ship as she headed for home. Her weakened mizzenmast made little difference now. She needed little after sail.

"Make eight bells," said Tarbert, the meridian altitude obtained.

In the saloon, when the mates in turn brought their reckoning to check with the captain's, they found a kindly old seaman calmly eating cheese straws from the yacht's stores and carefully going over some figures not altogether connected with latitude. He showed them nice little figures, applying to themselves, as to every man on board, derived from certain moneys to be collected from a yacht owner for towing his yacht out of a bad place.

"He was just a leetle bit too sharp, gentlemen," the skipper chuckled. "He might ha' offered a wee trifle for the service. But never mind. I have his signature in my log book, and it'll stand good in any court of claims. And we needn't care much whether our owners keep the Teviot or sell her. Have some cheese straws, gentlemen."

THE WORLD DOES MOVE

(Continued from Page 23)

dreaming of flying, and all the centuries behind us believing it could never be done, you don't suppose that anybody in Ohio could have imagined that down in Miami County two sons of a Middle West minister were really flying! Such things were done by people called Christopher Columbus or Fernando Cortez or Galileo, names rare in Ohio and strikingly unlike Wilbur and Orville. Don't you see why we paid so little attention?"

"Yes, in part. But nevertheless ——"

"Nevertheless," she said firmly, "most people over the country would have been just as unmoved as we were. It was our incredulity that made us seem apathetic. For my part, I actually saw a secret photograph of the Wright machine in flight and did not believe it. The photograph was made by someone who did investigate, you see—a man I happened to know who had his own reasons for investigating. He was a queer fellow, an anarchist who was himself trying to build a flying machine, and a farmer had told him that strange things were happening at dawn out in the country where there were some wide fields called the Prairies.

"The man went out there one morning and hid himself with a camera. He showed me confidentially the picture he had taken and in great excitement pointed out something I at first mistook for a butterfly, thirty or forty feet above the ground. He said no, it wasn't a butterfly; it was a machine and there was a man in it! Then, indistinctly, I saw the little figure of the man myself, but I didn't really believe it was a man in a flying machine. I couldn't believe that any more than we could believe now in ghosts, if we saw a photograph of a ghost. I thought the thing queer—that's all, and pretty soon almost forgot about it. The anarchist didn't talk; he was anxious to make his own machine fly before the Wrights let their secret be known. His machine did fly, too, eventually, and killed him in a fall, poor man; but by that time Dayton was organizing a great testimonial reception for the Wrights because the world was acclaiming them."

I had seen Santos-Dumont in one of his dirigible balloons, and I had seen his machine that hopped; but it was a long time after the Wrights' first flights before most of us saw airplanes. We began presently to know them from reproduced photographs in the illustrated journals and magazines, and to gasp at the daring of the men who sat on flimsy strips of metal or wood in the opening between the wings and maneuvered the machines in the air. It was impossible to believe that we should ever grow accustomed to seeing such things, or that some day human beings indoors would hear them overhead and not rush out to stare at them. For my part, I had no opportunity to see men flying until 1910; and even then I went many miles, to be still incredulous while I looked and looked and looked at that strange and exalting sight.

This was an excursion far outside the theatrical boundaries that had then become my customary limits of peregrination. The life of the theater is an inclosure for those who lead it, like the walls of a medieval town. They are so encircled that the movement of the world outside seems relatively vague and unimportant; and for me the theater was an encirclement whether I was engaged abroad in writing manuscripts to offer it, or, in the manner of a playwright, disturbing the stage directors in New York when they were trying to translate the manuscripts into acting and painted scenery.

At last, however, feeling too much pressure from the inclosing walls, though I was far from ungrateful to the theater, I decided to stop writing plays and also to break off a habit that had become too clutching. This was the habit of thinking of Paris as my fixed habitation, though I knew all the time that only in the flatlands of the Ohio Valley was there a spot that could ever wholly mean "home" to me. The American, settled abroad, comes upon pathetic moments sometimes; no matter how charmed he is with European life, no matter how suavely he fits himself into it, and no matter how thoroughly weaned away he may be, he always has these moments when he feels that he is neither fish, flesh, fowl nor good red herring.

I had been on an island in the Mediterranean where an old American painter, who had lived there thirty years, was finishing the building of a villa for himself and his family. He took me to see it.

"Yes, it's beautiful," he said. "But I've always lived in rented houses, thinking that next year I'd go home to live. Now I've built this place, I realize that I never will. I know now that my old bones will be laid away over here, under a foreign flag. My

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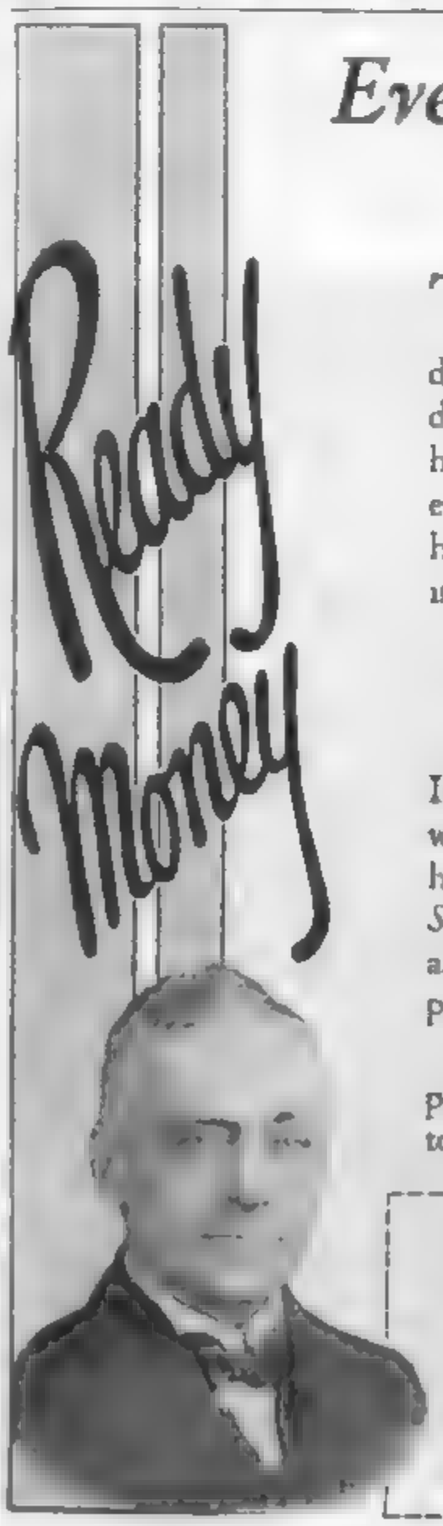

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bones won't mind that, but I do. I can joke about it, I suppose; but if you'll lift the flap of the joke from my breast you'll see a pretty deep scratch."

I remembered what he had said and I decided to go home to the midland country to live. But first I went with some friends for a final summer of motoring over the Alpine passes.

We came down out of the mountains into Germany at the end of August, and one morning we rolled out of Strasburg, which was German then, to cross over into France, on our way back to Paris. We rolled not alone, however; batteries of light artillery rolled beside us; uhlans were seen riding on all the roads; and infantry regiments moved in the direction—toward Nancy that we were taking.

Of course this was no extraordinary sight in Germany; but for the preceding two or three days, as we approached the frontier, we had been increasingly aware of troops and troops and more troops going our way, horse and foot and guns. "Army maneuvers," we said, wisely, and thought little more about it. But when we came to the barrier at the frontier itself—a gate across the road at the edge of a small town—we could see cavalry and artillery and infantry uniforms everywhere; they lined the frontier for miles in each direction apparently; and as we sat, waiting for the gate to be opened, uhlans were all about us, expressionless men on splendid horses. It seemed odd to see an army so close against the frontier that separated Germany from France; and, indeed, these maneuvers seemed to be so peculiar that we asked questions of the man who opened the gate for us, an amiable German in uniform.

"What's it all about?" we inquired. "Do the frontier gates need all this protection against smugglers?"

"Smugglers!" he exclaimed. "Don't you know? Haven't you read the papers?"

"No, we haven't. We've been traveling for pleasure. What's going on?"

"A crisis!" he said. "There is a great diplomatic crisis. There may be war."

"What?" We laughed heartily. "A war? We must cross between the lines, must we?"

"Yes, truly," he said, and, to show his friendliness, he laughed too. "You will see the French just on the other side of the neutral ground, like us here. You will see them in a few moments—the French regiments called to face us in the crisis. They are very near us, the French."

But when we had crossed the strip of neutral ground between the two countries and came to the French frontier, there were only two men in sight in all the expanse of fields and woods before us. The two were customs officers, and we asked them where their army was.

"It is ten kilometers from the frontier. We are careful not to risk provocation and irritation in a crisis by bringing our men too close to the German soldiers. You will see no uniforms for ten kilometers more."

It was as he said; but when we had passed the ten kilometers we began to meet French infantry in numbers; and they looked serious, even anxious, we thought; but again we laughed. What if there was a crisis? We knew there would be no war. We were Americans and we knew that the business of the world would never permit another war on the grand scale, such as a war between France and Germany must be. Besides, neither of those countries would dare thus to shatter its prosperity; and I recalled what a young French engineer had said earlier that summer.

"The *revanche?*" he said. "For Alsace-Lorraine? No, we do not want it. Yes, I know that one or two patriotic societies and some old people who remember 1870 now and then put mourning wreaths on the Strasburg statue; but those people are only a few, and all that feeling is really old-fashioned. For the great multitude of us, for the French nation, there is no longer a thought of the *revanche;* we are too busy: we ask only to be let alone so that we can work and attend to our affairs. It is the same with most of the German people; they are busy and prospering; they are not so insane as to wish to ruin themselves and us with a war."

So we rolled merrily on, continuing our way to Paris and amused by the "crisis." That was 1911 and we knew there would be no war between France and Germany then, or at any other time. To imagine such a thing was as absurd as to imagine that airplanes would be mad enough to fight one another in the sky.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Tarkington. The next will appear in the issue for June second

Movie Actor: "Hey, Let's Quit a Minute, I'm Getting Jessick"

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Dr. Wharton's experience is typical. From residences, apartments, schools, hospitals and hotels comes this same story of economy and satisfaction. Every architect knows this modern efficiency. Every building owner who has tried it knows what it does.

Summer is the time to install Monarch Metal Weatherstrip. It pays for itself in fuel-savings; shuts out soot, dust and rain; stops draughts and rattles. Guaranteed to reduce heat-losses to a minimum for the life of the building.

OUR FREE BOOK... yours for the asking ....tells the whole story. Use the Coupon!

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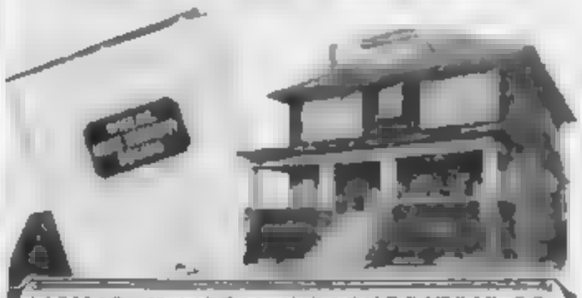

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ARE YOU FIRING YOUR BOILERS UPSIDE DOWN?

In "Forced Underfiring" the coal is fed to the fire *from below*. All gases must pass upward through the fire. There is no smoke, and no fuel waste. Automatic electric controls hold temperature and pressures exactly as you want them

IRON FIREMAN "forced UNDERFIRING"

the dawn of a new era in coal firing

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The Iron Fireman saves 15 to 50% of fuel costs. Saves labor. Maintains even heat. Eliminates smoke.

For buildings - homes - industries

The Iron Fireman is easily installed in old or new boilers or furnaces, from home sizes up to 200 horsepower. If you are now firing *upside down* by the old, wasteful *hand* method, by all means investigate "forced underfiring", the economical, automatic, *modern* way to burn coal. Send the coupon for the full story. *Address:* Iron Fireman Manufacturing Co., Portland, Ore., Cleveland and St. Louis. *Dealers throughout the United States and Canada.*

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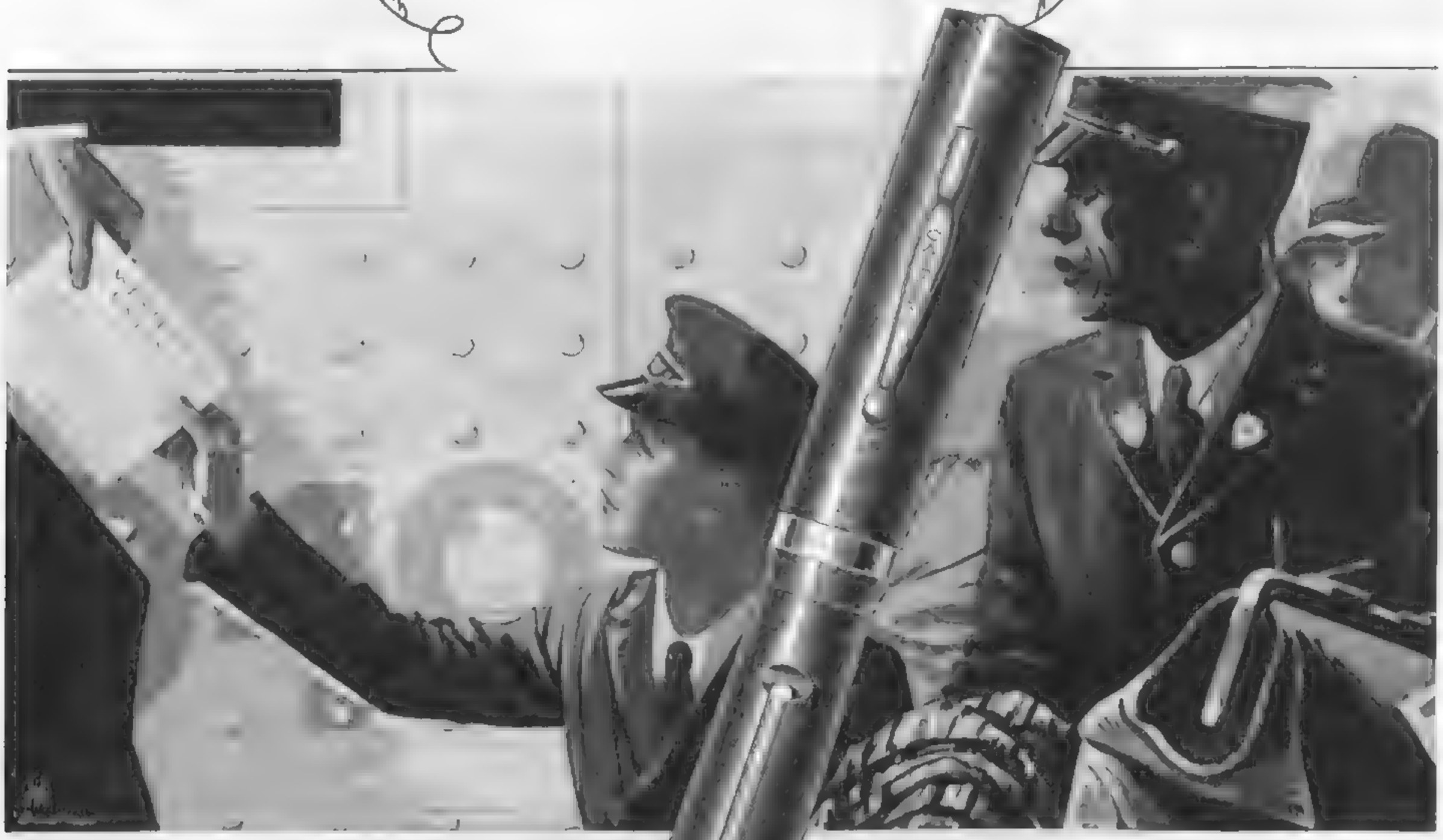
Send catalog about Iron Fireman automatic "forced underfiring" for the type of furnace or boiler checked below:
☐ Industrial ..... h. p. Type of building
☐ Residential: Hot Water....., Warm Air
Vapor System ....., Other
Name
Address

The IRON FIREMAN *Automatic* COAL *Burner*

LET IT "WRITE ITS OWN TICKET"



A pen can make writing a pleasure; or it can be a constant source of annoyance; or it can be just a pen—just a dull, uninteresting pen. And in your pocket or on your desk is a pen which probably falls into one of these three classifications. It is "writing its own ticket"....The Carter Pen *does* make writing a pleasure. It is a friendly pen, with a flexible nib, smooth osmiridium point, a steady even flow of ink, and a Rocker Spring Clip that really *works*....You are sure to want a Carter Pen—but, make it "write its own ticket." Step into the store and try it yourself. If it does not give you quite a new idea of what a pen can do, there will, of course, be no obligation....Made in beautiful blue or green unbreakable Coralite. $7.00 and $5.00 pens are unconditionally guaranteed. If not carried by your dealer, please write us.

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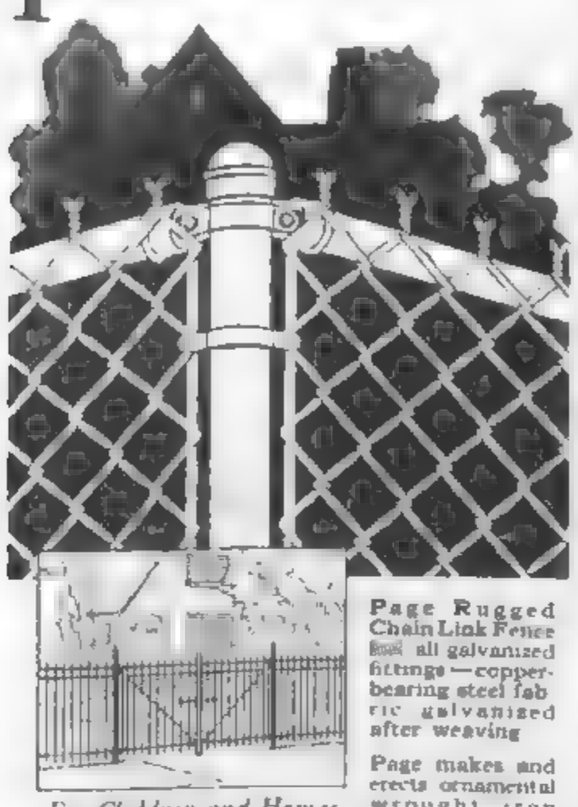
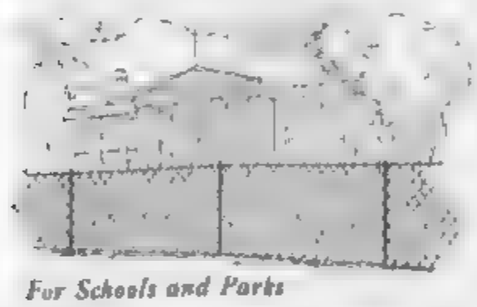


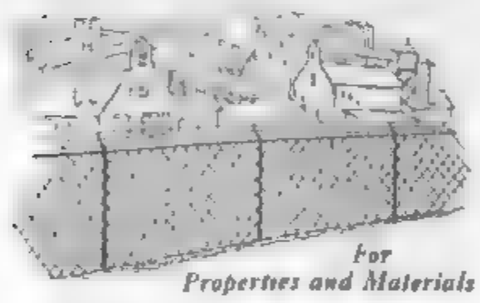
Page Rugged Chain Link Fence has all galvanized fittings—copper-bearing steel fabric galvanized after weaving

Page makes and erects ornamental wrought iron fence, too

For Children and Homes



For Schools and Parks



For Properties and Materials

53 Service Plants Erect Fence Everywhere

Plans for *your* fence needs will be made by one of our members located in *your* vicinity. A stroke of your pen brings informative literature on fence, and his name and address.

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213 North Michigan Avenue
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PAGE
CHAIN LINK
and
ORNAMENTAL WROUGHT IRON
FENCE

53 *service plants erect fence everywhere*

America's first wire fence - since 1883

OUR MARITIME MANDATE

(Continued from Page 17)

Although four lines, including the Isthmian, owned and operated by the United States Steel Products Company, efficiently serve the trade between India, Ceylon and contiguous countries and the North Atlantic, the Shipping Board went in. It remained despite protests from shippers and an offer of the Isthmian to purchase its boats.

Unable to compete successfully with these established services, the Roosevelt Line began to slice rates. In November, 1927, it agreed to reduce the prevailing tariff from India to the United States by 25 per cent in consideration of a two-year contract for cargoes. The tea and rubber cut to which I have just referred was preceded by a reduction of 40 per cent on jute and burlap from Calcutta to American North Atlantic ports. Of course the other lines had to meet this, with heavy resultant losses. It is estimated that the action by the board cost the Isthmian $50,000 a voyage. The Shipping Board boats are able to carry on with a government Treasury to meet deficits. Private lines have no such resource.

Now you can understand what Julius H Barnes, a leading New York grain exporter, meant when he made the following statement to the Transportation Division at the annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States last May:

"Under a board of directors like a national Congress, ships cannot be operated with business efficiency. We could not have returned the railroads piecemeal to private operation with lines of government competition running parallel to them. We cannot piecemeal put these shipping services under private operation so long as the Government maintains its potential competition menace beside it with a national Treasury to make good all losses."

The grievance is not against the members of the Shipping Board personally but against the system under which the board operates. The rapid executive turnover is one of many obstacles to anything like consecutive and businesslike action. Since the first Shipping Act became effective in 1916, there has been a total of forty-one commissioners and presidents of the Fleet Corporation. Term of service has ranged from one week to seven years. The average period has been less than two years. No wonder traffic is impeded. It is like trying to do business with a town meeting. The Shipping Board is responsible only to Congress and has no necessary relation to any other department of government. Expediency, and not efficiency, has been the rule.

Four-Way Responsibility

American shipping, so far as I have been able to discover, does not aim at elimination of the Shipping Board. The well-nigh universal opinion is that it should be made a regulatory body pure and simple, exercising the same supervision over sea traffic that the Interstate Commerce Commission does over railroad transportation. As such, it could be arbiter of rate disputes and safeguard the American merchant marine against unfair competition.

Right here it may be well to present a pointed diagnosis of the Shipping Board made by Herbert Hoover in a letter to the Hon. Wallace H. White, Jr., chairman of the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. In this communication the Secretary of Commerce said:

"The Shipping Board was originally conceived largely for regulation of discriminations and other bad practices in ocean traffic. It was established upon a bipartisan and later a regional basis. It was afterward loaded with the most gigantic administrative task in the Government. The necessarily divided minds of the best board on earth has always resulted in failure in executive work. Without considering the result of this case, which must be evident at every turn, I may point out certain characteristics which make it doubly hopeless as a form of organization to build up and administer the merchant marine. Each member has a four-way independent responsibility. He is responsible for every act of the board to the country as a whole, to his particular constituency, to his political party and finally to Congress. Responsibility to the President, the one responsibility which every administrative officer of the Government should acknowledge under the spirit of the Constitution, is denied by the board.

"Every member of the board, if left alone, could probably have made a success of the merchant marine before now. However, such a set-up of joint and divided responsibilities, even if comprised of consummate genius, is the negation of possible success in business management, and even of the very plan of our Government—namely, that there should be single-headed responsibility in executive and administrative functions. It is admirably constituted for semi-judicial or regulatory functions where a number of minds are needed and deliberative action is an advantage."

When the Menace Lifts

"We will never have a real or satisfactory merchant marine until it is owned and maintained by private enterprise. The Government cannot operate cheaply. It cannot secure revenue as large as private enterprise. It cannot avoid the interminable difficulties and wastes of bureaucracy, and above all, the direct and indirect political pressures. Furthermore, government operation and competition with private enterprise, with the United States Treasury as a reserve fund, totally dulls private initiative. We must get out of government operation as quickly as we can establish private operation. It is useless to renew proposals to subsidize shipping."

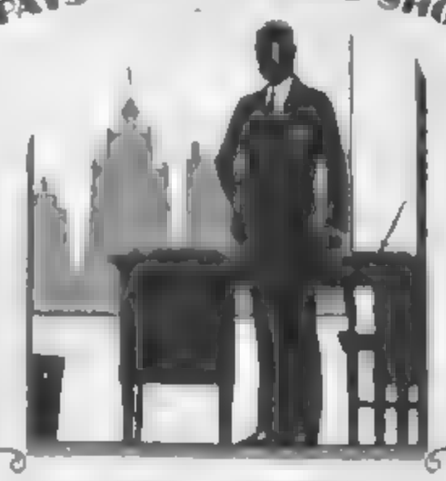
Because of the situation that I have disclosed—and I have merely touched the high spots—four bills were introduced in the existing Congress to give privately operated shipping some degree of assistance to meet the high cost of American ship construction. These bills have been merged into a single measure increasing the extent of government loans, lowering the rate of interest and providing for long-term mail contracts. Before we analyze this legislation let us make a swift survey of the handicaps that now beset capital cost and operation.

First, however, a word about the need of a merchant marine. One would naturally suppose that the average man requires no reminder of the fact that it is as necessary to national prosperity as is a battle fleet to national security. The trouble is that people forget the significance of an emergency as soon as the menace lifts. To illustrate:

In the brush with Spain in 1898 we lacked sufficient ships to haul our little army of 25,000 men to Cuba. When Roosevelt sent our first line of naval defense around the world in 1907, we could fuel it under our own flag only as far as Rio. When trouble loomed with Japan a few years later, we were forced to engage secretly enough alien craft to act as colliers in case of eventualities. If war had broken out, neutrality would probably have made these auxiliaries useless for us. In that event we would have presented the humiliating spectacle of a fighting armada without the agencies for coaling. When the World War crashed we found ourselves up against a seaboard congestion due to lack of tonnage, with an inevitable curtailment of industrial production. Then came that $3,000,000,000 lesson in the folly of marine unpreparedness.

All this is familiar history; but, as I said before, we forget crises in the complacency that invariably follows return to normalcy. We also overlook the larger fact that war is sporadic and that peace is far more constant. The marine necessities of tranquillity build up the financial and other agencies

IT PAYS TO BUY GOOD SHOES



Nunn-Bush Ankle-Fashioned Oxfords are *always* built up to our standard—never down to price.

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Nowhere else will your summer yield more in health and happiness than in this world-famed Riviera of the inland seas.

Here surf bathing, horseback riding, golf and motoring are made doubly delightful in pine-fragrant air—*water-washed by three Great Lakes.* See Indian villages and other points of scenic and romantic interest. Fine hotels provide every comfort at moderate cost.

Thousands own cottages in this healthful region, where every courtesy is extended and taxes on property owned and occupied by non-residents are negligible.

Write today for new 1928 West Michigan Vacation Directory. Tells where to go and what to see. West Michigan is easily reached by through Pullmans—also fast, palatial steamships, low summer fares via the *Pere Marquette Railroad, Ann Arbor Railroad, Goodrich Steamship Lines, Michigan Transit Corporation.*

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Please send me the Free Vacation Directory. Also send information on ☐ Hotels ☐ Resorts ☐ Cottages near _____
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Name _____

Address _____

for war prosecution. It means that an efficient merchant marine under our own flag is an asset for any development.

Now if we had no tradition of the sea there would be some provocation for our recurrent indifference to the indispensability of a merchant marine. The exact reverse is true. Our heritage of the waves, both in war and in peace, is the record of an imperishable service written in valor and seamanship. We won the War of 1812 with ships. Almost before the guns had ceased to boom we entered upon the golden age of our shipping, an era memorable for the exploits of the gallant clippers. They ranged from Shanghai to Liverpool, distancing all competitors, and made us mistress of the deep.

The Sovereign of the Seas logged 5301 nautical miles in 22 days. The Flying Cloud made the run around the Horn from New York to San Francisco in 90 days, when a passage of 120 days was considered an achievement. The Flying Fish averaged 101 days for three trips over the same course. It was no uncommon performance to roll up a run of 300 to 400 miles a day. One famous ship, the Palestine, followed a Cunard steamer out of New York and beat her to the Thames. The Natchez sailed from Canton to New York in 76 days.

I go back to these performances to show that then—as now—speed attracted the business. What happened in that vanished day when the clippers were showing their trim heels to the rest of the shipping world? In 1830, when we were literally cresting the waves, 89.9 per cent of American foreign commerce was carried in American bottoms. We could regain this prestige if we had a fast merchant fleet and, what is equally important, the certainty of its replacement. There is no sentiment in shipping. Flag waving and mere ownership of ships do not make for profits. Cargoes are placed where they can get the best service.

Instead of a Merchant Marine

We lost merchant supremacy in the evolution of wood to iron and the transformation from sail to steam. Our superiority with clippers was won partly because we had an unlimited supply of timber in our seaboard states. England lagged, since she had to import her wood from Scandinavia and various places more remote. Meanwhile she developed her iron, and later her steel industry. Her facilities to turn out metal hulls and machinery exceeded ours. Besides, coal for steaming was then much cheaper in Great Britain than in the United States. In 1858 our Government stopped the support which it had bestowed upon shipping, while the British authorities increased their subsidies. The Civil War lost us, through actual destruction, many of our vessels, while others were transferred to foreign flags.

The net result was that by 1870 only 35.6 per cent of American foreign trade was conveyed under the American ensign. No encouragement was forthcoming to our merchant marine, and the inevitable consequence was that in 1910 we were carrying only 8.7 per cent. We reached the point where, as someone well expressed it, "Instead of a merchant marine, we became possessed of a merchant-marine problem."

What did this signify? Simply that we were permitting our competitors to haul our goods for us. Stated more concretely, it was just as if a department-store proprietor in a big city allowed his strongest rival to deliver his wares for him. Following the inspiration of what was, in many instances, the foreign-inspired economist, we let the nation carry our products that could carry them cheapest. The advantage we gained was only temporary, because ultimately we lost goodwill and trade by not having our own ships. It was a case of penny wise and pound foolish.

Economically absurd as was this system, it is precisely what is going on today, but on a smaller scale. Two-thirds of our ocean-borne commerce is being carried in alien vessels simply because we cannot compete with them in speed and other essential details.

The purely economical need of an efficient and privately owned merchant marine is more vital today than at any other time. Our exports last year rolled up the immense total of $4,864,806,000, while imports reached $4,184,000,000. Here then is a total sea traffic well on toward the $10,000,000,000 mark. If we are to hold it, especially the export end, we must have the adequate machinery with which to operate. Our annual ocean freight bill, which involves the not inconsiderable item of $725,000,000, should go into American coffers. Today, as I have pointed out, two-thirds of it goes to foreign shipping companies.

Two Kinds of Propagandist

In view of the fact that the whole world is now our business field, and furthermore that our export is increasingly essential to our prosperity, the dependence of trade upon the merchant marine cannot be too strongly emphasized. At this juncture it may be well to reproduce a statement bearing on the situation, made to me by H. B. Walker, president of the American Steamship Owners Association. It follows:

"No one need be told that there is a widespread resentment against the Government entering a field of business which rightfully belongs to private enterprise. This resentment is held not only by Americans but by foreign competing shipowners and merchants. If it existed only as a state of mind the harm would not be so great.

"It so happens that this feeling is being capitalized effectively, and will continue to be capitalized, by the great international business combines now springing up all over Europe. These cartels are not only inducing foreign buyers of American goods to patronize foreign privately owned ships instead of American government-owned vessels but are influencing alien buyers against the purchase of our products. It is natural that the peoples of other countries should resent the fact that the American Government, with its great resources, should run a shipping business in competition with their private enterprises.

"Obviously it is bad business for the United States thus deliberately to incur the commercial antagonism of the world at a time when, in view of the organization of so many great industrial combines abroad against us, we need the economic goodwill of all nations. This goodwill is essential if we are to hold and develop our share of the world's markets. Instead of making our merchant marine an effective instrument for trade expansion, we are doing the reverse so long as the Government remains in the shipping business."

Again we have the repetition of familiar facts. It is necessary, however, to rehearse and reënforce them in view of the critical situation that has developed in the carriage of our foreign commerce, and the efforts now being made to give the American private shipowner an opportunity to vie with his alien competitors on something like an equitable basis.

There would be a stronger sentiment in aid of a privately owned merchant marine but for the persistent propaganda which operates against it. One source was exposed not long ago by Alfred H. Haag, director of the Department of International Shipping in the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service, when he stated:

"We are confronted by a lamentable situation in matters affecting our national security. We have among us two kinds of propagandists. One is the foreign propagandist, who assumes the rôle of pacifist in order to further the interests of his own country to the detriment of ours. The other is the well-meaning pacifist, who becomes the unwitting tool of the foreign propagandist who is used as a cat's-paw in furthering the interests of foreign governments."

Though this was uttered with particular reference to naval disarmament, it applies

(Continued on Page 180)

★demulcent-magic!

Yes—a *hot* cereal that is COOLING

Your child needs a hot cereal to warm a sleepy stomach, of course—but not a cereal that heats the blood—for summer is a critical period. So the magic of barley, that wonderful ★soothing, cooling, non-heating, non-acid quality which you have known in barley water, is the answer for summer. This ★demulcent quality is winning millions over to Cream of Barley—chock full of energy and growth, delicious beyond comparison—served hot—but cooling, COOLING in the body. Your physician will endorse it—and your grocer will supply it. For your shopping list today, Cream of Barley.

AMERICAN BARLEY CORP.
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

CREAM of BARLEY

. . . a last, lingering look when a truly lovely woman goes sweeping past!

I turned to look after her on the street

. . . it may have been YOU!

IF so, I apologize! As a usual thing I'm really a mannerly sort of person—not at all given to staring, I assure you...

But, after all, life is short and not so overstocked with beauty but that a mere man may be forgiven for indulging in a last, lingering look when a truly lovely woman goes sweeping past!

Do you suppose it *could* have been you?

I wonder if you have sort of a dark blue dress—a filmy sort of thing that ripples as you move?

And I wonder if you have a walk that makes one think of a summer breeze playing over a wheat-field . . . buoyant, unrestrained, superbly poised?

One last wonder—if you don't mind my being a bit personal—do you, by any chance, wear Red Cross Shoes? Then it *must* have been you!

Women who know about such things tell me that a graceful carriage, a flowing, beautiful walk *always* begins with the feet. And, to my masculine mind, I must say that sounds reasonable.

They point out that only shoes that fit perfectly *in action and repose*, only shoes that are *perfectly* easy at all times, allow a woman to be *naturally* graceful when she walks.

ARCH-TONE
Red Cross Shoe
FITS THE FOOT IN ACTION AND REPOSE

They tell me, too, that The Red Cross Shoe is that kind of a shoe . . . *more so* than most. And that women buy this shoe at first for its ultra good looks and then ever after for its ultra good behavior as well!

So now, whenever I see a charming woman modishly shod, and with a walk like a young goddess . . . it just naturally brings to mind Red Cross Shoes! Surely, you *must* wear them?

* * * * *

RED CROSS SHOES are remarkable shoes, you know, for each pair is shaped over the famous, exclusive "Limit" lasts, that insure correct fit, always. Because these lasts were derived from an exhaustive study of feminine feet, every measurement, or "Limit," was established with scientific accuracy. Tread, vamp, instep, heel—at every point, The Red Cross Shoe fits, glove-snug, but without pinching.

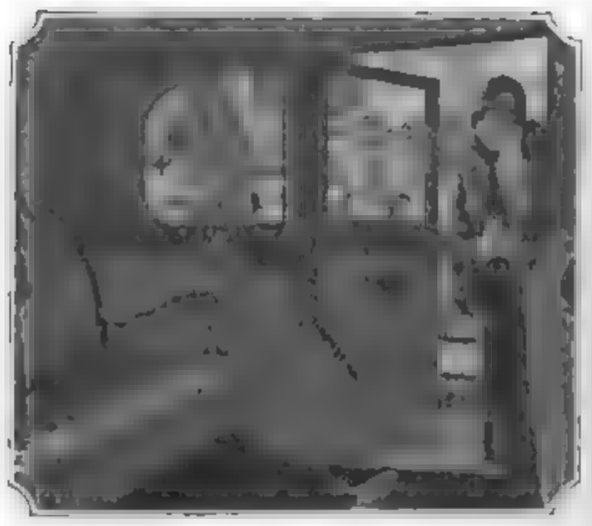
Then, too, there's the exclusive Arch-Tone Support, that gives just the right uplift to the active arch

And you have only to see Red Cross Shoes whether for street, sport, or formal wear—to know at once that they are designed by Frenchmen, for who else could put such *chic* into shoe leather?

The best shoe shop in your town is showing the lovely new models of this famous shoe—models for you and for daughter, too.

FREE BOOK! *Send for interesting little book, "Walk to Beauty," that tells you how to acquire that grace of carriage so much admired. Address Dept. P-5.*

Product of THE UNITED STATES SHOE COMPANY, *Cincinnati*



Don't apologize for a dirty car! Protect clothes and car with

BILTMORE
SMART DETACHABLE
DOOR and SEAT COVERS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Biltmores are the better seat covers in style, fit and refinement of finish—the result of more than 25 years' experience in the production of finest upholstery covers. They afford complete protection to the car's interior, and insure greater resale value. They keep your dainty frocks and light clothes clean

AND, because of their exquisite color harmonies and the glove-like smoothness with which they fit, they impart that deft touch of smartest tailored distinction, obtainable in no ordinary seat covers

Every set of Biltmore covers is tailored to the individual make and model of car—made from the same master cutting patterns as the famous "Warner" covers, which sell for as much as $50.00 a set. Yet 10-piece sets sell as low as $14.00

Fabrics are lovely blues, grays, tans and greens in coal stripes and mixtures, and trimmed with harmonizing Spanish leatherette on all wearing edges. They blend enchantingly with all popular body colors. There are large pockets in all front door covers

Equipped with glove buttons for quick detaching and easy cleaning. No pins are used in your upholstery. Screw studs are furnished for attaching solidly to wood frame cars, clip studs for metal frames. These cost more of course, but take all strain off of the upholstery, stay fastened, enable you to stretch covers tight and achieve a smarter fit

We make quick shipment of covers for any car. 3300 car models we can fit are listed in our free catalog

Screw studs for wood frame cars, clip studs for metal frames

CAR DEALERS Write for catalog, swatches and merchandising plan

Ford, Chev., or Whippet 2 passenger cars	$ 6.50
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2 passenger cars	9.00
2 door sedans or coaches	14.00
Staggered seat coupes and 4 door 5 pass.	16.00
All 7 passenger cars	27.00

CAR OWNERS Send order direct. Give dealer's name.

The Cincinnati Auto Specialty Co., 1755 Central Ave.

Gentlemen: Please send set of covers C. O. D., transportation prepaid, subject to examination. I will pay carrier after examination upon delivery if satisfied, it being understood fit is guaranteed

Name

Address

Make Year

MODEL NUMBER What name is it called? Master? Standard? 50, 73, 86? Royal? President? or what? ....

Body type..... Seating Capacity

How many doors? . . . How many Cyl.?

☐ Dark Gray and Blue? ☐ Brownish gray?
☐ Medium Gray and Blue? ☐ Greenish gray?
☐ Light Gray and Blue? ☐ Tan?

The Cincinnati Auto Specialty Co.
1755 Central Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

Write for information about Tub Washable Covers $12.00 to $24.00 "Warner" Covers $14.00 to $50.00 Furniture Covers $ 7.50 to $35.00 Auto Cushion Protectors $4.25 to $10.00

(Continued from Page 178)

with force to merchant shipping as well. A merchant marine, as everybody knows, is part of a nation's sea power, because in time of war it is employed as a naval or military auxiliary. Hence misguided American pacifists espouse a government owned and operated merchant marine and at a minimum rather than a maximum strength. Here is where they play into the hands of foreign powers.

If this wing of national service were adequately administered and kept modernized, the quarrel with it would be lessened. Long experience has proved the inadequacy of a government-operated marine. A privately owned and operated merchant fleet is subject to the national call in time of emergency. Its equipment and efficiency make it a stronger weapon than a marine that has suffered from the incubus of governmental direction.

The propaganda abroad works differently. Resentment of the fact that our Government is in the shipping business is capitalized as the best argument for the employment of privately owned alien ships to haul our foreign commerce.

This is especially true in England. Not only is our government shipping held up to ridicule but the point—not without its element of truth—is made that the Government cannot obtain the services of the most capable and experienced men to operate its vessels.

The most efficient engineers, as well as other arms of sea service, are not usually attracted to government-operated lines. They prefer to work for the private owner.

I asked R. Stanley Dollar, one of the most forward-looking of our merchant-marine operators, whose ships girdle the globe, for an expression on this propaganda phase, and he said:

"There has been considerable propaganda circulated to the effect that Americans are not ship-minded. I believe there are as many ship-minded people in the United States as in any of the foreign countries, and that the Americans have just as much, if not more, executive capacity and aggressiveness to continue a successful shipping business as our competitors. Our officers and seamen are as skilful and hard-working as foreign officers and sailors. Our greatest handicap, in my opinion, has been the cost of construction. It has restrained a great many people from investing in and developing the shipping business."

A System of Schooling

"In the conduct of our own business we are taking in young men, starting them at the bottom as office boys and gradually working them up through every branch of the business so that they may know it from personal experience from beginning to end. It is a definite schooling system. So successful and popular has it become that we have a large waiting list of young men ambitious to go into shipping. After passing through this system of training they are prepared to go into any shipping office. We also give the engineers and officers on our ships the advantage of a similar system of training. The success with which we have met has increased efficiency of operation and helped to keep down costs."

Despite propaganda, and the idea in some quarters that businesslike government financial aid to privately owned merchant shipping is special favor for those well-known privileged classes, the movement has gained impetus. It is due in a large measure to emergency rather than to the sober everyday realization of need and practicality. The revival of interest culminating in the present offensive in Congress was therefore no overnight matter. It grew largely out of a series of events that brought home the advantage of having an adequate merchant fleet when you need it.

For years the American farmer had no interest in shipping. He took it as a matter of course that all we had to do to get ships to export our products was to whistle and they came like the family dog in response to the master's call. His first big jolt was during the war, when the effects of a lack of tonnage were brought directly home to him

Another instance developed in the fall of 1924, when we were faced with an exportable surplus of more than 200,000,000 bushels of wheat with no immediate outlet in sight. Demoralization of the domestic situation impended. Then came a demand from foreign countries, which had to be met promptly if the situation at home was to be saved. It could be saved only with immediately available shipping. None suitable for this purpose was at hand, despite the millions of tons controlled by the Shipping Board. The board had to recondition the vessels at a cost of more than $1,000,000 and finally got the wheat under way. Here you have a conspicuous illustration of the fact that having ships does not mean an available and serviceable fleet.

The High Cost of Ships

In the summer of 1926 another crisis arose because of the British coal strike, which led to the withdrawal of foreign-flag ships from our freight services. Our agricultural products had to move and we were hard pressed to do it. These examples show the need of uninterrupted ocean transportation, which can be assured only by the maintenance of American vessels.

In view of all that I have written, you naturally ask: Why do not private companies get new fast tonnage and restore American carrying of American foreign commerce to its old high percentage? The will and the necessity are there, but unfortunately two handicaps confute consummation. One is the excessive cost of ship construction in American yards over European competitors. The other is an equally excessive burden of operation as compared with foreign-vessel maintenance. Though these obstacles are not insurmountable, they are of a character which no amount of private initiative, industry and skill can overcome, because they are due to the high standard of living and wages which prevail in the United States.

We will deal with construction first. Generally speaking, it costs 59 per cent more to build a 10,000 dead-weight ton-cargo steamer of nine knots' speed in the United States than in Great Britain, 60 per cent more for a 9850-ton steamer and 54 per cent more for a combination passenger and cargo steamer of 10,000 tons' displacement. This estimate of comparative costs would hold if both foreign and American yards had a normal amount of work on hand so that the overhead expense and the efficiency of labor remained substantially the same. American shipbuilding, however, is so reduced that costs would be higher than along the line I have indicated. In five years we have not built a single ship for the foreign service outside the contiguous trade with Canada, the West Indies and the Caribbean Sea.

Getting down to cases, you find that the cost of building a steam-driven ship of

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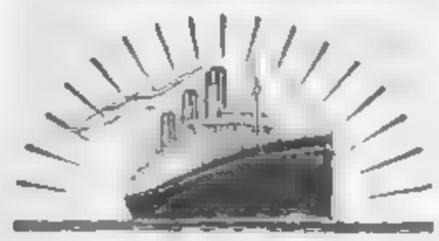

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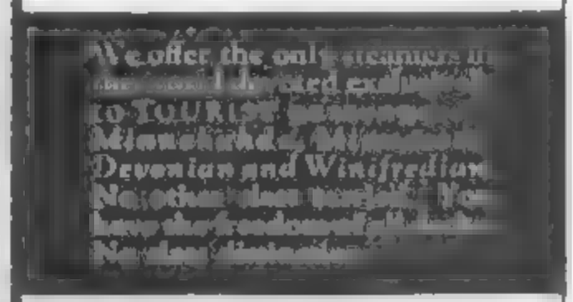

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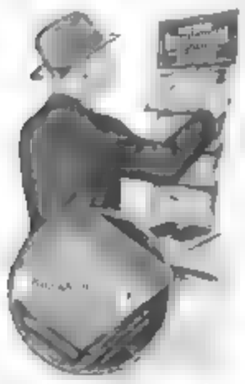

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10,000 dead-weight tons in the United States would be $125 a ton for a 10.5-knot vessel, $150 a ton for 12 knots, and $171 a ton for a 14-knot vessel. For the same-sized ship, equipped with Diesel engines, the estimated cost would be $145 a ton for 10.5 knots, $174 for 12 knots and $215 for 14 knots. Thus it would cost the American private owner or the Shipping Board $1,710,000 to build a 14-knot, 10,000-ton steamship and $2,150,000 to construct a similar Dieselized ship in an American shipyard at the time I write.

Now for the contrast. Not long ago Capt. Robert Dollar asked for a bid from a British yard on a 13-knot, 10,000 dead-weight ton Dieselized ship, and was quoted a price of $72 a ton, or $720,000 for the ship. The tendency today is for this type of higher speed combination vessel, because it lends itself admirably to service as auxiliary in time of war.

Here is another illustration showing the astounding cost differential. The Panama Railway Steamship Company asked for bids for a 10,000-ton turbine combination passenger and cargo ship. The American bid was $3,370,000. The same ship, Dieselized, would have cost $3,770,000. An identical type of ship in England, including Dieselization, would cost only $2,000,000.

The Grace Line has just put into service a Dieselized combination passenger and cargo steamer, under the American flag, which cost $2,000,000 in England. A similar ship built in this country would have set them back nearly $4,000,000.

Take the case of tankers. The average price per ton in the United States is $140, while the British figure is $85. In consequence, out of 111 tankers now being built throughout the world, only two are under construction in the United States, and they are for service on the Great Lakes. An illuminating commentary on the high cost of American shipbuilding is that every one of the 24 tankers, aggregating 285,806 dead-weight tons, turned out for the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey since the war has been built either in Great Britain, Germany, Italy or France. But for the excessive cost of tonnage, the majority would have emerged from Yankee shipyards.

High cost of construction not only puts our shipyards almost on a starvation basis but, as one shipping expert expressed it to me:

"So long as freight rates are made by competition of foreign vessels of lower capital cost, rates cannot be increased by an American owner sufficiently to meet the difference in the fixed charges. Before any shipowner can order a new vessel from an American shipyard for use in foreign trade, he must be assured of the necessary income from some source. The first essential in American operation of a merchant marine is that the American owner must be permitted to start and continue his operation on an approximately even basis with his foreign competitors. An American owner should not start, nor can he continue in competitive shipping, unless he is able to make his ship pay."

The American Handicap

The reason why this authority specified ships for the foreign trade is that our coastwise business is amply protected. All ships engaged in it must be American built and fly the American flag. The foreign-cost differential therefore does not enter.

But capital cost, as I previously pointed out, is only one handicap. Overhead is no less formidable. It is based on the cost of the ship and comprises approximately 50 per cent of the total operating cost. These larger costs of operating American ships must be paid out of earnings. Obviously, this can be done only if earnings of American ships are greater than those of the competing foreign vessels.

Let us see how fixed annual charges work in the case of an identical type of ship, the American construction cost being $1,670,000 and the British $720,000. The fixed annual charges on the American vessel would be $206,662.50, while the corresponding cost on the British would be $108,000. The cost of the American-built ship over twenty years would be $3,597,807.20, while the British would total $1,749,240. To break even with the British ship, the American owner would be obliged to earn $92,428.36 more than the British competitor every year of the twenty years of the useful life of the vessel. At the end of this period the American ship would cost $1,848,567.20 more than the British. With freight rates fixed by the competition of the British ship, it is quite obvious that the American owner could not make the craft pay.

Because this discrepancy in overhead figures so vitally in the status of American shipping in competition with the rest of the world, I asked an American shipowner of long experience to state it in the simplest terms and to include the effect of one of the provisions of the bill now pending before Congress. This is the way he put it:

"Suppose you were an American shipowner and wanted to build several ships to carry American wheat to Italy. In an American shipyard you would have to pay, allowing only a moderate profit to the shipbuilder, $1,000,000 for a given type of ship. As a sound business man, you would ask, 'What competition will I meet in this trade?' You would find that you were up against British, Italian and other shipowners, and that these competitors could build in the shipyards of their respective countries ships similar to the ones you propose to build, for $600,000 each."

The Differential Reduced

"You would then see that you had a difference in initial cost of $400,000 per ship. Figuring fixed charges on your investment at 6 per cent for interest, 5 per cent for depreciation and 4 per cent for insurance, you would have a total of 15 per cent on your original cost. You would then realize that your British or Italian competitors would have an annual advantage per ship of 15 per cent on this difference of $400,000, or $60,000 advantage each year. This differential would be one-third more than your entire annual wage bill of $45,000 on each American ship.

"In the shipping bill now before Congress provision is made for loaning to the prospective shipowner 75 per cent of the first cost of the ship out of government funds at 3¼ per cent interest. Suppose this bill were enacted, and you, as prospective shipowner, were to look at your position then. You would find that your capital charges would include 3¼ per cent interest on $750,000 loaned you by the Government and 6 per cent interest on $250,000 which you would have to procure elsewhere, or a total interest charge of $39,375. Your depreciation and insurance would have to be figured respectively at 5 and 4 per cent on the entire cost of the ship—namely, $1,000,000, as you would have to pay back this amount eventually. Adding these two items of $50,000 and $40,000 to the interest charge would make a total annual capital expense of $129,375.

"Your British or Italian competitor, with an initial investment of $600,000 per ship, would have only $90,000 annual capital charge, leaving you still $39,375 per ship a year at a disadvantage. Even this amount is too heavy a handicap to carry when it is remembered that such a vessel, if able to procure full cargoes both ways, which is almost uniformly impossible, would not average in excess of about $400,000 in total gross earnings a year."

In the face of these excessive capital and overhead charges, you can readily see that the all-essential problem of replacement is bound to work serious financial hardship on the private owner unless he gets some kind of substantial aid from Congress. Many of the cargo vessels now in operation will be worn out in from ten to twelve years. Renewal cannot be made on a mass-output basis such as was attempted to meet the

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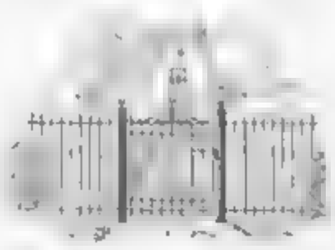

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war emergency, because not more than six ships are built from the same design. Hence replacement must be gradual over a period of years and under terms that will enable the companies to live.

Equally excessive are the operating expenses of American ships as compared with foreign vessels. Statistics show that the monthly wage and subsistence cost on a 9000-ton American ship is $4041, as against $2690.42 for a British ship of the same size; $1581.99 for an Italian, $1425.29 for a French and $1371.58 for a Japanese ship. The master of a British ship up to 10,000 tons gets $145.52 a month, which is only $22.50 higher than the wage of the chief steward of an American vessel. The pay of a French merchant captain is $91.91, whereas his American colleague pulls down $285. The French skipper's compensation is $20 less than that of a cook on a Yankee cargo boat.

The Shipyards Closed

All maritime powers encourage their merchant fleets by government aid, even though their construction and operating costs are as low as those of competitors. They recognize that government assistance is needed to encourage the building of larger, faster and finer ships that are helpful to commerce and indispensable to defense. They can be produced only by commercial operation. Great Britain, for example, called the Mauretania and Lusitania into existence by the expedient of a low-rate construction loan and then gave them enough mail pay to cover the interest charge.

Two more items will round out the disadvantages under which the American merchant marine labors. One is the short-term mail contract. At present these contracts are awarded only from year to year. The uncertainty of renewal works hardship.

The other is failure to establish a naval reserve. Congress authorizes one month's pay of the corresponding grade in the Navy for any American entering the merchant service. No appropriation has been made to meet the expenditure and it remains a dead letter. In consequence the blue burgee of the American Merchant Marine Naval Reserve does not fly from our merchant ships. We have exactly sixty-two merchant-ship officers serving patriotically as a reserve without pay, and no personnel. On the other hand, Great Britain has 1678 officers and 8117 men in her reserve.

Naturally shipbuilding is in the dumps. You have already seen how most of our tankers and other vessels for foreign service have been built in alien yards and that we have gone back to a bad seventh place in world ship construction. Since 1921 there has been a continuous decline in activity on this side of the Atlantic. Of the five larger yards now building steel vessels, the average number of ships contracted for during the past seven years is less than two and a half for each year. Included in these figures are five naval contracts placed in 1927. Excluding these vessels, the remaining contracts average $1,000,000, an amount of work sufficient to keep a staff of not more than 1250 men for each establishment, or one-third the number needed to operate it efficiently.

In 1916 twenty-two yards in the United States were building seagoing vessels. Today only nine are making any pretense of maintaining an organization. Of this number, several are doing almost wholly repair work. Such widely known concerns as William Cramp & Sons at Philadelphia, the Sparrows Point yard at Baltimore, the Harlan yard at Wilmington and the Alameda yard in California are closed. The last three are units of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation.

The shipways of five great east-coast yards tell the story of decline. Out of fifty ways available, ten are occupied. One of these corporations originally had twelve ways, but has abandoned all but six. Only one is in use.

Shipbuilding is an essential factor in the national security. Hence the significance of the following extract from the memorandum filed by the National Council of American Shipbuilders with the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries:

"American shipyards properly manned and equipped to build vessels for the foreign trade are the fundamental basis of an adequate and self-contained merchant marine. It is self-evident that the United States cannot maintain a merchant marine without such shipyards to build vessels for foreign commerce. The United States should not be confined to building vessels while it is engaged in the prosecution of a war, or while other major nations are prosecuting a war and withdraw their vessels from American trade. Shipyards capable of performing this service during national emergencies must be kept in operation during time of peace.

"A normal volume of ship construction is necessary to maintain a shipyard in an efficient state of operation; otherwise it cannot construct merchant vessels economically and expeditiously. Foreign countries appreciate fully the importance of maintaining their shipyards in such a condition. This is evidenced by the action of Great Britain in enacting the Trade Facilities Act, pursuant to which the British Government lent no less than $118,000,000 during the period from 1921 to 1926 for the construction of merchant vessels in private shipyards. This represented 75 per cent of the cost of construction. Many of these vessels would not have been built without this government aid. Some were built for foreign shipowners. In addition, Northern Ireland lent about $20,000,000 of approximately $40,000,000 required to finance the construction of vessels in private shipyards. Italy also encourages its shipbuilding industry by paying a subsidy to shipowners to aid them in the construction of merchant vessels in Italian shipyards. Other foreign countries, Germany included, render aid to shipbuilding of a similar character."

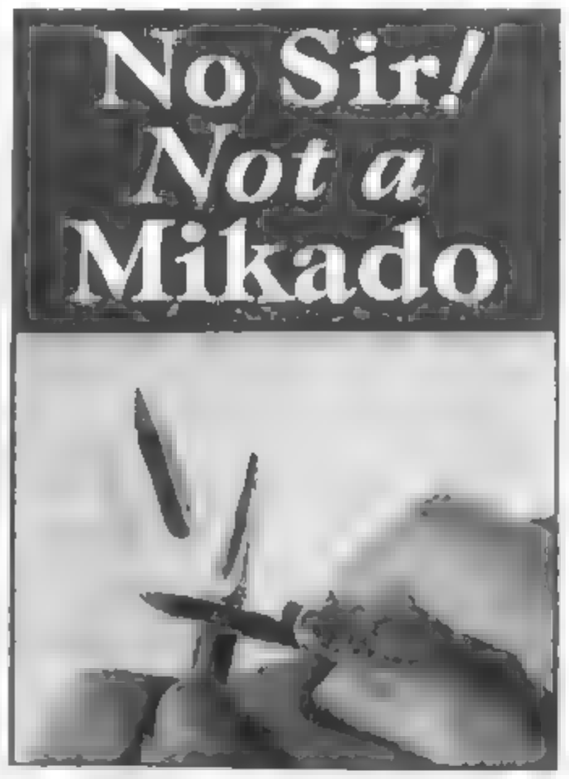
In the Hands of Congress

It only remains to deal with the shipping legislation now before Congress. Four measures were introduced. The Jones Bill, offered by Senator Wesley Jones, of Washington, was an out-and-out measure for continuance of government ownership and operation. It forbade the Shipping Board to sell any vessel or line except by unanimous vote of the seven members of the board. The White Bill, sponsored by Congressman Wallace White, Jr., of Maine, was designed to foster a privately owned merchant marine. It provided a fixed compensation for ship operation, a government loan at low interest rates to private shipbuilders and long-term contracts for carrying the United States foreign mails. The Wood Bill, presented by Representative Will R. Wood, of Indiana, went further in aiding construction costs by absorbing the construction differential now existing between American and foreign built ships through a subsidy. The Copeland Bill, fathered by Senator Copeland of New York, emphasized long-term mail contracts. In other terms it was in accord with the White Bill.

The Jones Bill passed the Senate. In the House committee, however, it was amended so as to include the essential features of the three other measures with the exception of the absorption cost clause. It was reported out of the House committee on April seventh. Its fate rests with Congress. Upon the outcome the American merchant marine is likely to stand or fall.

The amended bill, first of all, increases the so-called Construction Loan Fund from $125,000,000 to $250,000,000. This fund, authorized by the Merchant Marine Act of 1920 and created out of the proceeds of the sale and operation of government ships, has been available to shipbuilders who could borrow two-thirds of the value of vessels for fifteen years at 4½ per cent interest for craft built for the foreign trade

(Continued on Page 185)



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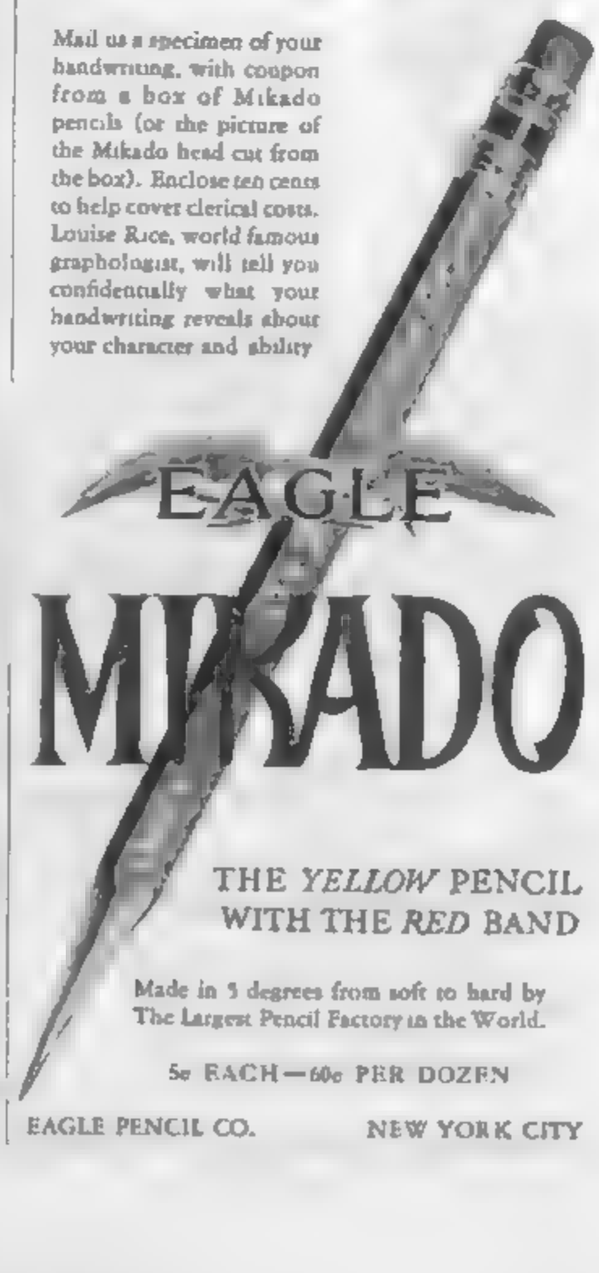

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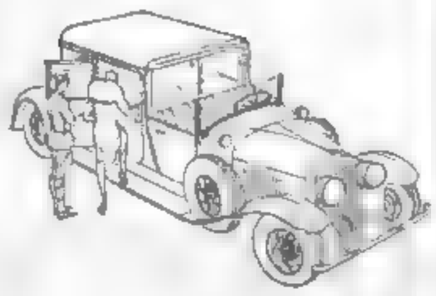

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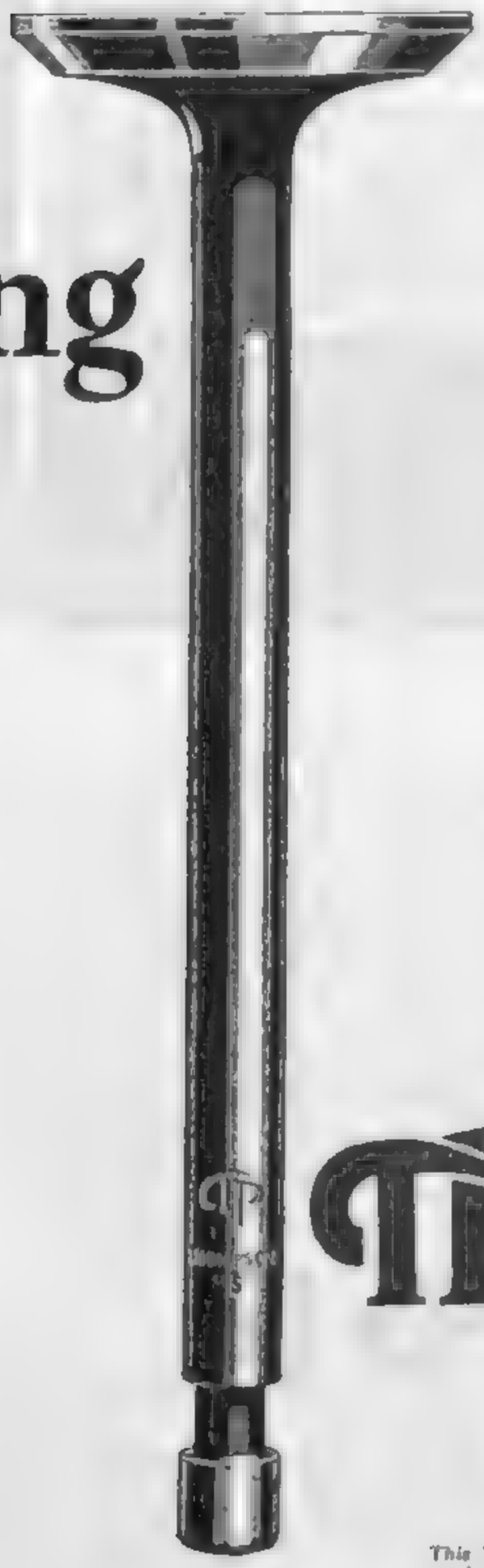

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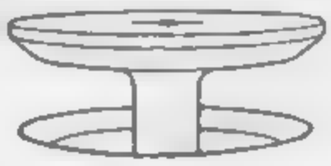

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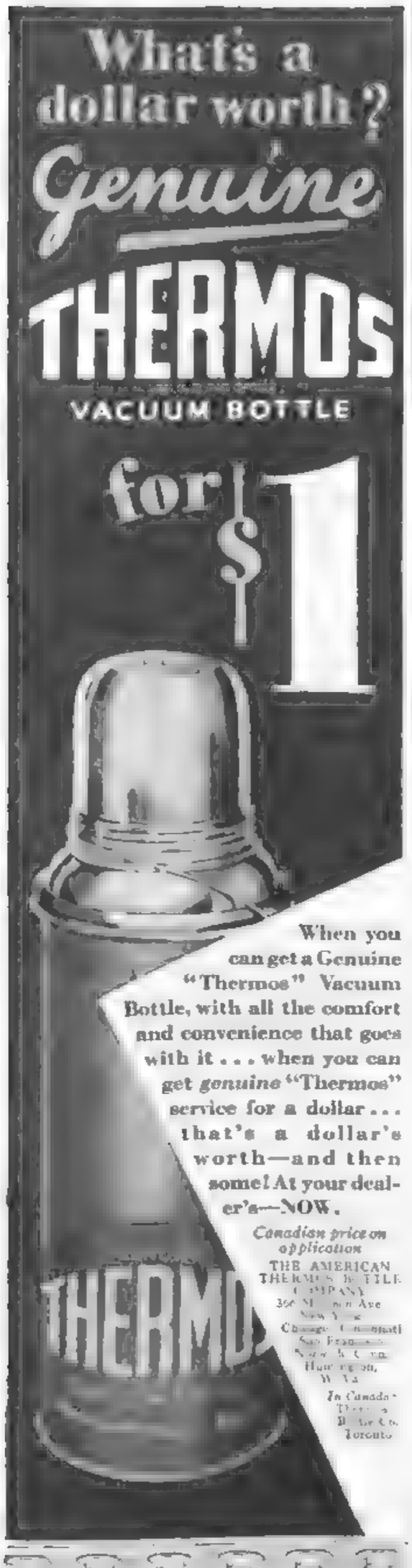
LEAKY VALVES MEAN LOST POWER
Fully explained in our booklet, *The Valves at the Heart of Your Motor.* Write for it.

Thompson Valves

This Thompson Products trade-mark identifies Thompson Valves, Bolts and Starting Cranks.

These products are sold for replacement by jobbers and garages. Ask your repairman.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Genuine
THERMOS
VACUUM BOTTLE
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When you can get a Genuine "Thermos" Vacuum Bottle, with all the comfort and convenience that goes with it . . . when you can get *genuine* "Thermos" service for a dollar . . . that's a dollar's worth—and then some! At your dealer's—NOW.
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A Marriage
of Stainless Steel and Up-to-Date Styling
IT took Russell with almost a century of experience to see the fitness of uniting hand-ground stainless steel cutlery with colorful up-to-date handles. Result — Russell Green River table cutlery with handles in solid red, green or blue, to say nothing of the conventional cream white. Besides, delightful, serviceable kitchen sets of stainless steel with a charming color design on the handles. You may see for yourself the beauties of the Russell line in a quaint booklet entitled "How to Tell." Hints on table appointments, too. Shall we mail you a copy?
RUSSELL
GREEN RIVER
CUTLERY
Turners Falls, Mass.

(Continued from Page 182)

and 5½ per cent for the coastwise service. The fund is now augmented by proceeds of notes, letters of credit and other evidences of debt held by the Shipping Board.

Under the revised bill, shipowners can borrow 75 per cent of the cost of new vessels, or the cost of reconditioning, remodeling or equipping ships already built, at a rate of interest equal to the lowest rate of yield of any government obligation at the time the loan is made. At the present time this would be 3¼ per cent. The loan period is increased to twenty years.

One highly desirable feature is the stipulation that the sale of vessels and lines now owned by the Shipping Board can be made effective by a vote of five members of the board instead of unanimous vote, as provided in the original Jones Bill. This tends to eliminate minority rule. One member of the board, for political or other reasons, could easily balk the sale of ships to private interests.

Another commendable provision enables mail contracts to be made for ten years—a vast improvement on the existing year-to-year arrangement. With a ten-year guaranty a shipowner knows exactly where he stands. Equally stimulating in its relation to the national defense is that three months' pay of the corresponding grade in the Navy is allotted each year to all Americans going into the merchant service. This increase in pay from one to three months would undoubtedly encourage the building up of an adequate naval reserve.

The bill also authorizes the Shipping Board to insure its equity in all vessels that it sells to private owners as well as those built or conditioned through loans made out of the Construction Loan Fund. Since shipowners sometimes find some difficulty in placing insurance, this clause has the effect of assuring them adequate protection at reasonable rates.

Such are the outstanding features of what will be known as the Jones-White Bill. If enacted it will enable private shipping interests to go ahead with an expanding program. It would result, among other things, in the sale of additional essential services by the Shipping Board, thereby minimizing the menace of government-endowed and therefore unfair competition. The gradual elimination of the Government as an operating factor might eventually result.

Equally vital is the fact that it would stimulate the construction of the kind of shipping that we urgently need. The Geneva disarmament conferences spotlighted the weight of the merchant marine in sea power and emphasized our conspicuous disadvantage in this respect. We have the merchant tonnage, but we lack fast modern types. If confronted with a naval campaign today, we would be short 1,500,000 tons of merchant ships of fifteen knots or better. Any vessel less than fifteen knots is unable to elude the modern submarine. Speed is the factor that counts.

Various important shipping projects await the passage of this bill. One is for a new transoceanic line to be operated with six 33-knot vessels of 35,000 tons' displacement. It is proposed to maintain a four-day service, with sailings three times a week from each side of the Atlantic.

If no action is taken at the present session of Congress it means that relief for shipping is likely to be held up for two years. The next session is a short one and special legislation will have little chance. Failure therefore means an almost inevitable delay of two years. According to a recent statement issued from Great Britain this period of time is all that is needed, under present conditions, to give her complete supremacy over American shipping.

Thus the American merchant marine, so far as permanency of efficient operation is concerned, stands at the crossroads of its destiny. The position just now is like that of the United States in the memorable hour when Lincoln said it could not exist half slave and half free. Our shipping cannot endure so long as it is semigovernment and semiprivate. It must be one or the other.

THE TRACKLESS CITY

(Continued from Page 46)

traditions for a long time even when he was a very young man.

At twenty-one he became engaged to a young woman and remained engaged for more than two years, putting off the marriage from time to time because, secretly, he very much doubted whether he wished to marry her. Tradition, however, made it extremely difficult for this engagement to be broken. Both families were pillars of that community's social traditions. After procrastinating until he had made the offense far worse than it need have been, he finally declared himself, to the horror of both families and the disgust of their friends.

Thereafter, so far as Charleston was concerned, his career had closed. He waited long enough to realize this fact and then went to Texas. On a cattle ranch no one cared and no one asked questions. Cow hands were what they wanted. The social conventions of Charleston, South Carolina, were not even known. If, instead of running away from them, he had come with all the prestige they could bestow, they wouldn't have won him a job at twelve dollars a month, which was the current wage for cowboys. He got his job because he could ride a horse and looked all right. In due time he became a foreman, then a sort of junior partner, and finally, on borrowed money, with little more than his character as security, a proprietor.

A great many men went West because of no more serious offense than his. Some shoved off toward the frontier because they had been dragooned into their fathers' shops or offices and didn't like them; others didn't wish to be lawyers or ministers; a great many left because some other member of the family, frequently the father, had cast a cloud upon the family's standing in the community. People didn't move about so much then as they do now, and to lose caste in the community where a family had resided for generations was a tremendous disaster.

Disappointment in love also sent thousands of young men to the ranches or in search of desert gold every year. Relatively few criminals sought the frontiers; they were far from being healthy places for criminals. They had much more to offer the man who was simply dissatisfied at home and eager for new opportunities in a totally new environment. These men made the West, and today they are making the great American cities.

It is a strange and interesting chapter of the American saga. In contemplating it one is reminded of a gorgeously eloquent phrase born of the World War and relating to the appearance of the American Navy in English waters, fighting for the first time as an ally of the British fleet. "The Return of the Pilgrims" was the phrase. Today the grandsons of New England sailors, of Philadelphia bankers, of New York merchants, Cincinnati millers and traders, Connecticut manufacturers and Baltimore importers and exporters are coming back from hill and prairie to take their part in the building of not one city but more than a score of cities such as the world has not only never seen but can scarcely realize are now in process of creation; and along with these returning pilgrims come the adventurous from overseas.

Much has been said and written about the tendency of immigrants to congregate in the large cities. But, after all, why not? There no one cares whether they relish snails as a delicacy, prefer spaghetti to beef, attend synagogues or eat fried eels on their feast days. The big question is: What can they do? And if they do the job they have

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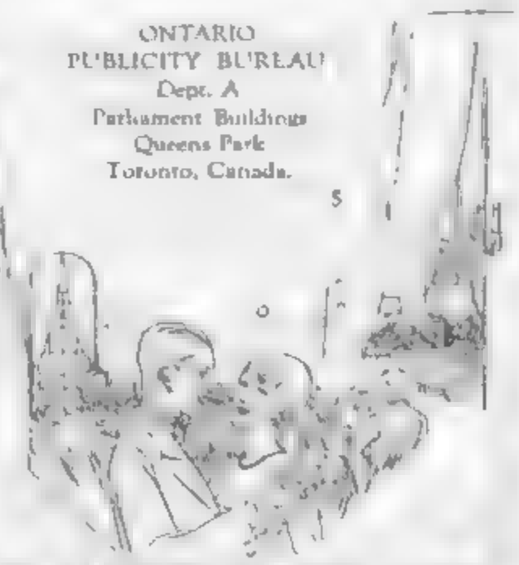

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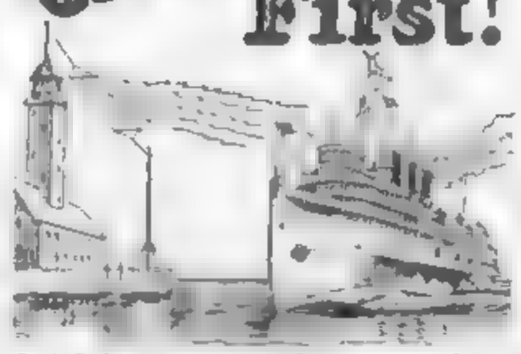

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To Lovers of Sea, Sky and Drifting Clouds:

Summer is just around the corner, and it is in order to suggest a cruise on the Great Lakes as part of your vacation.

We would be pleased to help you plan an outing of two, four, six or eight days' duration on the Lower Lakes, and supply you with pictures and descriptions of pleasant places: Niagara Falls, Mackinac Island, and others.

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Fares Buffalo to Detroit, $5. Cleveland to Detroit $4; meals and berth extra. For the Chicago-Mackinac Island tours fares given are for the round trip, and include every expense on steamers. Buffalo to Mackinac Island, $49 to Chicago, $72. Cleveland to Mackinac Island, $45.50 to Chicago $71.50. Detroit to Mackinac Island $30 to Chicago, $60. Stopovers at Mackinac Island and other ports. For reservations, address L. H. McCracken, G. P. A., Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Co., Detroit, Mich.

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met the test. Thus it was with the cowboy and prospector, for he also lived in a cosmopolitan community.

There were cowboys from Mexico, Ohio, Alabama, Germany, Virginia, Scotland, Louisiana, Spain, New York, and a great many from England, as well as Kansas. They laughed at one another's peculiarities, but they also got along together, principally because they were quick to recognize and appreciate any man's good qualities. Faults they took for granted as the inevitable human heritage. With this philosophy as a working basis, they built an empire. Today the nearest approach to their liberal philosophy and way of life is to be found in American cities.

Europeans, no matter whether of the city or of the country, lack this cosmopolitan spirit, although they are fond of claiming it. They do not travel very much and consequently they have had little opportunity to acquire it. The American frontiersman or ranchman or prospector was very seldom a native of the county where he lived during early manhood. He came from far away. Likewise the city dweller of this country usually comes from elsewhere, therefore the presence of other strangers seems to him quite natural, and no matter how odd their ways, he looks upon them with only mild curiosity. As a cosmopolite, he holds the world's championship; and like all the other championships nowadays, it has a way of translating itself into money values. He cooperates with everybody and he prospers.

One must go back, certainly beyond a quarter of a century, and preferably much farther than that, to get the correct perspective for viewing and judging the modern American city. Its greatness is unique in several ways that are humanly far more important than the height of its buildings or the cleverness of its transportation systems. There was at least half a century during which American cities offered sink holes of misery for those who were so unfortunate as to come even close to failure. Brave poverty fought an unfair fight against horrible handicaps.

Old-Time Wicked Cities

Today the agencies for extending a helping hand or demanding decent living conditions by force of law could not even be catalogued in less than a volume. For many years there was an insistent demand that the American city be cleaned up, and behold, it has been cleaned up! Of course it isn't spotless; it never will be. Neither, for that matter, is the country. But compared with the cities of any other country, ours are amazing and unique. They provide—not as a work of charity but as a matter of common sense—that those whose incomes are small may live decently. They cannot make it impossible for a young man to become a drunkard, but they do their best to make it difficult; they cannot make prostitution impossible, but they try.

That ancient phrase of melodrama, "the wicked city," no longer has its original meaning or, if it has, then it is bunk. The utmost wickedness of the modern American city is that it offers freedom in exactly the same way that the unfenced prairies offered freedom. The newcomer could elect to establish his character and credit or he could elect to steal unbranded calves at the risk of his life. The city offers in effect the same choice; one can go crooked if he chooses, and at heavy risk, but the other alternative is wide open and woe awaits the man or woman who exerts force or practices fraud to promote vice, for the city is no longer regarded as an accident; it is an institution, an essential part of the national life, and as such answerable for its conduct and character to the national pride and national standards. It is American and therefore it must be not only the biggest but the finest and the best.

This compulsion is not exerted from beyond its borders, but by its own citizens, the most powerful of whom came from elsewhere. This generation does not even know what the ancient American city was; for example, dangerous hogs once roamed the streets of New York even after it had become one of the world's great cities. And similarly, wolves invaded Paris.

To get a clear picture of the American city that simply grew Topsy-fashion in the days before it was entirely clear to the whole populace that cities were both inevitable and necessary one must read history, for the Topsy city is no more. Once there was only one city on this whole continent that had a city plan; that was Washington, D. C. Today there are scores of them. Even such a politically turbulent community as Chicago manages to follow with commendable good sense its city plan. A thousand selfish and many vicious influences strive to direct its course, and yet that extraordinary common sense of the American public survives, and, on the whole, Chicago's city plan also survives.

Skin-Deep Virtue

In nearly every large American city there is some sort of political clique or gang—possibly more than one of them—whose record needs fumigation; and yet, even at their worst, they compare very favorably with their predecessors of fifty, sixty or seventy years ago. Today they accomplish a certain amount of graft and they take advantage of the fact that so many thousands of voters forget to go to the polls. Formerly, however, their record was one of plain murder; they went out with deadly weapons on election day and slaughtered, or tried to slaughter, their opponents.

The worst sort of election day in the worst gang-ridden city on this continent becomes, when compared with events of fifty or sixty years ago, a mere Sunday-school picnic during which the children become a trifle boisterous. Business goes on as usual. Formerly it stopped completely for three days and sometimes a week.

The cities of that period presented paradoxes that are now almost incredible. One was their fanatical aversion to any impropriety in the spoken or printed word, while the things that these improper words described flourished unattacked in every large urban community. Vice fairly hurled itself upon the attention of the most innocent passer-by at a period when many Americans thought it proper to put little lacy pantalettes on piano and chair legs because the display of any sort of leg, even one of mahogany, was indecent.

At one extreme of the social scale there was simpering silliness posing as propriety, and just around the corner stark horror flaunting itself brazenly. The theoretical standards of the day were high enough to trouble Sir Galahad himself, and yet vice unabashed could step out in the open anywhere to invite anybody, young or old, rich or poor, male or female, for a joyously filthy and rapid ride to hell. Slight wonder that so many young men went away, either in disgust or under a cloud.

In spite of their wide open and noisy invitations to debauchery, the cities of that period retained most of the social characteristics of small towns, especially so far as these affected the better known families. A young man of the socially elect could easily go to the dogs, but not secretly. Everyone would know what he was doing and have something to say about it. Thus he found himself in an environment that apparently expected him to be a little Lord Fauntleroy and at the same time walk through a gantlet of vice adequate to shock a Barbary pirate.

Surrounded by such conditions, it was not at all unnatural that many young men fell under a cloud. They ran away from companions who drank too much; from others who gambled ruinously; from debts and countless humiliating alliances. Ambitious young men who were poor found wages not very high and the nation's infant industries nearly always on the verge of hard times. Living conditions for the poor in large cities had been given very little

(Continued on Page 168)

something was wrong with collar-pins

THEY were made of gold. They were called by another name. But actually they were nothing but glorified safety-pins! They were makeshifts that jabbed men's necks—that riddled soft collars with holes. Rather than fumble with them, millions of men wore soft collars unevenly and untidily.

Swank has all the smartness of a collar-pin. It looks like a pin, but isn't. It can't spear necks nor make holes in collars. It is adjusted quickly, accurately, evenly. Made in gold-filled and solid gold. In plain and engraved designs. Priced from 50c to $5, at your jeweler's or men's shop. The Baer & Wilde Co., Attleboro, Mass.

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Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons are helping 10,000,000 men to dress smartly as well as informally. They're the neatest, quickest, most convenient cuff buttons there are!

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Eat Popsicles every day and learn why they have become the world's largest-selling frozen confection!

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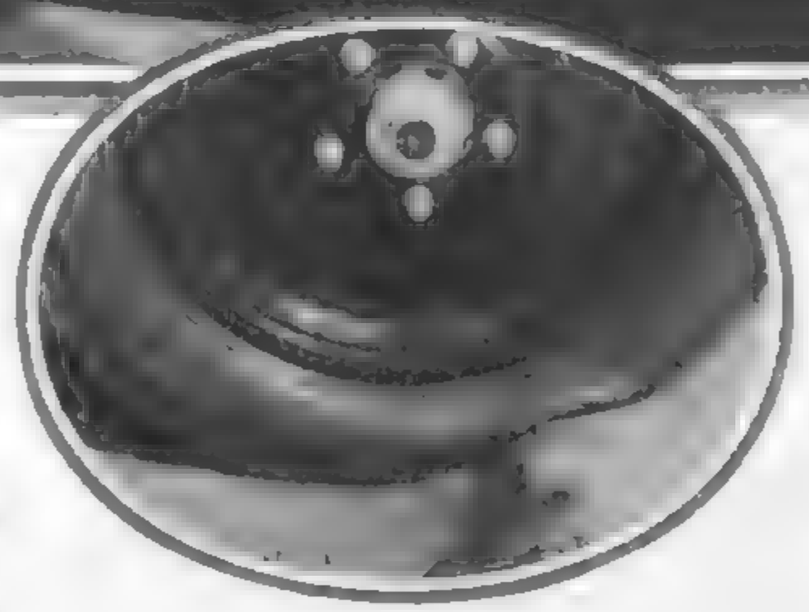
Watch Out...Mr. Motorist!

guessing at tire pressure ..costs real money..

Too little air in your tires will cost you hundreds of miles of service! Premature tread-wear and broken-down side walls are common results



KICKING AT TIRES is no way to tell the pressure. Instead buy a Schrader Gauge and use it regularly. Then you can be certain your tires are inflated to the proper pressure. Picture at left shows how improper inflation breaks down side walls. Note particularly how tire is jammed against rim.

"GIVE me some gas. Yes, and give me some oil. Air in tires? Don't bother . . . they look about right to me."

Conversations like this, repeated countless times every day, are costing American motorists literally millions of dollars a year!

For science has proved beyond shadow of doubt that 80 per cent of all premature tire wear is caused by failure to keep tires correctly inflated.

Thus through ignorance and neglect, motorists are throwing away the added mileage that modern science has built into their tires . . . by simply failing to observe the elementary rules of tire care.

Now, in an educational campaign, endorsed by tire authorities, Schrader is bringing these facts to public attention.

This advertisement is part of this campaign. It describes the causes and effects of improper inflation . . . and suggests three simple precautions that will help correct it.

So, read what follows carefully. It will take only a few minutes' time . . . and it *may* save you hundreds of dollars.

What improper inflation does

Without question, improper inflation reduces tire wear tremendously. Five pounds too little air in a balloon tire may cause a loss of hundreds of miles of service.

And experiments prove that this five-pound loss in a balloon tire is as destructive as a ten or fifteen pound loss in high pressure pneumatics.

Premature tread-wear is a common result. Broken-down side walls . . . rim cuts . . . fabric ruptures . . . stone bruises, also.

And yet improper inflation can be easily avoided if three simple precautions are taken.

First, ask your dealer the exact pressure you should carry front and rear. Then test your tires regularly . . . once a week at least. For this purpose use the Schrader Gauge.

This gauge is built on simple scientific principles. It is accurate and durable.

Second, change your valve insides once a year. See that you have the genuine Schrader . . . standard all over the world.

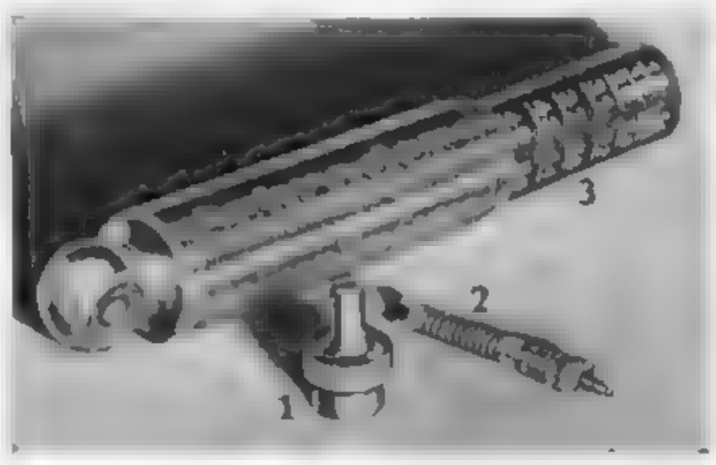
And third, make sure each valve stem is covered by a genuine Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap . . . air-tight up to 250 pounds.

In the case of a damaged valve inside, this unique cap may save you a breakdown on the road.

So go to your tire dealer. Ask him what pressure your tires should carry.

And then see that this pressure is maintained by the use of the three Schrader products described above, sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

Let us send you our little booklet, "The Air You Ride On." Address A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.



1. *This Schrader 880 valve cap is airtight up to 250 pounds. Box of five . . 25c.*

2. *Make sure you have the genuine Schrader valve inside. Box of five costs . . 25c*

3. *The Schrader Gauge is accurate . . . and it is built to stand the gaff. Wise motorists use theirs once a week . . . to make sure that their tires are always correctly inflated*

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES — TIRE GAUGES

WIDE-AWAKE merchandising establishments find there is a positive connection between correct store illumination and sales volume. What GUTHLITE has done for other live merchants, it will do for you.

GUTHLITE is the modern efficiency Fixture for commercial work. It gives better light (without glare or shadow); and more useful light (by 16%) than any other enclosed unit. It is attractive in design, low in first cost (*$4.90 up in quantity*), and very economical in operating expense.

Ask your dealer to show you the New GuthLite, or write the

EDWIN F. GUTH CO.
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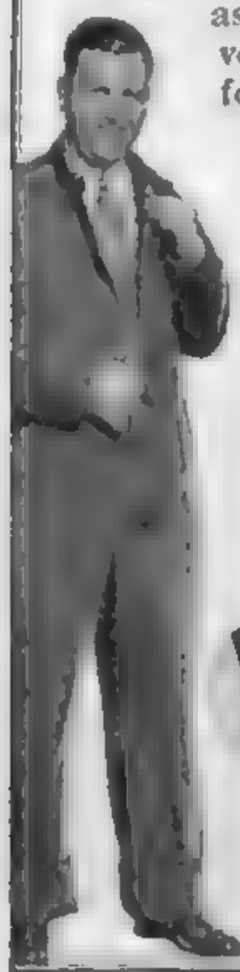
Makers of the world famous Brascolite

The **Jiffy** Suit
Buttonless Front

One-Piece Work Suit assures added convenience and comfort in work.



The Indestructible *Hookless* Fastener is rust-proof, dirt-tight, quick-opening and securely fastening.

All sizes and various materials—khaki, blue denim, stripes, etc.—durable and easy to wash.

If your dealer does not carry Jiffy Suits in stock write us.

Circular showing styles on request.

JIFFY GARMENT COMPANY
Saint Paul, Minn.

FOR QUALITY—*SAY*
MACARONI
and get it!

(Continued from Page 186)

consideration. Both in the higher and lower economic and social strata a young man's elders would probably have the patriarchal point of view with reference to dictating his choice of a career and vetoing or promoting his marriage. Frequently his answer was revolt.

The Lure of the City

He did not have to go very far to escape into a new world. Country people did nearly all the things that the ultra-conservative city people disapproved—and did them decently. Instead of being shocked by every new dance and barring it from the drawing-room, only to pursue it into the brothel, country people danced with the abandon of barbarians. They hugged and kissed the girls with everybody looking on, which led promptly to nothing more dreadful than early marriages. New dances were appreciated instead of being viewed with suspicion, the best fiddler enjoyed royal honors, and there was a throbbing, laughing wholesomeness and realism in the life of the country people that could not fail to appeal to youth. Young men poured out of the cities to enjoy the sanenesa of these hard-working, building, striving, thrifty, adventurous folk who were laying the foundations of empire on hill and prairie.

The multitude of their sports and the tremendous enthusiasm they aroused among the country people were a constant source of alarm to the more sedate cities such as Boston. Cockfighting was common all over the South; horse racing came nearer to being a monthly than an annual event; shooting matches were a national institution. The prizes were usually turkeys or quarters of beef or hogs, or all three, depending upon the number of participants. In one very popular form of shooting match the turkeys' heads constituted the targets. Each rifleman paid a certain sum for permission to fire a certain number of shots, and if he knocked the head off a turkey it became his property. Wrestling matches also were common. Prize fights, however, were not. Nevertheless there was plenty of boisterous sport in which blood might flow.

All the cow country enjoyed its rodeos, and in the Southwest there was often an added feature, now long forgotten, that shocked Eastern city people inexpressibly. A turkey would be hung by its feet from the limb of a tree or a wooden bar high enough for its head to be just barely within the reach of a horseman standing in the stirrups as he rode beneath. The contestants, one at a time, would then be required to ride at full speed under the bar or tree and grab for the turkey's head. Incidentally, it was customary to grease the feathers of the turkey's neck. Quite naturally the bird would do its utmost to avoid being grabbed, and a turkey's neck, it will be in order to add, is very limber. But when a rider did succeed in grabbing the head firmly while riding at full speed it came off immediately.

Such sports as these often moved city people to despair about the future of their country. Indeed, some of them gravely expressed doubt that their countrymen would ever achieve the nice manners of the French.

It did not seem to occur to them that men engaged in holding their own against savages, wolves, droughts and floods seldom devote a great deal of time to the minuet or correct gestures with a napkin. While they sent missionaries to save these heathens, their own sons were slipping out the back door to join them.

But for more than a decade now the grandsons and great-grandsons of these pilgrims have been returning. It is not possible to catalogue all the attractions that are drawing them back, but at least a few high lights are obvious. Perhaps one of the first factors, chronologically, to exert a strong influence was the railroad in the days of its great expansion. Roaring along over the prairies, passenger and freight trains fired the imagination of thousands of country boys with the determination to become locomotive engineers. It was a dream fairly easy to realize then, and as they climbed higher and higher in this great new industry of transportation, they became city builders. Others were attracted by railway-construction problems. Here was high adventure, promising both fame and fortune on a new kind of frontier. What has been achieved there could not even be summarized in less than a large volume, for in bridge construction alone American engineers have set new world standards.

The growth of our industries has continuously offered youth something more than the lure of steady wages; there was, for example, that characteristically American adventure with electricity. It fascinated boys twenty years ago and still it draws increasing thousands every year. They are looking for something more than pay; they love the adventure on this new outpost of achievement. In the same way, but at a much earlier date, steel began to draw them cityward, because steel had just emerged from wrought iron, and wrought iron had but recently emerged from cast iron. New things were being done and it was exciting to press forward with the exploring chemists and engineers.

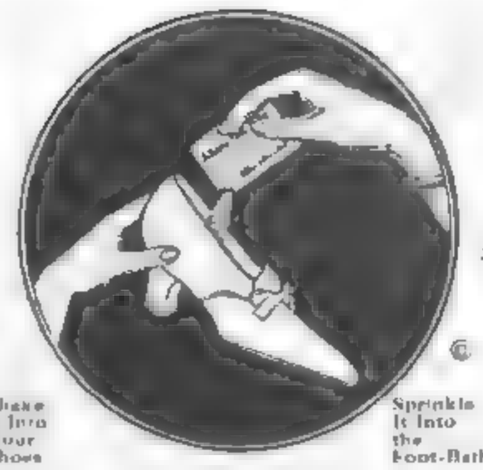
But in fields quite unrelated to these the city also lures the pilgrims to return. There is, for instance, journalism. In a general way, its limitations are fixed by the size of cities, and there are many states, such as Texas, for example, which have relatively few cities. Upward of three-fourths of the population of Texas is rural. Every newspaper office in New York, St. Louis and Chicago is sprinkled with Texans. I doubt that there is any Southern state not represented in the newspaper offices of New York City.

Feeding the Multitudes

Similarly, the big city banks, expanding their activities to meet the requirements of a nation suddenly become a world creditor, have reached out to every state for experienced men. The growth of our largest city banks since the World War is amazing. Staffs have been increased from 100 to 600 per cent. The population of the financial district of New York City has grown so rapidly that providing its swarming thousands with food has become a difficult problem. Most of these people eat only one meal a day near their offices. They have breakfast and dinner at home, but virtually all of them must eat luncheon within an hour, which means that they cannot go far away. There are not enough restaurants, so they resort to little lunch counters, where sandwiches are dispensed by the truckload while customers line up three or four deep. Several of the large city banks have installed their own restaurants for the convenience of both officers and employes.

However, quite aside from the lively growth and tremendous energy of the modern American city, its calm indifference to intimate personal matters makes it a haven for those who have met storms elsewhere. In this connection there comes to mind the story of a young woman whose experience accurately and completely describes this phase of city life. She, however, was born and reared in New York City and had lived for all her twenty years in one house, which her parents owned. In her twentieth year she was married to a young man who lived about one mile away. At the end of a year they both realized that their marriage was a failure and separated, agreeing that eventually they would get a divorce. At the time no legal ground for divorce existed.

The young woman, if she was not to be a wife, preferred the career of a trained nurse. It was necessary, however, to spend three years in training in a hospital, and she would not be accepted if it were known that she was married. Undaunted by this



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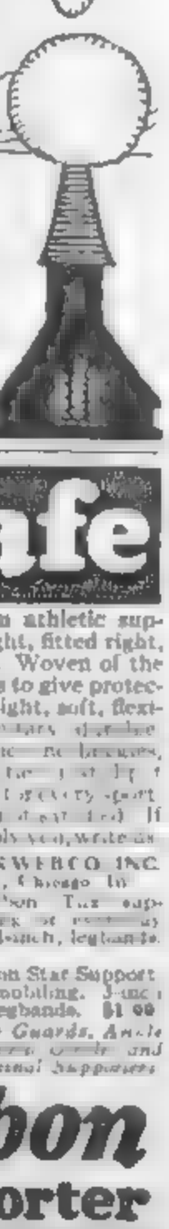

The Saturday Evening Post
606 Independence Square,
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"A boon to those women who have been obliged either to pay high prices or take poorly fitted shoes."
You no longer need be told that you have an "expensive" foot
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TOWELING IS WONDERFUL FOR BIBS
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handicap, she went to a hospital less than fifteen city blocks from the home in which she had lived since birth and, representing herself as a single woman, was admitted. During three years she did not see a single person who knew that she was married, and saw only two who knew her at all. Yet hers had been a church wedding and both families had lived in that community for a quarter of a century.

Nearly every stranger from some small community who goes to a big city brings with him a terror of being out of work and out of money in such a place. Sometimes this nightmare oppresses him for a year or more, but eventually it passes.

"I've been on the rocks three times in New York," a business man told me recently, "and no one ever knew anything about it. If I had to land on my eyebrow again, I'd rather it would be in New York than anywhere else."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," he answered, "you can just step out of your accustomed groove until the storm blows over, and scarcely anyone will miss you or make pointed inquiries when you return. Usually they just take it for granted that you've been out of town. When I first came to New York I was with a financial house and doing well until the firm very unexpectedly blew up. At the time I had just earned commissions amounting to $25,000, but they were never paid. I landed on the sidewalk with about $100 in my pocket and all sorts of obligations. There was just one prospect visible and that was about two months off, so I had to take reefs in my sails and wait. I went to a workingman's hotel—the Mills Hotel, to be exact—and I grabbed such jobs as shoveling snow, but I kept my best clothes carefully put away so that I could come back looking natural. From time to time I would drop in on former associates to size up the general situation, but I kept my mouth shut about my own financial affairs. At the end of nine weeks I was back at work with another financial house and all was well."

A Five-Day Town

"If that disaster had happened in some place where everyone knew me, I think it might have been much more difficult to surmount. But in New York you don't have neighbors in the ordinary sense of the word. You know certain people who are brought together by common interests. They have their favorite gathering place, which may be a restaurant or club or the place where they transact business. As for their homes, they will probably be scattered from Long Island and Connecticut to Northern New Jersey. So, if you drop out, why, you just drop out and that's all there is to it. When you come back, you're welcome. A temporary knock-out in New York is no great problem. I've seen men go down when the fault was entirely their own, but they can come back if they've learned their lesson."

One of the picturesque Tammany chieftains who flourished about a quarter of a century ago once described New York as a five-day town. The occasion for his remark was a sensational disclosure of political corruption, and he was asked just how serious he thought the effect would be. His answer was that the whole thing would be forgotten within a week. "New York is a five-day town." And though this is no great compliment to its political sagacity, it often serves in lieu of Christian charity where the individual is concerned. He can come back if he has a comeback in him.

"Do you know what is making these big cities?" a former Kansan who has lived in Chicago for eighteen years asked me. It was a question he preferred to answer himself, so I waited. "They are always pushing on the reins," he said, "hoping everybody will succeed, and all set to give him a Lindbergh reception when he does. In a way, that is characteristic of the whole country, but the big cities set the pace. They're miles out in front. You watch the pride and enthusiasm with which any group of big city men will point out a successful man who began as a pushcart peddler or something equivalent! That gives them a big thrill; they not only like it—they eat it up."

Too Close to Home

"Those big New York receptions are staged by the financial district, and everybody goes crazy. The smaller places will do the same thing sometimes, and then again they don't. It will depend a whole lot on the man's personality. I have a brother who has been a pushing, trading, promoting sort of fellow ever since he was twelve years old. At present he has a manufacturing plant in a city of about 40,000 population. I think he is probably worth $250,000, and he began with nothing, just as I did; but his home town isn't very enthusiastic about him. In fact, he tells me that his competitors sell five times as much goods in that town as he does. I remember, too, that he had a hard time getting a start there. He'd try to interest capital, and nearly everyone he went to remembered him as a freckle-faced kid playing on the high-school team just a few years before. It struck a lot of them as ridiculous presumption for him to be talking big business, so they didn't really go into the question of whether his ideas were sound.

"But they're proud of me back home; when I visit the folks I get a big reception. You see, I went away to the city and made good, so I became a representative of the whole community. It pleases them to think about one of their own home-town boys doing what I did. As a matter of fact, I had an easier time than my brother. And what's more, he did something for them, while I did not.

"The big cities have a tremendous advantage on this score. They don't care who it is that succeeds—the question is: What did he do? There are no collateral issues, so they keep their guns on the main target. That, in my opinion, is one of the biggest reasons why they are where they are today."

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IT'S so easy to make cracked walls or ceilings as good as new with Rutland Patching Plaster. You just mix with a little water and fill the crack or hole. Anyone can do it! No muss or bother.
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Paint, wall paper and hardware stores sell Rutland Patching Plaster. If your dealer hasn't it, we will mail a package direct and you can pay the postman 30c plus postage. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Dept. B-49, Rutland, Vermont. *Also makers of Rutland Roof Coating.*

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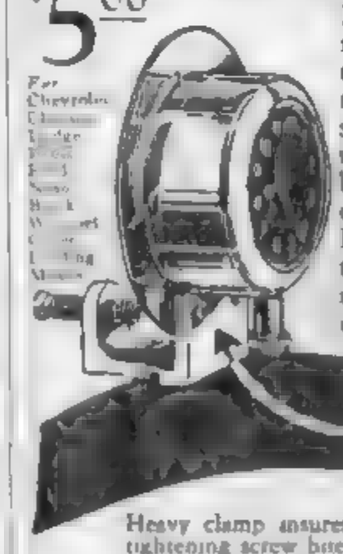
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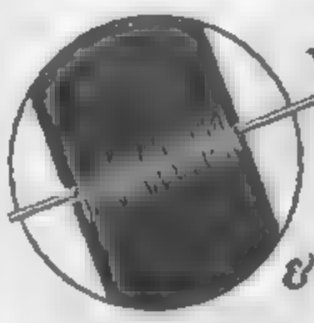

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CHRISTEN'S SAFETY WINDSHIELD WIPER BLADE

This new wiper blade fits any style of windshield wiper—just take out the old blade and insert the Christen blade. Like a new car, or new pair of shoes, it has to be "broken in" before you will get the best results. It comes to you with the Felt slightly higher than the Rubber, because after two or three [illegible] the Rubber [illegible] Felt [illegible] Rubber [illegible] Metal part rust proof.

35¢ standard 7½ in. size. Special 9 [illegible] size, 50c. Ask for it by name wherever auto accessories are sold.

V. H. CHRISTEN MFG. CO.
310 Orleans Street Detroit

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Getting On in the World

Independents Versus Chain Stores

THE merchants in a little town in Wisconsin were in a state bordering closely on panic. A branch of a huge chain of stores was scheduled to open in a few days, and blatant advertisements, announcing all manner of cut prices, were running in the local newspapers.

Most of the merchants were bemoaning the advent of the chain store, which would, in their opinion, considerably upset the easy-going retailing practices which were in vogue in the little town.

A few days before the scheduled opening of the chain store, I visited the town and had a talk with one of the merchants. He had just returned from a buying trip to Chicago, where he had interviewed a number of wholesalers concerning the best methods of competing with the chain store. What he told me proved to be such good advice I want to pass it along.

"The sales manager, who is also vice president, of a big wholesale house laughed at me when I admitted I was a little nervous about this big chain-store branch in the same block with my store," began the merchant.

"Then this sales manager went on to tell me what to do. 'The chain stores,' he explained, 'hire the very best advertising and merchandising experts they can find. These men develop advertising and merchandising ideas which are used all over the country. Now, any retail merchant can use these same ideas just as well as the chain stores can use them.

"'Every idea they develop is either in their advertising, in their show windows, or on their display counters. The prices they ask are quoted in newspaper advertisements, displayed in the windows and inside the store itself. All you have to do is to watch them and develop similar sales plans and you will be getting the benefit of their vast organization's combined experience, as well as the experience and ideas of their sales and advertising staffs.'

"I had never thought of it in this way. At first the idea of watching them and imitating their methods seemed too snoopy to please me, but this sales manager explained how all the big stores and chain organizations watch one another carefully. Then I decided to do the same things. On the way home, I visited one of their stores in a town about thirty miles from my store."

Temptation for Customers

"What I saw opened my eyes. I had been in many other chain stores many times in the past, but I had always gone there with my eyes shut, for I had never observed the very simple methods which are the basis of chain-store success.

"The first thing I noticed was the almost complete lack of wall counters. There wasn't a wall counter higher than your head in the entire store. All the merchandise, instead of being hidden away on high shelves, was piled on top of counters, or on simple display fixtures, so you could see practically everything they had in stock.

"All their fixtures were built to display merchandise, while most of the fixtures in my store were built to hold merchandise, and most of my stock was out of sight. It was either in the original shipping containers, or stored away under counters, or hung from the ceiling, where it gathered dust, or was out of sight of most of the people who came into my store.

"We had never put much merchandise on counters or on tables; we thought people might steal it, or that it would be too much trouble to keep it dusted and cleaned every day. Every item was adorned with a price tag, and I noticed many items were priced in multiples—that is, the price tags read, say: '25c—three for $1.'

"The chain-store manager told me that this simple idea resulted in a handsome sales increase. He also assured me that pilfering of stocks by shoppers amounted to virtually nothing, because their sales people were always quick to offer their attention to every customer who entered the store.

"I noticed the wide aisles in this chain store. None of them were cluttered up with boxes or merchandise. There was plenty of room for every shopper to shop in comfort. Change-making stations for every department and many wrapping stations were in evidence. We had only three places, in our store, where change was made or parcels wrapped.

"Another thing that impressed me was a long table of notions. Each item had a special compartment to itself and was plainly priced. We had never thought it worth while to bother—displaying these small staple notions. Our idea was that people knew what they were, and that they would ask for them if they wanted these simple everyday items.

"I asked the chain-store man about this. He explained that it was nothing unusual for a customer to come in and buy a dozen or so of these staple items at a time. People are always wanting a roll of adhesive tape, a package of tacks, a can of glue, or a few screws, at times when stores are closed. When they happen into the store and see all these items on display in handy packages, they can't resist the buying temptation, because they immediately remember how handy such items are in emergencies."

A Small Investment

"The chain-store manager told me that this one counter, which he called the 'Handy Andy' department, was one of the store's most profitable departments. He called everything a 'department.' When I returned home I began comparing my store with the chain store. With my eyes at last open, I decided that we had been making it actually difficult for people to trade with us. We waited for them to come in and ask us for merchandise. The chains put the merchandise in front of their customers' eyes and let it sell itself. Instead of running a merchandise warehouse, they operated a merchandise display room.

"Then I began planning the rearrangement of my store. I didn't have a lot of money to spend, but I did call in a carpenter and have him cut down the height of my wall shelves. I opened up a lot of packages and put the actual merchandise on display on the shelves where customers could see it.

"All the boxes and merchandise were taken off the floors, and each aisle cleared. We made little pyramids of small merchandise on the top of every counter, and took out several counters which were made like boxes so the space underneath was entirely hidden from view. We knocked out the boards and made tables out of these counters, leaving the space underneath for display.

"I had a lot of merchandise strung on strings suspended from the ceiling. This shut out the light and gave the store a junky appearance. All these strings were cut down; now you can see from one end of the store to the other. No merchandise is above the level of the eye of an average customer. We doubled the amount of lights in the store, so it is no longer necessary for a customer to take merchandise out on the sidewalk to look at it in the light of day.

"Our show windows were dressed with more attention, price cards being put on everything. The entire remodeling, which made our store seem as if it were a new place, cost us less than $250. I figure it has doubled the sales-making power of the store. Sales have increased, customers have complimented us, and we are ready for the chain to do its worst. We are not afraid."

—EUGENE WHITMORE.

The Kelvinator Company,
Allentown, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen

During the four years since our Kelvinator was installed it has rendered continuous service without any expense for up-keep or a single adjustment. In all our dealings with a retail household devices, our Kelvinator is the most nearly perfect.

Yours very truly,

★

★ *The letters used in Kelvinator advertising are genuine. For obvious reasons we do not publish the names of the writers, but they are on file in our Detroit offices*

". . . our Kelvinator *is the* most nearly perfect!"

FOR more than four years the Kelvinator about which this letter was written has rendered constant, *automatic* refrigeration service without a single adjustment. The utter dependability of the Kelvinator . . . even in its earliest stages of pioneering the field of domestic electric refrigeration . . . testifies to the rugged simplicity of its mechanical features.

Many of the first Kelvinators ever made and sold . . . the first electric refrigeration equipment ever offered the home . . . are still plugging away, day in and day out, at their work of creating leisure, comfort and *wholesomeness* in the homes of their original owners . . . after twelve years of service!

Even this Kelvinator of four years ago is, comparatively speaking, an old model . . . for Kelvinator development has moved rapidly. The new, improved Kelvinator, in a wide range of styles and sizes to meet every home requirement, is ready to take up its automatic task in your home. There is a size of Kelvinator cooling unit to fit your present refrigerator and its installation is quickly and simply accomplished.

Or, if you prefer, you may select a new cabinet from the famous Kelvinator line already equipped. You will find exactly the refrigerator you need among them. They are moderately priced in keeping with their capacity and design. Conveniently arranged deferred payments may be had if you prefer.

Ask your local Kelvinator representative to tell you more about this faithful servant in the house. Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit.

Kelvinator

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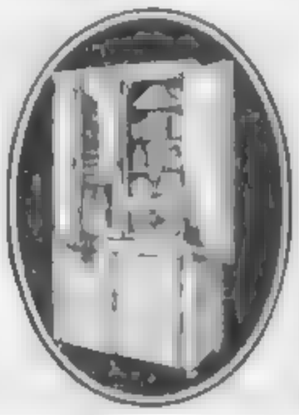

Kelvinator Electric Refrigerator

safely stored

where *Moths can't* GET *them*

Now

IS THE TIME TO BUILD A

SUPERCEDAR

STORAGE CLOSET IN YOUR ATTIC

Provide your home with this protection against the destructive moth. We will furnish plans and instructions free of charge. Your dealer can supply the Supercedar Closet Lining. Any carpenter can build your attic storage closet quickly. Now is the time to have it done. Then you can put away woolen blankets, down comforts, the family's winter clothing and furs with a feeling of real security against moth damage. ¶Otherwise you are inviting the moths to board in your home this summer. By the time frost comes again hundreds of dollars' worth of perfectly good clothing will probably be ruined, for moths seem to choose the more expensive things by instinct. ¶Do you want to know why housewives like Brown's Supercedar and why moths detest it? If so, send the coupon below to George C. Brown & Co., world's largest manufacturer of Tennessee aromatic red cedar, Memphis, Tenn.

***Line the* Closet of Your Home *with Brown's* SUPERCEDAR**

You do not have to build a new home in order to have Supercedar closets. Supercedar can be applied over the plastered walls. The cost of the Supercedar and the carpenter work will be only nominal. Besides protecting your wearables against the moth you will add beauty and value to your home.

The Moth's Natural ENEMY

Supercedar is made of "Tennessee" aromatic red cedar, the variety that has been used for moth protection for generations. In addition to being more accurately made, Supercedar is guaranteed better grade—90 per cent or more red heartwood, with 100 per cent oil content.

Brown's SUPERCEDAR CLOSET LINING

USE THIS COUPON

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Name

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ACME HAS TAUGHT a nation of home-owners that there is much more to house-painting than intelligent mixing and skillful application.

Acme Quality House Paint is the product of over 40 years' experience in paint-testing and paint-making. It is produced on a strictly scientific formula, which is both chemically and practically correct.

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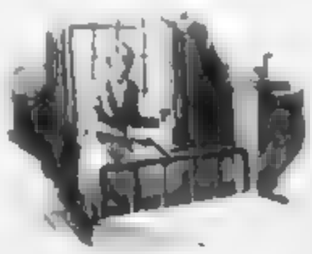

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The Poets' Corner

Preliminary Poem for a Modern City

THE wreckers heave, and lift, and split,
on twenty sites, in town;
They make the wood and plaster fly by ripping buildings down;
But here is one who'll never stand in sentimental tears
While the future, looking onward, checks the past for its arrears.
Mansions of grace and stately port that have outseen their day
Are not the only ones to go; vile hulks of dark decay
Will crawl no more with abjectness, but in their stead shall rise
Height upon height of lusty youth whose tops shall be the skies!
The honest, happy wreckers, when they've razed the area clean,
Will pack their kits and throng away as if they had not been,
And the structural ironworkers, laying floor on floor, will come,
And the riveter's close-pressed hammer will throb, martial, like a drum!
Ten thousand windows for the dawn! ten thousand for the fire
Of evening! Be a place for men wherein they may aspire.
O Skyward-Builded City, heap your summits high, and free
The hearts of men to greater heights of life's reality!

—*Harry Kemp.*

One Road to Friendship

ONCE I used to love you,
Now I smile to know
That I used to love you
Long ago.

Once I used to hate you,
Now I smile to see
We can talk as strangers,
Courteously.

Love and hate are gone now,
Loosed are all the bands,
See the lovely friendship
In our hands!

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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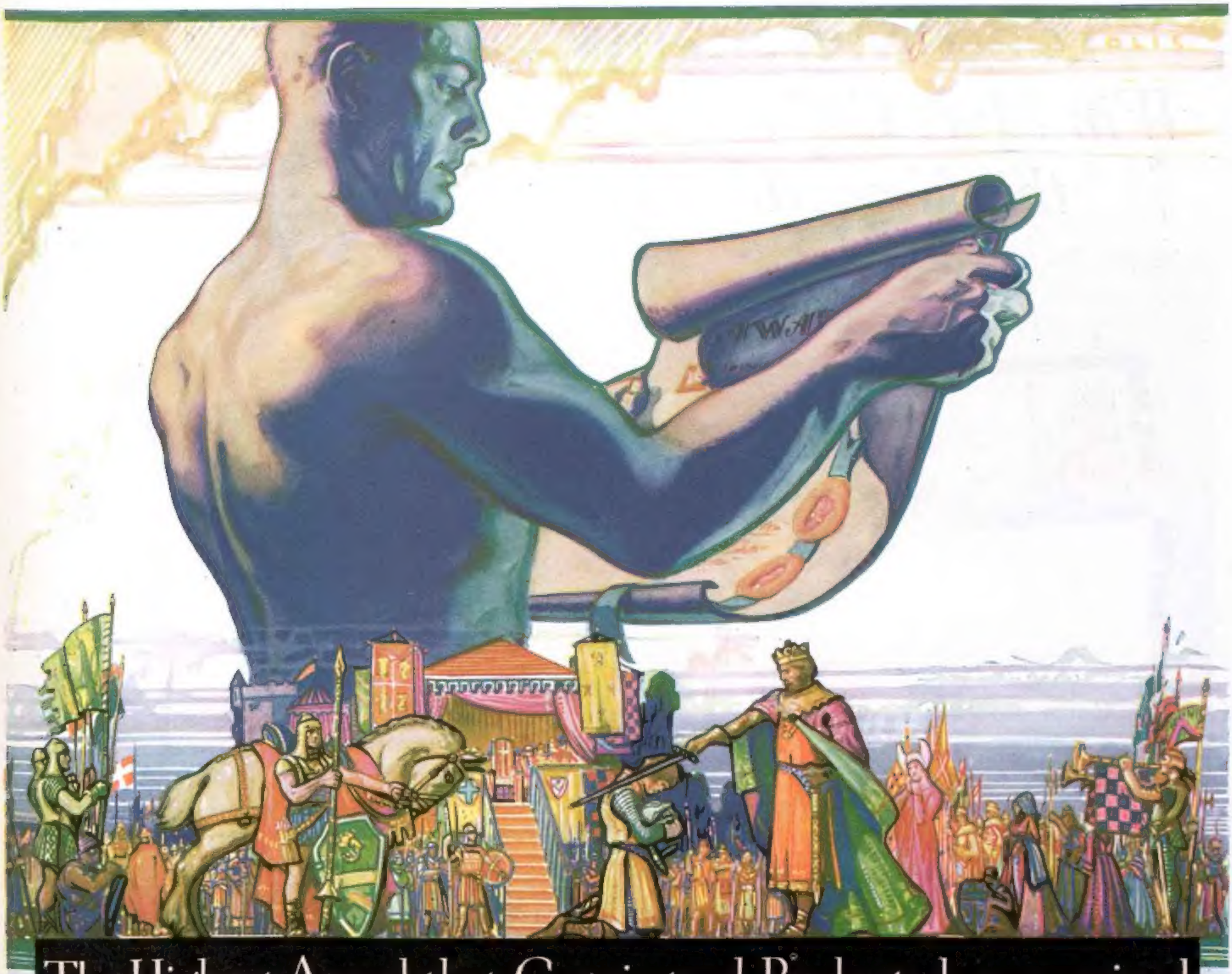

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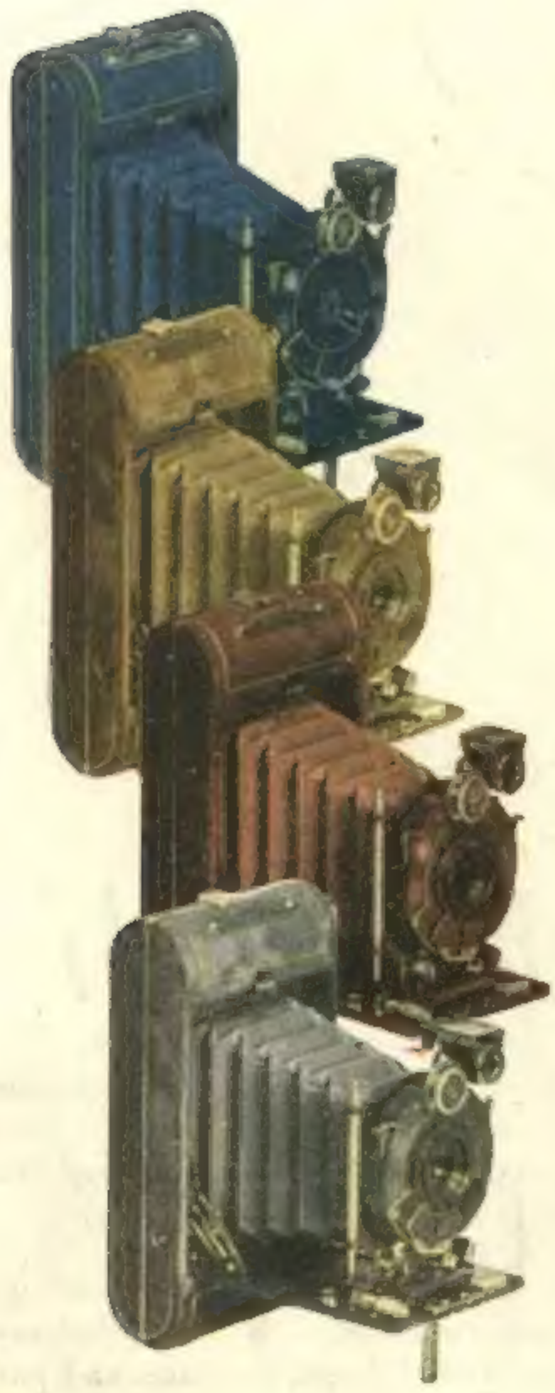

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